

German-
Mythological
Landscape Pictures

Vol. 2

by
Guido von List

Translating Notes

The translation in this book was completed by DeepL artificial intelligence. This translation may not be perfect, but it gets the central meaning correct, and unlike the mythical army of highly fluent German/English translators we all long for, this translation actually exists. Anyone who can do a better job, please do! As far as I can tell, this book is in the public domain, with over 100 years since List's death in 1919, yet none of the critics of AI have translated the work themselves or raised the money to have it done professionally. In comparing the AI versus human translation in other works (including Flowers' *Secrets of the Runes*, and Dalton's *Mythus*), I found the differences insignificant enough to warrant pushing through in this format. Lack of German/English translators should not be a barrier to the distribution of knowledge in the two languages given current technology.

Whenever a translation exists conducted by a bilingual human with a good heart, please do support their work by buying it new at full price, including the aforementioned Flowers and Dalton. The AI translations are a stopgap effort to get something out rather than nothing. The unexpected AI benefits of translating are a larger vocabulary than any human, in a much quicker and mostly objective output. There are many examples of translated German text - simply test the AI versus humans - it makes for a fun afternoon, but ultimately I found the differences to be minor and the AI to be reliably boring but accurate.

Editing Notes

The two volume "Deutsch-Mythologische Landschaftsbilder", or "German Mythological Landscape Pictures" (today "The Asatru Landscape") is the foundational work of the Guido von List oeuvre. While "The Secret of the Runes" is the most well known of List's books in translation, it is really a seventy page summary of thousands of pages of previous writing and scholarship. Those ideas are more fully developed in the work you hold in your hands. These two volumes are translated from the Gesammelte Werke editions, which were published later in List's life around 1913.

This book moves through the landscape of northern Austria feature by feature, demonstrating the original Asatru nature of the folk beliefs, buildings and geography of the area. This book shows us that Asatru never died, it was merely papered over quite thinly by replacing the Germanic gods with christian saints' names. It has great relevance for the 21st century, as this example of finding our religion where we are lays a very strong foundation for the resurgence of Germanic polytheism anywhere Germanic people may be found.

The American follower of Guido von List might be surprised to know that the Meister might find a modern study on "Folk Superstitions of the Pennsylvania Dutch" just as valid a source of proper Asatru practice as the Eddas or other Scandinavian sources. This opens up exciting areas of Folklore research in the Americas, which can deeply inform Asatru practice into the future.

Another of List's major ideas here that I hadn't seen referenced elsewhere is that the stone megaliths prominent in Northern Europe and the Americas could be abandoned places of Asatru worship built in prehistory. This idea coincides with the finding of the swastika symbol throughout world culture - the idea that there was an earlier global civilization with Germanic founders. This is an exciting albeit speculative area of research, if we are granted the time and technology to make such inquiries without bias.

Coming in 2024

Pipara, a novel of the German woman who became Caesar of Rome

Untranslated Major Works by Guido von List

König Vannius, Ein deutsches Königsdrama. 1899. Available in German from Geheimes Wissen Verlag.

Der Wiederaufbau von Carnuntum. 1900. Available in German from Geheimes Wissen Verlag.

Alraunen-Mären. Kulturhistorische Novellen und Dichtungen aus germanischer Vorzeit. 1903. Magic Stories - Cultural and Historical Novellas and Short Stories from Germanic prehistory. Available in German from Geheimes Wissen Verlag.

Das Goldstück. Ein Liebesdrama in fünf Aufzügen. 1903. Scan of original Fraktur available on OCLC.

Die Armanenschaft der Ario-Germanen. 1908. Available in German from Geheimes Wissen Verlag.

Die Namen der Völkerstämme Germaniens und deren Deutung. 1909. Available in German from Geheimes Wissen Verlag.

Der Bilderschrift der Ario-Germanen (Ario-Germanische Hieroglyphik). 1910. Scan of original Fraktur available on Archive.org.

Die Ursprache der Ario-Germanen und ihre Mysteriensprache. 1914. Scan of original Fraktur available on Archive.org.

Untranslated Minor Works by Guido von List

Tauf-, Hochzeits- und Bestattungs-Gebräuche und deren Ursprung, Literaria sodalitas Danubian, Der Wala Erweckung, Walküren-Weihe, Niederösterreichisches Winzerbüchlein, Von der deutschen Wuotanspriesterschaft, Das Saga vom heiligen Gral, Urgrund, and miscellaneous articles published throughout the 1890s.

Works Available in English

Der Unbesiegbare: Ein Grundzug germanischer Weltanschauung.
[The Invincible]. 1898. Translated by Stephen Flowers, in print.

Das Geheimnis der Runen. [The Secret of the Runes]. 1908.
Translated by Stephen Flowers. In print.

Die Rite der Ario-Germanen. [The Rites of the Aryan-German].
1908. Translated by the 55 Club. In print.

Die Religion der Ario-Germanen im ihrer Esoterik und Exoterik.
[The Religion of the Aryan Germanic Folk: Esoteric and Exoteric].
1910. Translated by Stephen Flowers. In print.

Der Übergang vom Wuotanstum zum Christentum. [The
Transition from Odinism to Christianity]. 1911. Translated by
Stephen Flowers. In print.

Works Translated by AI

Carnuntum, a novel of Germany and Rome in 2 volumes.

Deutsch-Mythologische Landschaftsbilder, a non-fiction work of the
Odinic Austrian geography and architecture.

List of Illustrations

- Illus. 51. St. Leonhard with horseshoe necklace and blessing a calf...315
- Illus. 52. Iron animal sacrifice objects; Leonhardikirche in Ganacker...325
- Illus. 53. The arcaded courtyard of the Schallaburg in Lower Austria...329
- Illus. 54. St. Marein in the Hohenburg near Pusarnitz on the Lernfeld...337
- Illus. 55. Old picture of Christoph on the Meran parish church...343
- Illus. 56. Witches and Treasure Hunters Circle...347
- Illus. 57. The great sea spirit from Francisci "The Infernal Proteus" ...353
- Illus. 58. The "Rosengarten" near Bozen, home of dwarf king Laurin...361
- Illus. 59. Säben Abbey in Tyrol...367
- Illus. 60. Kosel Castle after a copper engraving by Merian from 1645...373
- Illus. 61. An All Saints Image, The Martyrdom of St. Corona...379
- Illus. 62. Dance of mermaids in Klosterlall near Gutenstein...Introduction
- Illus. 63. The Osterburg in Lower Austria...387
- Illus. 64. The Schneeberg near Vienna...391
- Illus. 65. Hohenegg Castle in Lower Austria...393
- Illus. 66. Spielberg ruins on the Danube...399
- Illus. 67. Freyenstein on the Danube...403
- Illus. 68. The "Hausstein" near St. Nikola in Upper Austria...407
- Illus. 69. The Danube whirlpool near Grein (Upper Austria)...411
- Illus. 70. Halgdomsmaid...413
- Illus. 71. Ybbs in Lower Austria...421
- Illus. 72. The Geiselberg, a gigantic earthwork in Lower Austria...427

- Illus. 73. Scenery from the Große Höllental...429
- Illus. 74. Ancient portrait bust of a German in the British Museum...435
- Illus. 75. The Urtelstein (Urdaslein) in the Helenental near Baden...439
- Illus. 76. Ancient marble bust of a Germanic woman (Thusnelda?)...443
- Illus. 77. History and Legend...447
- Illus. 78. The "Heidentor" on the ruins of Carnuntum...451
- Illus. 79. The gigantic All-Germanic hill fort Stillfried in Lower Austria...455
- Illus. 80. Part of the large Stillfried fire wall in Lower Austria...461
- Illus. 81. "Mrs. Saelde". Antique marble bust of a German woman...465
- Illus. 82. Stronegg's local mountain in Niederösterreich...469
- Illus. 83. The author in the 19th century...473
- Illus. 84. The "Heidentor" in its present form on June 26, 1911...477
- Illus. 85. Romanesque ossuary in Deutsch-Altenburg by Carnuntum... 481
- Illus. 86. A contemporary Armanen grave...485
- Illus. 87. The "Stock im Eisen" in Vienna and Waidhofen a. d. Ybbs...493
- Illus. 88. An ancient Arman grave...497
- Illus. 89. St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna...501
- Illus. 90. All views of the Peterskirche in Vienna before 1717...509
- Illus. 91. Old view of the Ruprechtskirche in Vienna...509
- Illus. 92. The Hohebrücke in Vienna in its old form before 1875...515
- Illus. 93. The "Bummerin", the giant bell of St. Stefan in Vienna...523

Dedication

To the Asatru Folk Assembly

The Gods have not granted us an easy road, but our victories are that much greater thereby.

Acknowledgments

This book is available only due to the great technological developments underpinning the possibilities of mass translation and production of German books into English. The English are great sailors and inventors, pioneers and merchants. The Germans are our great philosophers and musicians, our farmers and our infantry. Neither can exist without the other, and the great task of the twenty-first century is to knit the Sachsen people of Germany, England, and the Americas back into one folk, to face the future with the courage and honor of our common ancestors.

For Dresden

Table of Contents

Chapter 13. The Brühl.....	309
Chapter 14. The Hellenental.....	321
Chapter 15. Merkenstein.....	349
Chapter 16. St. Corona.....	363
Chapter 17. The Untersberg.....	375
Chapter 18. The Höllental.....	383
Chapter 19. Wurmbauer, Wurmgarten, Wurmbrand.....	395
Chapter 20. St. Leonard.....	417
Chapter 21. On the Iron Road.....	437
Chapter 22. Carnuntum.....	457
Chapter 23. Vianiomina.....	489
Conclusion.....	519



Abb. 62. Nixenreigen im Klostertal bei Gutenstein. (Nach einem Kunstblatt von Ernst Kutzer.) Siehe S. 486.

Nixies (fairies, mermaids) dance around in the Klostertal near Gutenstein. (From an illustration by Ernst Kutzer.) See p. 400.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The Brühl¹

Even before the cruel Turks attacked, occupied and burned the homes and buildings below the town of Enns with their murderous gangs, and behaved in most abominable and frightful ways, such that only the stones had pity for them, "...there lived a knight named George at the Burg Mödling with his dear wife, who was devoted to her lord and husband with special love and faithfulness. And there was a very sinister gentleman, the knight of Schöneegg, who was lying to her with many false blasphemies, so that she might give him her love, but this did not work with the good wife and was a useless thing, because the virtuous wife only mocked him.

Schöneegg, however, had a very evil temper, and could not bear the especially well-deserved scandal. He spoke evil against the innocent woman, so that the knight George raved and blasphemed, and swore an oath that he would sell his arm to any innocent woman for a penny. George was thrown into the tower and kept there very under very hard circumstances. But there was a faithful servant, who took pity on the innocent wife also imprisoned, so that he secretly led her out of the dungeon, and safely hid her in the forest, where he also provided her with food and drink, though not to excess.

(1) First published, as "Hangender Stein", Vienna, Const. Vorstadt Zeitung, June 2, 1880, as "Pfennigstein." Vienna, Deutsche Zeitung, 1885 and as: Der Brühl: Vienna, Deutsche Zeitung, May 22, 1889. This latter "Feuilleton" hung under glass and frame some years in the Hussar Temple at the Kleiner Anninger, where it was donated by the "Deutsche Zeitung".

The oath of the knight George greatly pleased the evil Neydhardt von Schoenegkhe, so that he presumed to want to take the poor women of Riedelingen for the three pennies. But the knight George was tormented by his wealth. All his days he was full of sadness and bitterness, and it was only easier for him when he was engaged in noble hunting.

Once upon a time, while hunting, a very bad weather started; it darkened and hailed as if the world was about to go under. The horse of Schönegg spooked, stumbled and crashed into the rocks with the rider, so that the latter threw his soul out of his body and died a horrible death. His quite miserable cry confirmed his fear of temporal and eternal punishment because of the many wicked "Freffelhatten" he had committed in his lifetime. He saw a poor woman comforting him in his dying, and he implored the all-good GOD for mercy. But this evil one, half-dead from pain and misery, thought to see a ghost of the devil's deception, because although very much disfigured by weariness and privation, he saw that the miserable woman, who helped him now like the noble Samaritan in his mortal need, was none other than the outcast woman of Medelingen.

So in order to save his eternal soul, he struck down the civil honor and confessed to the knight George his shocking misdeed, whereupon he miserably gave up his soul.

God be merciful to the great sinner.

Knight George, however, went with his recovered wife to his castle, where he lived with her for many more years gloriously and closely until the blessed hour of death. This cave, which served as a shelter for the innocent, faithful housewives of the knight George, has from time immemorial been called nothing other than the Pfenningstein. Later, Medelingen built a young women's monastery on the same site for eternal remembrance, but the monastery in question has fallen into disarray in various difficult times, so that it is impossible to say at present where it stood. The Pfenning stone, however, still stands and shows the wisdom of the one who takes all creatures into his special protection.

This "Genovese legend" and many others are still floating around

Mödling's old stone castle, as well as around that rocky valley that opens its stone portal behind Austria's youngest city, and is erroneously called "die" instead of "der" Brühl.

There is no doubt that this valley is one of the highlights of Vienna's surroundings, and long before the old Schultes began to walk from Vienna to the Schneeberg by pedes apostolorum and described the "journey" to this mountain in a two-volume work (1805), and even earlier than Seume undertook his "walk" from Grimma to Syracuse (1801), the Viennese were already making pilgrimages to Mödling, because there in the area grows an excellent wine. Who could blame our forefathers for the fact that it was precisely this wine that excited them more than the wildly jagged rock formations of the Brühl? For the latter, understanding came only later.

But even later than the understanding of the natural beauties of the "Brühl" came the understanding of the word itself. Just fifty years ago (1839) Franz Feyl in "Schmiedls Umgebungen Wiens" (Schmiedl's Environments of Vienna) gave the first hints about the meaning of the name of the Brühl, and only in recent times it was reserved to take a deeper look behind the mystery. The word Brühl means basically an enclosed forest, for example according to today's concept a "Bannwald" or an "Tiergarten"; also in the early Middle Ages this valley and forest name was still correctly addressed with the masculine article. Thus Gertraut, Friedrich des Saithovffers Wittib, bequeathed a vineyard to the monastery Heiligenkreuz, "der da leit ze Medlich in dem Pruel". If we now investigate the name Medling according to its meaning on the basis of its oldest form of name from November 20, 861, which reads: Magilicha also Megelicha and Medlica, this means as much as girls' property, girls' estate.

This "girl's own" associated with the "Hague of the Brühl"- stimulates investigation, especially since in the "Brühl" there still appears strange names and legends, which are deeply hiding some mythical core.

Let's start the hike.

With the aqueduct of the Vienna High Spring Water Pipeline behind us, the valley quickly narrows. The freshness of the pines welcomes us with its twilight shadows and leads us on park paths almost imperceptibly

to the narrow valley gate, the Klause. This is such a magnificent small picture of a rocky wilderness that it seems quite suitable as a Sunday play to prepare the eye for the more massive rocky parts of the Höllental and the Gesaeuse, or for the wild high valley pictures of the high Alps, to which those form the second gates. -

Above us, broken masonry rises from the cliffs; this is where Veste Magilicha stood. But the landscape seems strange to us. Dark green pines in sparse groups let the gray-blue of the limestone rocks shimmer through, but the picture seems almost strange, almost Italian. This is not the usual shape of the pine that confronts us here.² It is towering, lacking almost two-thirds of its branches, broken off by wind and weather, and near the summit it spreads its crown like an umbrella, giving us a pine-like view that we are accustomed to find only in the Italian landscape. There are few pine forests that have preserved such a very special characteristic as the Brühlerforest. This peculiarity, however, affects the viewer unconsciously and gives the picture its very special charm.

Between these unique pines with their broad, mighty tops now shines down the yellowish-gray wall remains of the old Miagilicha.

But this wall rubble has nothing to do with the old fortress, because it is a fake. Already half ruined, the fortress was completely destroyed in 1685 and then the Medlingers came and used the dead castle as a quarry, as if they had a lack of stones. At the beginning of this century, a new ruin was built in place of the old one, of which only a pile of stones will be found at the end of the same century. But the castle rock - at the hermitage - is circumambulated, and a wide, cheerful valley welcomes us. "Two Ravens" and "Meierei" - no more needs to be said to put any old Viennese into raptures. But we walk along the left side of the Tallehne, still on park paths, alternately under linden, beech and pine shadows, past the Jägerhaus, to where the park paths give way to narrow forest paths, where the Mille-Juives-Fleurs perfume becomes rarer, but the strong

(2) This very peculiar pine, which - as far as I know - only occurs in the Anninger area between Mödling and Baden, has the botanical name "Pinus austriaca", which is particularly characteristic for it.

forest smell more palpable.

At a fork in the road stands an ancient pine tree of majestic stature. The entire trunk is hung with images of saints - probably more than a dozen - and in front stands a prayer desk. There cannot easily be a more idyllic spot for forest devotion. And yet, how strange is the Christian cult here! The whole environment reminds of Tacitus' words: "Besides, it does not correspond to their view of the majesty of the celestials to imprison them between walls, or to make images of them with human features. Forests and groves are their temples, and under the name of their gods they invoke that inscrutable power which reveals itself to them only in worship."

Yes, this is the first point of our mythological pilgrimage; the tree is old enough to be a real Blötbaum, and not only its ambiguous memory; its imagery also guarantees this, because Christianity could not blur its sanctification, it was hidden from the apostle to protect it from the axe, and finally Odinism and Christianity were merged into each other, and so it still stands today, while its comrade in Vienna today stretches its withered roots like branches into the air and is called - "stick in iron".

A prayer without words rises to that inscrutable power from our heart, then the cooling freshness of the forest blows around us again.

There we meet a company of ladies, very exhausted, excited, almost anxious; they are summer visitors, apparently Viennese. Their question to us about the way to Mödling opens the conversation and leads to the assumption that they are lost in the maze of forest paths. But this did not explain the anxious excitement, which could hardly be explained by a simple mistake. That was appealing, and soon a conversation was in progress, because ladies are especially communicative after adventures. Soon we learned that our "tourists" were on their way down from the Hussar Temple and had been walking for three hours without knowing where they were going. They had been warned by a farmer's wife to take the "three hour long path"³ on which the "three ghostly dogs" would

(3) Designated on the map as "long way".

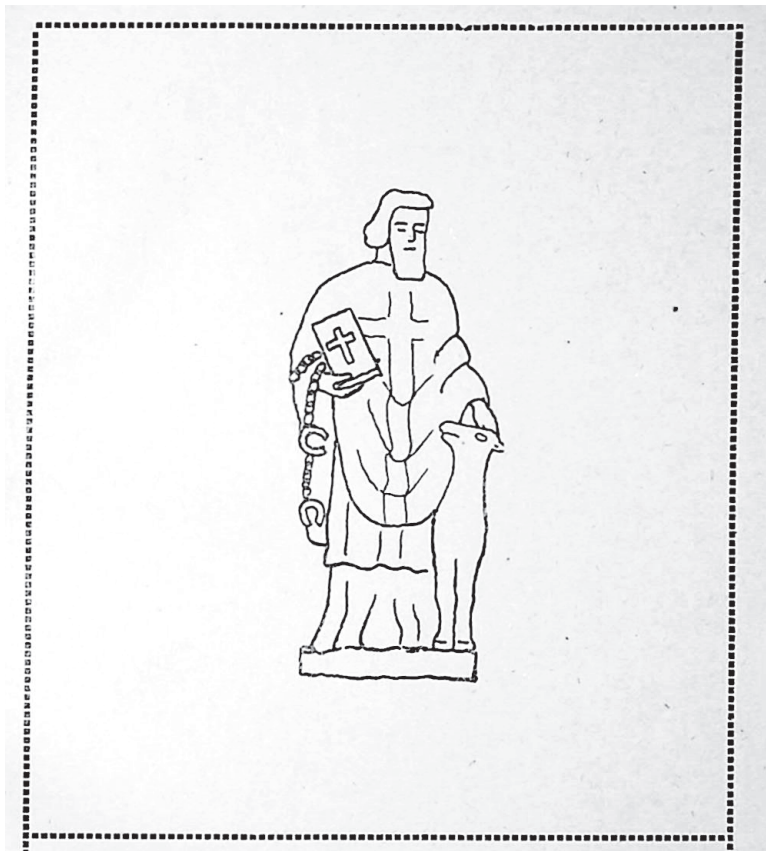
follow them if nothing worse happened to them. In fact, they had come to this path, and not only had they not been able to leave it for three hours, but in all seriousness three dogs had followed them, which did not make a sound, always ran tightly side by side with their tongues hanging out, and always remained at the same distance from the frightened ladies. If they hurried, the dogs hurried; if they stood exhausted, the dogs stood; if they walked slowly, the dogs followed in slow trot, always silently with their tongues hanging out. At last one of the ladies had the idea of hurrying off the path at random through the forest; the others followed, and suddenly the dogs were out of sight.⁴

These messages in that place had a different effect on us than they may have on the reader of this essay. He will perhaps smile, which we however did not do. We, too, were now looking for the "ghostly way", without, by the way, discovering anything that would have reminded one of a fourth dimension.

After barely half an hour we reached a boulder about eight meters high, which is split at the bottom, so that one can crawl through it; a still partially preserved stone circle surrounds it and testifies to its ancient sanctification. This is the Devil's Stone, which is the subject of the legend mentioned at the beginning of this article. However, the name and the legend are erroneously transferred to it, because they apply to the rock group next to St. Nicholas' Cave, where the three stones stand. The erroneously named Pfenningstein is in fact a hanging stone, one of those boundary stones so often mentioned in the early Middle Ages and so much disputed, the "pendentes lapides".

If already the sanctification of the stone circle is testified to by similar examples as boundary stones, this "hanging stone" as an old-pagan cult

(4) This fact was communicated to the writer of this in all seriousness and completely credibly. A coincidence may be involved, because the lady who witnessed this is nothing less than superstitious, I vouch for that. The voice of the story, even if legend and opinion, however is nevertheless noteworthy. There were also several ladies who can confirm it and, if necessary, testify to it even today. If nothing else, this proves how inseparable the old Wuotansglaube, the belief in miracles has grown with the German soul, so that a Christianity of one and a half thousand years was not able to stifle it.



Illus. 51. See page 417. St. Leonhard with horseshoe chains and blessing a calf. Stone statue in Perchtoldsdorf near Vienna.

place is unquestionably recognizable, and the memory of the people speaks still more clearly for its former veneration. Even today, the peasant crawls through the crevice to protect himself from illness, especially from the sore of the cross, and this crawling through is also supposed to protect from other misfortunes, especially from impoverishment. Every child knows that this crawling through must be done without shouting (silently) and without looking back. These magic customs have long since become part of children's play, as this nursery rhyme, among many others, proves: "Don't look back, the Plumpsack is going around". That this rock, split without human intervention, must have been a highly sacred sanctuary, is clear, and possible, even highly probable, that it was also the highest sanctuary of the "Pruel", since it lies on the long road, whose sanctification is also still unforgotten.

It is to be reminded here of what has been said on page 47 about the stone settings⁵, and repeated that the individual stones, usually called "menhir", differ into two main groups, namely 1. into the upright rock needles, Illus. 7a, Illus. 17, p. 127, which show their development from the Nordic "Bautasteinen" up to the Egyptian obelisks and symbolized the begetting sunbeam. They are "phallic stones" and are called in our regions mostly "gate stones", "bearing stones" and "spindle stones", as e.g. near Arnstein (Arnstein = Sonnenstein), the "Koglststein" and the "Fehhaube" (Femhube) near Eggenburg, Illus. 14 and 15, or that stone in the Klostertal near Guttenstein, which is called St. John because of its human-like form, and many others. This group symbolizes the divine-male creation or procreation being. The second group are the naturally split stones, Illus. 7 b, the models for the artificial dolmens, in our areas mostly "penny stones", namely "feness stones", - from "fene", "Fenus" (Venus), also called "phoenix stones". These naturally split stones form the divine-feminine creation or birth being. These are the "vulva stones, the natural models for

(5) See Dr. Jörg Lanz v. Liebenfels' "Ostara", issue no. 50 "Urheimat und Urgeschichte der Blonden heroischen Rasse", from which issue the esteemed researcher kindly gave me two picture plates, in addition to other rich illustration material, for the present work, for which I would also like to express my heartfelt thanks here.

the artificial dolmens.

In these two kinds of healing stones the Ariogermanic cult thought as a principle of the doctrine of the rebirth expresses itself clearly, as it can still be recognized in the remains of custom, opinion and legend, which appear bound to them. As the male-divine direction finder, like the sun sword points upward, so the "feness" stone points to the earth or more clearly through this, namely through the grave, to the rebirth! - Eternal cycle! - Eternal return! - That is why still today custom and opinion prevail that the one who crawls through such a fenestone - what must happen without shouting and without looking back - will be freed from his illness. If the gap of the fenestone is so narrow that the person seeking healing has to be pulled through it, this pulling through is called "beating". This is the origin of the misunderstood joke word as a consolation for those who suffer from torn limbs (rheumatism): "Let yourself be ironed," which today is misunderstood for "ironed with a flat iron". But the hidden meaning is that the one who was born again, who as a dead man crawled through the grave (the earth) to the rebirth, has "stripped off" all his sufferings in the grave and now walks without the suffering; a living man among lovers. And strange! The Pfenningstone in the Brühl is called also "Muatterhörndl" (mater = mother), thus with meaningful reference to the maternal creative power, to which the "girl's own" (Magilicha) was sanctified. This speaks clearly without further justification! -

Still, it may be noted that the supposedly Celtic generic names are Urariogermanic: Menhir, is the same word, only reversed as: Hiermen: Hermann = Arman, thus: sun man. - Dolmen'. Dol = tel = earth; men = man, actually masculine, Franz thus: earth woman, earth mother. Cromlech'. Crom (as in Krampus, page 73) enclosed rebirth, lech = le = grave. - Stonehenge = hanging stones. - Sapienti sat!

But also the "Three Stones" and the "St. Nicholas' Cave" are near here and it is precisely the St. Nicholas' Cave on which the legend of the "Pfennigstein" and of the virgin's cloister fits, if one transfers the concept of the cloister into pre-Christian times and assumes instead of the nuns =

norns or healers, namely Wuotan priestesses. These, however, might have lived in that cave, whose further passages and chambers might have already collapsed. But still more of the mythical names in the Brühl strike us, so the "tote mann", the "otter", the "krauste linde", the "wide ferry" and the "Hundskogel".

Certainly the "Heilstatt" or temple site in the "Brühl" was very richly endowed with land and may also have drawn rich profit from the sacrifices as a place of pilgrimage, so that the name "Magilicha", "girls' own" with reference to the Wuotan priestesses probably gives a hint.

It may still be remembered that Mödling was a Templar command post and the people refer to it as the "Rotkappler", even the rocky path that leads from the Brühl through the hermitage to the church is still called the "Templerweg". It has been claimed as often as it has been denied that that church was a commendation of the Order of the Knights Templar, but it may be mentioned that those "Rotkappler" must have been not exactly Knights Templar, but most probably "Templeisen", namely Wuotan priests or Armans, who were so often confused with the Knights Templar. After all, it is possible, even probable, that there was an inner connection between the Wuotanist Templeisen and the Christian Templars.

If we now examine the sagas for their mythical core, then, as already mentioned, the Pfenningstein saga is based on the Genovefa saga, which we, like so many other sagas, encounter very often, and indeed always bound to certain localities.

Since "historical" events do not always repeat themselves at different places, also an immigration of a historical legend can hardly be thought of, so it must have mythical reason, and it does.

Wuotan, the embodiment of the kingdom of light and air, has Frouwa, the embodiment of the earth, as his wife, or in other words, the sun god has married himself to the earth goddess. In winter, however, he has seemingly cast her out, she lives hidden under the snow cover in the earth like the little flowers, like the sown grain. Only with the death of the traitor, the winter, are the spouses reconciled again, and the earth

goddess blossoms anew in youthful beauty. As there Genovefa, as elsewhere Griseldis or Isolde, so here the "wife of Medlingen" took the place of the forgotten earth goddess Frouwa. Likewise the three dogs, the animals of the underworld, are inseparable from the three healers. It is not by chance that the cart of the miner, with which he drives the ore from the shafts, is called dog.

The dog is the animal of the underworld, the dead animal. And as birth, life and death is the oldest three-unity, so this three-unity is also the basis of all three-god-groups, of which the Germanic world of gods can bring many examples; therefore also always the third person of each of these three-entities is thought black and evil. But also the "Otter", a mountain name frequently occurring in Austria, is represented here, and this name presupposes the existence of the Kyffhäuser saga in the Brühl's Götterhaag, although this is either not known or already forgotten. The Kyffhäuser Saga, which makes Redbeard sleep and which is proven four times in Lower Austria alone, also has mythical grounds, like the Genovefa Saga. Like the latter, it can neither be "prehistoricized" nor "literalized", because it is neither the "old emperor", nor "Barbarossa", nor one of the "Karle" who sleeps, but Wuotan with his Einherians, in a double conception as god of the year and as god of time. As a yearly god he sleeps through the winter months and awaits the spring wake-up call of the cuckoo; as a time god he sleeps until the last of the battles, when the old world will sink.

*"For there comes a rich man to the ring of the counselors,
A strong one from above ends the dispute,
With conciliatory conclusions he decides all,
What he gives shall remain forever."
(Völuspá.)*

This is just the highest and most beautiful conclusion of the Germanic concept of God, that he knows no complete annihilation, but in the smallest as in the greatest, is always permeated by the conviction of

rebirth after death, of eternal cycle and eternal return! - The field name "dead man", which also occurs in the Brühl, has reference to the winter, by whose death the faithful, misunderstood woman is taken up again in love by her husband. Some other field names may have disappeared, some others are too far away to be included in this frame with certainty; so "Weißenbach", "Rabenstein" and "In den Juden". With the latter one is to be thought of course not of the "chosen" people, but of the Jötunen or Joten, the giants namely. Which, by the way, also corrects the explanation of the names of Judenburg, Judenau and other place names considerably.

Nevertheless, this yield is rich enough to recognize also here in the "Brühl" one of those highly sacred nature temples of our ancestors who had such a high opinion of the majesty of their celestials that to them only the whole great glorious world of God was just big enough to consecrate it as a temple to that inscrutable power which revealed itself to them only and only in the worship in the forest dome.

And from this conclusion, every German may now, without coming into the smell of heresy, call himself a "Teutonic heathen" without shyness, because what more magnificent, what more sublime can there be, than to soar, surrounded by the mysterious forest, to that inscrutable power in a prayer without words, which reveals itself to the feeling man only and only in the midst of the weaving and life of free, unrestricted nature.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

The Hellenental¹

Aquae, Padun, Baden! - What images do not these three short words awaken in our soul! A lovely pair of sisters of imperishable youthful charm are looking at us in a blissful way and this divine pair are what we might call "history" and "prehistory". The dark, glowing eye of history is steady, but serious; it is obvious to the eye that it is used to seeing the iron dice roll under the thunder of the battles of Valhalla, with which the fates of the nations are decided amid seething blood vapor and unspeakable pain. But the same eye is also able to smile kindly on blessed fields and economically active states, because also the golden word peace is familiar to the divine. The fairy-tale blue eye of her sister, on the other hand, laughs like that of a child; always cheerful and joyful, and although she may harbor in her lake bottom terror and distress, those things rise transfigured out of the misty veils of the past, becoming the fragrant figure of our lovely Freya out of the foam of the waters when the moon's fairy-tale light glides over her.

What Sister History tells us? Everyone knows that, and those who do not know it may read it; for what else would Gutenberg have invented his "black art"?

But a warning word must be given to everyone who goes that way, those who want to read their history; namely, not to believe everything

(1) First published: Vienna, Deutsche Zeitung, May 23, 1889.

she says on her word, because she sometimes makes a small mistake; often accidentally, often intentionally - depending on the case.

Today, however, we want to pursue the legends of Sister Prehistory. Stretched out in the soft forest moss at the "Jugendbrunnen", she awakens sweet dreams, like Scheherezade in the famous one thousand and one nights; but it is the strong resin smell of pine that blows around us, not the slackening haze of jasmine and lotus.

Then the Prehistory smiled mischievously and pointed to the stone, under which the crystal spring of the Jugendbründl murmured forth.

"Look," she said, smiling again, "look at the antics Sister History is up to!"

Really! There is a picture of the Virgin Mary hanging on the rock wall, a prayer stool in front of it, and above it is written, "Maria-Jugendbrunn, newly erected in 1825." Next to the picture of the Virgin Mary, however, is an inscription board that says:

Epitaph:

General-Lieut.: Adolph Jungend, Died from a bullet from a snake's gullet (cannon) on July 31, 1624, in the 6th year of the 30-year religious war.

"Don't believe a word of it! Sister History sometimes has her quirks: what would the blessed Lieutenant General Jungend, if he had lived, have had to do with the well there, and how could his name be mentioned in the same breath as Mary's! Also, these guns are said to have been most clumsy things at that time, so that one was glad to drag them away on the streets; they would not have brought any up there."

"But the inscription, the "epitaph", name, year, day -?"

"Made up, lied about! He who wrote it, knew quite well that he wrote a lie!"

"A lie, and why?"

And again the divine smiled strangely, then she drew a pitcher full of crystal-clear water and handed it to us with the words: "From Urda's spring the world tree was watered; the people's consciousness shall be watered with the tidings of the past, so that it will grow strong and not

wither. Therefore drink from Frouwa's Fountain of Youth!"

With that, the incomprehensible had disappeared.

Fountain of youth! Fountain of Youth? Now everything was clear. In order to control popular superstition, prudent men have put a false cloak around the time-honored fountain of youth, since they could not destroy it after all; just as they did with the "Jungfernbründl" at Hermannskogel near Vienna. But it was of little use to them there and elsewhere; all these wells are still bubbling today, unforgotten and faithfully guarded.

And indeed, here at the Jungendbrunnen, the venerable Jungbrunnen, we are standing in the middle of one of the three mighty Wuotan sanctuaries that Baden possesses and which can best be grouped after the two castles of Rauhenstein and Rauhenegg as well as after the little church of St. Helena.

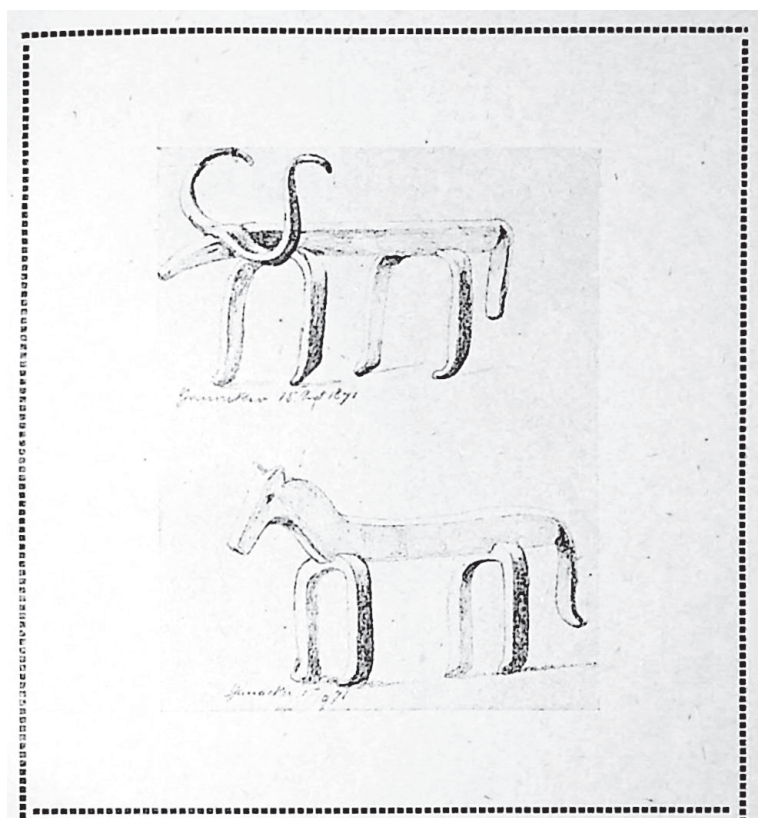
It is well known "that the wide plain surrounding Vienna, divided by the Danube into two halves, the Marchfeld and the Neustadt Plain", has served as a stomping ground for the armies of nations since the days of primeval times. On this wide plain the man of the Stone Age still hunted the mammoth and the wool rhinoceros with his weapons splintered from the rock, the later men, who had already united to nations or at least to tribes, led on this plain the fight for existence, which was fought out at that time, however, in another way than in our age of train conductor and coal worker strikes. Later, the Roman moved from the south and built his stone road where the iron road now runs; then five hundred years later, the Romans moved back home again and behind him the armies of the Germanic peoples rolled towards that spacious Germanic grave - Italy. Then came possibly even more turbulent times - Huns, Avars, Mongols, Magyars, Turks and Tartars surged past here, for all of them longed for a good German blow. No nation of the old world, no people of Europe, have not left behind several split skulls on this field."

But also this must not be forgotten that that plain was partly lake or swamp ground, as it still is today in the area of the Neusiedlersee, the Hansag and the Laxenburg area, which we will talk about in more detail in the picture of Merkenstein.

Under such circumstances, no prosperous life was to be hoped for in front of the mountains, and even the most intrepid sword-wielder of those days longed to choose a quieter region as his residence, where he could unbuckle his harness from time to time and did not always have to sit in the saddle when he wanted to drink that home-brewed decoction that had become the ancestor of our brown-red "Bavarian".

So it happened that those old lords withdrew behind the wall of the Vienna Woods, which at that time was called the Zeizzo Mountains or Mons Cetius, and closed all valley gates with "castles", which opened from the mountains towards that somewhat too lively plain. Thus it happened, as it was not otherwise possible with a warlike people with warlike gods, that those valley castles and mountain castles were at the same time temple places, which is why just in that mountain range, which stretches from Semmering to the Danube near Vienna, proportionately most of the mythological landscape pictures are found. Among these castles or palaces, however, one does not think of those buildings that are still preserved in ruins; these were built several thousand years later and took over nothing from the old castles but the name and here and there the earthen tunnels, the so mysterious underground passages.

Already the similarity of the names, Rauhenstein and Rauhenegg, indicate a simultaneous origin, because "Egg" and "Stein" are synonymous with "castle". Significantly, however, is the fact that the first dynasty mentioned in possession of both castles were the "Thurso", and that likewise on Dürrenstein and Lichtenfels families of the same name sat. "Since at that time family names were almost not mentioned at all, this exception to the rule rightly makes one pensive, and this all the more, since just Thurso corresponds to the giant name of the "Dursen", equivalent to the other designation as "Jötunen" or "Joten", from which later erroneously the word Juden was formed (Judenburg, Judenau, with the Jews), which gave rise to many misunderstandings in history, legend, heraldry and topography. The giants, however, as the embodied natural forces of the mountains, fit quite well as guardians of a valley gate, like this.



Illus. 52. See page 424. Iron animal sacrifice objects from the Leonhardikirche in Ganacker. (Hand drawing from the author's sketchbook.)

Now that we have recognized the castles of the gods built by the giants or the Dursen, let's take a look at the gods of the Rauhenstein group, whose center is the Jungbrunnen, the Jugendbründl.

It rises at the foot of the Hühnerberge. The name is significant because chickens were sacrificial animals and especially the rooster is a pointing, even a ghostly animal. The German myth knows three chickens, the gold-combed, the red-combed and the black cock. Also here the third of the three is black. Still more of the proof could be brought, but this is enough. But not far from it stands a second chicken mountain, probably only a precursor of the first, and on this is very significant the occurrence of the flood name "at the witch circle" (beim Hexenkreis).

Although now the name "chicken mountain" seems to point to the sacrificial chickens, so this reference is, nevertheless, only an apparent one which hides or conceals the true name sense according to the rules of the Kala.² The name comes from "Hun", and Hun is the great, powerful, the judge! Therefore "Hun bed", "Hun grave", "Hun" and "Hun mountain", from which just Hun mountain had misformed itself. The "Hünenberg" is therefore the "mountain of the high one", the mountain of Wuotan, in which he sleeps, like the Red Beard in the Kyffhäuser. That clears up a great deal! -

As Wuotan is the first of the male three-gods, thus the "Hun", and also in single form represents these, as the entire lower god world, as with Frouwa this applies in regard to the female deities, so the same relationship results with the Hechs, as the most distinguished of the three priestesses. (Hechsa, Truda, Wala-) Especially at the time when Christianity overthrew the cult of Wuotan, when the formerly highly respected, divinely revered "wizards" were persecuted as "witches", the name "witch" was attached to all gradations out of misunderstanding. So also here the "witch circle", should actually mean "priestess circle" or "healer circle" and remind us of the place, where these sang their magic songs in the "Ringel-Ringel-Reihen". Today, this custom has also become

(2) About "Kala" more details in all volumes of the G.-L.-B.. especially in No. 5, "Bilderschrift der Ario-Germanen".

child's play. But there, where the giants build castles, there is the realm of death, of winter, and therefore down in the valley lies the castle of Helia, the goddess of death, and her sacrificial stone, the "Ur-teils-Stein" or "Urdas-Stein". But when churches were built in the country, when, according to the instructions of Pope Gregory the Great, the churches of the Crucified were raised in place of the sanctuaries of the pagan gods, they were baptized after saints whose names corresponded to those gods who had been worshipped here before, and so the new little church was baptized - St. Helena.

Once in the valley, we climb up the other side of the mountain to reach the Rauhenegger group.

Just opposite the "Urtelstein" is the "Siebenbründileiten", over which, through cool forest, past the "Jägerhaus", the path leads us to the ruins of Rauhenegg. In the surroundings of the ruin, there are again strange-looking field names. The Linden tree is Wuotan's holy tree, and a strange coincidence unites the cross and the linden leaf to the cause of Siegfried's death in the Siegfried legend.³ Next to the Lindkogel a small forest parcel is called "Eichkogel"⁴. Should the memory of Donar resonate here and perhaps even the Three Gods once had their seat here, as on the summit of the Schneeberg, which rises above the Heliaklamm (the Höllental), as here the Lindkogel rises above the Helenental? There also arches the small King's Cave, possibly once an Erdstall. This assumption becomes probable when the small valley there has the very significant name "Rauchstall Brunngraben", thus the Erdstall already appears mentioned in the name. It is proven that in such places the Erdstalls with their chambers and corridors served the healers as a dwelling and for underground worship. Still in the Rauchstall Brunngraben there is again the mythical sieve well (Sieben Bründeln), the

(3) The linden tree explains itself "kalisch" as a death tree; because "linet" = alleviate, stop, end! The dying alleviates the life. Therefore the linden leaf in the Siegfried legend is the preannouncement of his death!

(4) The oak is the tree of life in contrast to the linden, "eok" (oak) = ag = to come forth! This is highly significant by the name confrontation of linden and oak.

original holy sun well! In greater distance lies still another "Lehnstuhl" (not that of Merkenstein) on the hunter meadow. The latter, like the one at Hermannskogel, probably points to Wuotan, whereby this armchair can also be understood as Wuotan's seat. There now the old allodial lord of this district may have taken the same as "sun fiefdom" in possession, to the sign that he recognized no overlord than Wuotan, the god king, over it. The Richtberg next to the Hühnerberg may speak for it, because only the free head of the tribe was allowed to sit in judgment, because he led the title, the "Hun"!

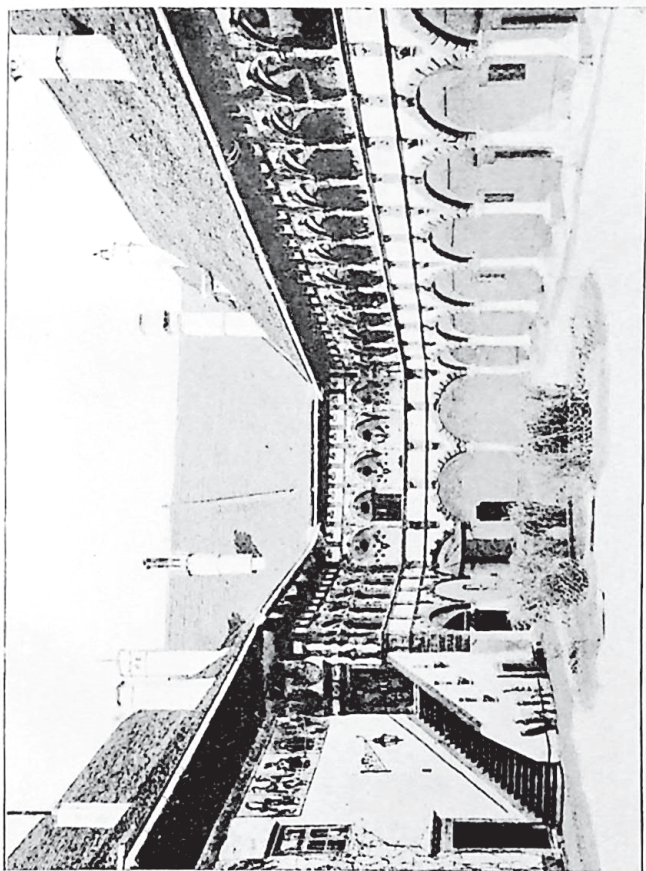
Since the Dursen are now also considered by some to be the tribe of the Türkilinger, which would still have to be proven, one could recognize a settlement of this tribe in Baden with its castles. With the Dursen or Thursen in the mythical sense, however, another place name is connected, and this is the small place Guttenbrunn⁵, which means giant well. But also behind the "Urtelstein" lies another mountain with the name "Burgstallberg".

All these names again give a very peculiar overall picture of mythological background.

The in ancient times undoubtedly very dark Helenental, especially there, where the "Urtelstein" (Urdas stone) closed it off, had to remind the naive people's mind of the myth, which tells how a builder wanted to build a castle for the gods, as a protection against the ice and mountain giants, and as a reward for this he asked for the light Freya, together with the sun and the moon. The construction was to be finished on the first day of summer (May 1st). At last the gods realized that they were being harmed by Loki's malice, and they forced him to prevent the master builder from completing his work. The trick succeeded and so the castle of the gods stood without the gods having to give up Freya, the sun and the moon.

The valley closed off by the Urtelstein may have appeared to our

(5) Gutta, Jutta, Jena, Jötun, Jote, Riese.



Illus. 53. The Arcade of the Schallaburg in Lower Austria. See pg. 225.

ancestors as such an inaccessible giant castle, and indeed it was even to them a very safe refuge against the armies of nations, which out on the plains let their ravening waves of peoples roar in.

But not only place names give the Helenental its mythical character. Numerous folk tales still remind us that people there once worshipped other gods than today.

Only one of these legends may be remembered here, because it brings the "healing place of the Heliatal" into contact with that of "Merkenstein", although not through the legendary plot, which only disguises or covers the mythical core.

Berta von Rauhenstein was loved by a knight of Merkenstein, whom she sent to the promised land to test his loyalty. Later, however, she sat spinning, waiting for her knight, on a pillar by the road and this pillar was later rebuilt from the proceeds of the spinning to the still standing border pillar of Vienna, which therefore bears the name "the spinner on the cross". This spinning Berta is no less than the queen of the gods Frouwa, then Perahta, the shining one herself. Rauhenegg is also the origin of a legend with a deep mythical core, with a clear reference to the underworld and the Helia valley.

The castle spirit of Rauhenegg (today Burgruine Rauhenegg) guards a treasure. This spirit can now only be redeemed by the one whose cradle is made of the wood of a cherry tree, which sprouts from a pit carried by a bird to the tower pinnacle.

These conditions seem harsh, and yet the meaning is that the gods who sleep in the underworld in Helia's hall, released from hibernation, return in the spring. As a messenger here the cherry is thought to be the first fruit. Its cradle is precisely the wood that grows from a cherry stone, namely the cherry tree itself.

Everything else is poetic accessory and later extension, when the mythical sense of the legend was already obscured.

Also in this great sanctuary, which consisted of the two castles Rauhenegg, Rauhenstein and the church of St. Helena, this holy three, as: "birth, life, death" or "becoming, living and passing away" clearly appears.

As a place of "becoming" Rauhenegg is easily recognized by its "cherry stone legend" and it is no coincidence that the watchtower of Rauhenegg on a basic triangular form⁶ still towers in the air. But the triangle as "Triag" is the ancient salvation sign of the emergence from the procreation! This is a building-in-clear reference to the cherry stone legend and as such of highest mythical-historical meaning! - As a place of salvation for "passing away" or of death, the little church of St. Helen appears and as a sanctified place of the "Living" only Rauhenstein still needs to be proven. And of course there occurred for this very castle a myth as a place of "Living":

The Legend of the Femgericht on Rauhenstein

The legendary tale of a "secret court", connected with all the frightening apparatus of medieval justice, iron maiden, secret executions, subterranean halls, dungeons and corridors, or court hearings in the midnight gloom of the forest, and all the like, fluctuates through the gradually fading popular memory. The scene of these horror stories is or was the ruin Rauhenstein.

One was only too gladly ready to push these legends aside unnoticed as "old wives' tales", since no documentary evidence could be found which would have testified to the existence of the legend in Austria. But just as the existence of underground passages was denied until several hundred of them were actually found in the country, the existence of the Feme in medieval Austria will only be acknowledged when at least the proof of probability will have succeeded.

The first witness to be heard is definitely the people's memory, the legend. The people's saga-speaking was at all times a truth-telling; they never lied and it was certainly not their fault if they were misunderstood or misinterpreted. Of course, the legend of the people does not go exactly with the names and the dates never seem to be quite right. What were

(6) The castle ruins "Arnstein" and "Araberg" in Lower Austria - former Sonnenhalgdome - also had triangular towers.

initially giants, later became Huns, Tartars, Turks, Swedes, even French. It seems as if old traditions were lame companions of history, because they gradually advanced from an age of memory into a more recent epoch, as soon as this began to fade from the clear memory of the contemporary into the saga form of the narration of the experiences of those who are deceased. As said, the event which the legend tells - had really once happened, and also the place is really that which is called the scene of the crime, only the time determination is almost without exception a missed one, much closer to the present, than corresponds to the facts.

So the thing stands also here on Rauhenstein with the "secret court".

The people tell once that it was cherished "secret wisdom" in old time here, and this shall be accepted as a fact.

Now the question is to be discussed, for the protection of which right, under whose and under which name that court met and why secretly and at night-sleeping time?

For the time being, forest and field names shall speak here again.

In the middle of the Helenental there is a huge boulder that completely blocks off the valley, and especially in primitive times, when the waters of the rivers were even more powerful, the primeval forests even more impenetrable, the further advance must not only have been hindered, but must have been gazed at by the primitive people as being closed by the gods themselves.

Today, our over-saturated modern world wanders through the tunnel that pierces this boulder and finds the landscape at best "lovely", because to be "magnificent", the rocks are not high enough, "picturesque" can only be a "Tamino Gorge" or at most a "Liechtenstein Gorge", and even though "wildly romantic", torrent and glacier are missing.

But the very rock through whose wide body the tunnel is bored is called "Urtel-Stein" and later there is a bridge, the "Urtel-Brückel", then there is a "Richtberg" and a "Lehn-chair".

At Urda's well, however, the gods sat in judgment, and the fiefdom of the sun, of which we have spoken above, touches intimately with the solar law, the ancient folk law of the Teutons, the Germans.

The king as "Koting", as offspring of a family, which counted a god to its first ancestor, united, as already said at the beginning, three dignities in itself, that of the king, the priest and that of the judge.

At Urda's well, however, the gods sat in judgment; but at that healing place, which was to symbolize the mythical spring, the earthly gods, the sons of the gods, judged the kings. Therefore, in ancient times, the stone and the bridge were not called Urtels, but Urdas-Stein and Bridge. There the open court was kept on the three commanded things in broad daylight and certainly also, if the need required it, at other times.

So it was held everywhere in German lands, so on the Weser, so on the Rhine, so on the Danube and so on the Etsch.

But when Charles, the king of the Franks and the slayer of the Saxons, the executioner of Rome, crushed all the old institutions with an iron fist in order to put his own institutions in their place on behalf of Rome, when he exterminated the native dynasties in order to make the people leaderless and thus more docile. The survivors of the doomed families fled to the mountains with a few faithful and became the defiant guardians of the Ariogermanic solar law that had been banished with them.

Roman law had come into the country with the Latin church as a very questionable gift of the ruthless conqueror. Roman law was the law of a slave state, while German law was the law of a free people. But a Charles could not like the law of free men, he needed the law of a slave state, which was already accustomed to lawyer's intrigues and violent legal contortions in its deceitful ambiguity.

There, in the ghostly twilight of the moonlit forest, hooded figures met on hidden paths at night-time to secretly cherish the old sun law of the Germans, so that it may shine again for later generations.

It was not the sword of Charles that was hidden, as later ignorance or deliberate deception would have us believe, for how and where and when would the sword of the victor ever have been hidden? Not Karl was the founder of the Feme, but the Feme was the suppressed German right, which could be practiced only in secret, like a conspiracy. The hidden

sword is to be referred therefore only symbolically to the hidden, suppressed right as to the sword fallen from the conquered.

Charles destroyed the Irmensuls not only in Saxony alone, but everywhere where he swung his land-grabbing sword. But just these Irmin columns were the emblems of the Germanic solar right and therefore he overthrew them to put others - his emblems of sovereignty - over it, to displace the solar right of free German men by the intrigue laws of the slave state Rome.

But today Lower Austria still possesses many Roland columns, as ideal successors of the Irmin columns, one of which also stood at Hermannskogel near Vienna. But again a mistake has been made here, if it is believed that the "Roland" in the column name refers to Roland the palatine of Charles.

This "Roland" is derived from "ruod", law, and from "land", land, and thus means "ruotland", "land law", and thus those columns were nothing else than signs of the land law at those places where this was cherished. Therefore, these columns stand and stood in the marketplaces and served at the same time as pillories and pillars, in order to execute the law at them or to expose the one who violated it to focus public contempt at them.

Equally noteworthy are the many "red crosses" that are spread all over the country⁷; their name comes not from the color, but from "ruod" = right. Also here near Rauhenstein stands such a one. And also from most of these "right crosses" go uncanny legends and their locations are considered disreputable places.

Now it is to be reported that the family of the Thursen, which was powerful under the Lombard kings Aistolph and Desider, must have been resident here already before Charles. Thurso is synonymous with giant and as shown above, the building of the castles of the gods here was thought to be a giant building.

Rauheneck is considered to be the oldest building, in 919 Reichenstein

(7) Read more about one of them in a paragraph from the chapter: "The Schallaburg."

and later Scharfenegg are said to have been built by the Thursos. This can at most only refer to new buildings, but not to new foundations of the three castles.

It is safe to assume that this family, which goes back to pre-Carolingian days, was certainly not favorable to Charles, but defied him here behind the mountains. The Thursos may have granted here an asylum for the old Wuotan services, the German law and the German refugees and have erected a "Freistuhl" on "red earth". Again here the "red" is to be understood as nothing else than "ruod", namely in the sense of "legal ground" and not in the sense of the earth "reddened by blood".

However, the family of Thursen died out in the middle of the 14th century, as the number of the native noble families in Lower Austria, which was already very reduced by Charles, decreased more and more.

But even after the end of the Carolingian Empire, after Germany had become free again in accordance with the Treaty of Verdun and had its own kings, over whose German royal crown the Roman imperial crown shone, the spirit of Charles, his institutions, remained in force, including Roman law. Later, probably since the Saxon emperors, the Feme was under the protection of the German emperors until Maximilian I abolished it, but even the Free Counts had already forgotten the meaning and purpose of the institution, and the Feme fared like the Wuotan faith, like the magic, it suffocated in the formalism of a misunderstood ritual, it had lost sight of its aim. -

Later, many other secret societies are said to have suffered similar fates.

Despite the solemn abolition of the Feme by Maximilian, it nevertheless continued to exist in secret, for on March 24, 1826, the last Freigraf of the holy Feme, Zacharias Löbbecke, 98 years and 5 months old, died of old age in Dortmund and took the secret of the Feme with him, undisclosed, to his grave. But what he guarded so faithfully was recovered - through the "Kala" - and has come back to life, to future times for benefit and piety. "Alaf sal fena!" -

Also in the peasant law still traces of the old "ruotland" have been

preserved, as the "Siebener", the "Feldgericht", the "Haberfeldtreiben" and many other folk customs, which are not extinct yet for a long time, testify.

Since "Thursos" as a pre-Carolingian "Kotingsgeschlecht (royal family)" were undoubtedly the first native "Freigrafen" (free counts) here, who derived their judging dignity from the sun as the highest symbol of German law as "Sonnensöhne!" (sons of the sun!), the people's memory may not only be linked to the old commanded three holy things, but to the "secret things" cherished by the "Thursos" in post-Carolingian times. That Germanic law was derived from the sun is attested by many proverbs, such as: "The sun brings it to the day" and still many other, in which the proud right consciousness of the German people expresses itself, which had suspected nothing before of legal intrigues. But when German law and German faith had to flee the country, it was precisely those old Koting (royal) dynasties and their faithful who took their fathers' customs, their fathers' violated laws, into "secret custody" and became their protectors as "chair counts of the Holy Feme".

But if now Rauhenstein is recognized in the sense of the popular memory as a "Freigrafenstuhl der Heiligen Feme", then suddenly the legend of "Berta, the spinner at the cross" at the border mark of Vienna gains peculiarly increased importance.

It is probably self-evident that the Femgericht, as having emerged from the old royal rights, was not made by the - modernly speaking - post-Carolingian pretenders to the crown solely because of the custody of the law. It undoubtedly served at the time of its inception also the cult of Wuotan and certainly also in political conspiracies to help the dethroned dynasties to rule again.

But as the old royalty found its expression in the three-dignities: "king-priest-judge", so the old faith in the three: "birth, life, death". The symbol of the old faith is now either the male or the female Three or the mystical representative of one of these two threes, namely the All-Father Wuotan or the All-Mother Frouwa, also called Perahta, the Shining One. This Perahta is always thought spinning, because the spinning, mythically



Illus. 54: See page 418: St. Marein in the Hohenburg near Pusarnitz on the Lurnfeld. Type of popular pilgrimage churches in the Alps. (From a photograph by D. Egger-Brücklhofer in Spittal.)

interpreted, expresses the procreation or sexual reproduction, as such the old mythical picture of the spinning on, spinning on and cutting of the thread, confirms for birth, life and death. Death, however, was considered in the German belief only as rebirth to new life, in order to begin from the beginning the cycle of coming into being, becoming and passing away to new coming into being again.

Thus the spinning Berta was the personification of the old German faith.

But how did she come to sit outside the border of Vienna? Why did she sit there, waiting for her distant lover or husband, in tears? -

In Vianiomina (today Vienna) in the year 740 Christianity had finally gained a firm foothold; above the sanctuary the cross was raised, the proud tree of the gods, the palladium of the city, was cut down and the sanctuary of Hruodperahts was transformed into the church of Ruprecht.⁸ The Christian mystagogue banished the old faith with censer and holy wreath far before the borders of the city, "on the heath to the wolves" and erected there as a mark a cross. There the faithful folk belief let the banished queen of the gods sit spinning and crying and wait for the return of the mighty Wuotan, because only in his absence the unbelievable could happen! As the divine wife, so the people waited for his return; they waited and forgot about his name and now thought that they waited for the return of the emperor Redbeard! But they did not forget their spinning goddess, although the same was sighted.

Out there on the heath, where the cross stood, on which the banished goddess sat spinning and weeping, looking after Vianiomina, who was so dear to her, out there moved many a sad procession. Not only those who were banished "to the wolves of the heath", but also those who, for the sake of crime, were to be brought from life to death by the executioner's hand, were led to that cross, for there also stood the gallows.

A wicked and therefore very significant folk joke compares the

(8) Read more about it in the chapter: "Vianiomina".

hanging with a "wedding with the ropemaker's little daughter".

As is well known, all hanged people before were considered victims of Hangatyr (Wuotan), and therefore it is not a coincidence that the place of execution of Vienna was until the sixties of the 19th century, since primeval days out there at the "spinner on the cross". It is no less known that Wuotan received half of the dead, namely the disembodied soul, Freya (Berta), however, the other half, the soulless body.⁹

The joke about the wedding with the spinning ropemaker's daughter might have been aimed at this; perhaps in later times it was believed that Berta spun the ropes for those who were to be hanged, because the rope of the hangman had a certain sacredness as a talisman.

In the course of the Middle Ages, the former simple cross was transformed into a stately Gothic column, which still bears the name "the spinner on the cross". The cross that adorns its top has a very peculiar design; it has double arms that point to the four points of the sky like a weather vane, so that it forms a cross seen from all sides.

Among the people, the opinion goes that that strange double cross that offers perspective this view: X, is a spider and therefore the column was called the "spider or spinner cross". Others think that the cross is therefore double, so that the banished pagan god (Wuotan), whichever heavenly region he comes from would always see the cross, which prevents him from approaching. But these are opinions that are completely unfounded, because the meaning of that riddle cross is quite different.

It is namely the ancient-holy "Hag-Kreuz", the "Hagal" * X, and says: "I guard the universe"; therefore it is also called descriptively the "space cross". As such it encloses also in the figurative sense the space of an area and appears in this sense here at the boundary column, but not to guard the area of Vienna, but another area, as will be shown later. But since the "Hagal" (X) was already forgotten as a Wuotanistic sign of salvation at the time when the column - the "Spinner on the Cross" - was erected, it is self-

(9) See also the earlier chapter: "The Venusberg near Traismauer".

evident that those who erected this column regarded and applied the "Hagal" as a secret sign known only to them, and thus concealed or "restrained" both the purpose and the meaning of the column.

In the certain sense now also this "spinner at the cross" is a "ruodlands column", because a few hundred steps away from her the high court rose in former times. If this interpretation seems to contradict the conception of the "ruodlands-pillars", then this is only an appearance. In former times the cross, which stood before at the place of the present way column, indicated the border between the Christian Vianiomina and the still Wuotanistic flat country and can - particularly since at that cross Berta spun - can quite well be interpreted in the old, original sense.

That spinning Berta, who perhaps spun the side for those to be judged, could be understood as the Germanic Justitia vis-à-vis the Roman one, which had to give way to the Roman right, which took root in Vienna (apart from the change of religion), whereby the meaning of the wayside column, as a border column between Roman and German law, thus as a "ruodlands column" would become even more noteworthy.

Quite strange, however, is the fact that the city of Wiener-Neustadt, located south of Vienna, has a very similar border column, which is also called "Spinnerin am Kreuz" (spinner on the cross), and is surrounded by similar legends as the former. In addition, these two pillars stand facing each other, the one from Vienna on Vienna's southern border, the one from Neustadt, however, on Neustadt's northern border. And neither of the two cities has a second or third equally outstanding border designation in any other place besides the inconspicuous border stones.

It is also strange that pretty much in the middle between these two "spinners on the cross" lies the Helenental with the castle Rauhenstein, the mysterious seat of the holy Feme.

And strange! In the legend of the "spinner on the cross" near Vienna, the spinning Berta has the name "von Rauhenstein".

In consideration of this circumstance, the two way pillars seem to be less border pillars of the two towns, but rather border pillars of the area of the Freistuhl of Rauhenstein.

Recently, a very peculiar archaeological discovery was made, the riddles of which are almost solved by themselves from the aforementioned.

The "Monatsblatt des Altertums-Vereines zu Wien" No. 2 of the year 1889 brings the following information, taken verbatim from the same:

"An artificial hill. During an excursion to Untereggendorf for the purpose of an inquiry about the old castle peace border of Wiener-Neustadt, the author of these lines was made aware by the head teacher there that there was a hill in the vicinity of Sollenau, which bears the name "King's Hill". During a visit to Sollenau, he found this information confirmed; there is indeed, south of the road that goes from Felixdorf to Ebenfurth, about ten minutes from Felixdorf, between the said road and the dirt road that branches off from it to Unter-Eggendorf, an artificial hill, about which Mr. Radler, landowner in Sollenau, gave the following information:

The mound used to be about 4 meters high, of the circumference of a large room, and has already been partially examined and broken up by the father of the aforementioned, so that it is now barely half as high. In the middle it is deepened, because the investigator had found and taken out ashlar without inscription in the hill. At a greater depth, more ashlar were discovered. According to the information of the mentioned gentleman, three things are said about this elevation:

1. there had been a Turkish camp here in 1685.
2. there was the "sharp border" between Austria and Hungary.
3. from here Przemysl Ottokar II overlooked the land that had come into his possession after the extinction of the Babenbergs.

Curiously, these narrations do not mention the king "Matthias Corvinus", whose incursions into Austria could perhaps most likely explain the name "King's Hill" (formerly also "King's Mountain").

The editors follow this note with the following gloss:

The news about this "King's Mound" is very interesting, even if the

assumptions about its origin can be explained as not at all valid. The very fact that ashlar were found inside the mound indicates that there was a solid structure here, which the Turks must not have had the time or inclination to erect either in 1529 or in 1683. Ottokar II, who ruled as far as the Drava, could not be expected to erect a structure to overlook a country from Sollenau. To assume a border mark for the three countries Austria, Hungary and Styria here does not correspond to the actual conditions, because the Hungarian border in the Middle Ages always lay east of the Leitha, and even today's border is disputed by the country as running too much to the west. There could have been a marker at that point from which the border between Austria and Styria left the Piesting and moved in an easterly direction towards the Fischa, but even this assumption is very difficult to reconcile with the known fact that the border still intersected the bridge at Sollenau and only diverged from the creek below it. In order to relate the existence of the King's Hill to Matthias Corvinus, we still lack any clue. During the sieges of Neustadt, the king hardly needed to build a bulwark so far away from the city, then it would certainly have been built behind the Piestingbach. Thus, all the popular opinions seem to be invalid, but another "incontrovertible" fact has emerged, namely that the line from the Spinner Cross Column (near Neustadt) to the center of the King's Hill falls exactly in the line of the meridian. Perhaps this will be a connecting point for further research."

Well, all these attempted explanations move on the wrong track. Also the assumption is an erroneous one to conclude the existence of a "solid" building on a hill, which does not exceed the size of a moderately large room, only because some ashlar were found there. Likewise, the name "King's Mound" does not coincide with the line of the meridian, although such lines are often observed in prehistoric constructions.

Certainly, here again the popular memory is decisive.

The people preserved the name "King's Hill", the memory of a camp and of a "sharp border". The king, after whom the mound is named, is to be looked for in the antiquity, and not in the Middle Ages, in which people did not pile up mounds any more. A Germanic army king



Illus. 55. See page 282. Old image of St. Christopher on the parish church of Merano. (From a photograph.)

probably defeated a Roman army here, built a victory monument in the form of this hill and buried in this hill some ashlar of a destroyed city or a guardhouse - in the sense of a counter-spell.

To give an example, it may be mentioned here, how the "Free King's Chair" was established at Hegung of the field court.

The "Free Field Court" consisted of sixteen persons; the oldest was called "Graf" (Grefe) or "Ober-Richter", the youngest the "Frohnde" or "Frohner", while the fourteen others were the "Schöppen".

If there was any occasion to open the "Free Field Court, then the Free Count, in the presence of two Free Schöppen, had ordered the Fronden "to summon, in shining sunshine and under the open sky, all the Free Judges, including the freemen of the area itself, where the court was to be held, for the next Saturday, at the proper time of day, before the ordinary, and in the old law, recognized King's Chair, where all shall arrive at penance and punishment in the ancient ways."

The "Free King's Chair" was a square, free, green square; each of its sides measured sixteen shoes. In the middle of the square a pit was dug, into which each of the sixteen "Schöppen" had to throw a handful of ashes, a coal and a piece of a brick, whereupon the pit was closed again and the carefully lifted lawn was spread over it. But the ashes, coal and brick had to be - and this was the secret sign! - had to be put into the pit in the form of a fyrfos QS, by which, when the pit was reopened, it was recognized by those who knew whether it was the "perfectly right and just king's chair" or not. But ash, coal and brick (or ashlar, stone, as here) had special Kala meaning: coal = Kuol, source = coming into being; brick = Tegel = secret rule; ash = Ask in the third word stage = passing away to the resurrection! That is the high-sacred original three of the Femanenschaft. - Still today similar ancient mysterious customs are valid with the "Siebenern" in Bavaria, which were still practiced today, but never betrayed and are certainly buried with the last Siebener into the grave. Only the "Kala" is able to offer the key to solve those mysteries. - The chair of the Frei-Graf was placed on this covered pit by the Fronden. If one doubted whether the place was a right permanent king's chair, then

the landmarks had to be searched first, because otherwise the created judgments would have been invalid.

For this reason, when the Fronde went to court, he carried, in addition to the Frei-Graf's chair, a pole sixteen shoes long, to measure and determine the exact location of the Frei-Graf's chair.

From this process of the peasant law, which certainly preserved old features and is rooted in the same reason as the Feme itself, if not even in it, it is clear that the erection of the king's chair must have been preceded by a sacrifice in Wuotanistic times. What else would charcoal and ashes mean but the remains of a sacrificial fire? The sixteen pieces of bricks are found in our "King's Mound" in the ashlar, and the name itself sounds very related to "King's Chair".

This king's mound may have originated in the times of the migration of peoples, as a painting place of a victor, it may even have formed the "sharp border" of some small territorial king, and as such painting place - border stones were always considered sacred - a place of judgment. But if coals and ashes are missing here, they may have been thrown aside unnoticed by the one who took out the ashlar.

Thus this king's mound came into being and retained its old sanctification, the origin of which had perhaps already faded away in Charles' time, while the old sanctification still remained unforgotten.

After Charlemagne, when the secret court began to meet, people sought out old holy places to hold court there. As the forest and field names show, there are many forest and field parcels whose often mutilated names suggest such a court place, because there must have been not only several, but even many of them, especially in the area between the two "Spinnerinnen am Kreuz".

Thus the certainly highly significant hill near Sollenau might have been such a "Free King's Chair".

If now, in consideration of all these reasons, despite the lack of documentary evidence, the existence of the Feme in Austria could hardly be doubted, another court, which suddenly arose in 1402, appears too unexpectedly on the scene of national history to have fallen from the sky,

so to speak, without being based on a preliminary stage.

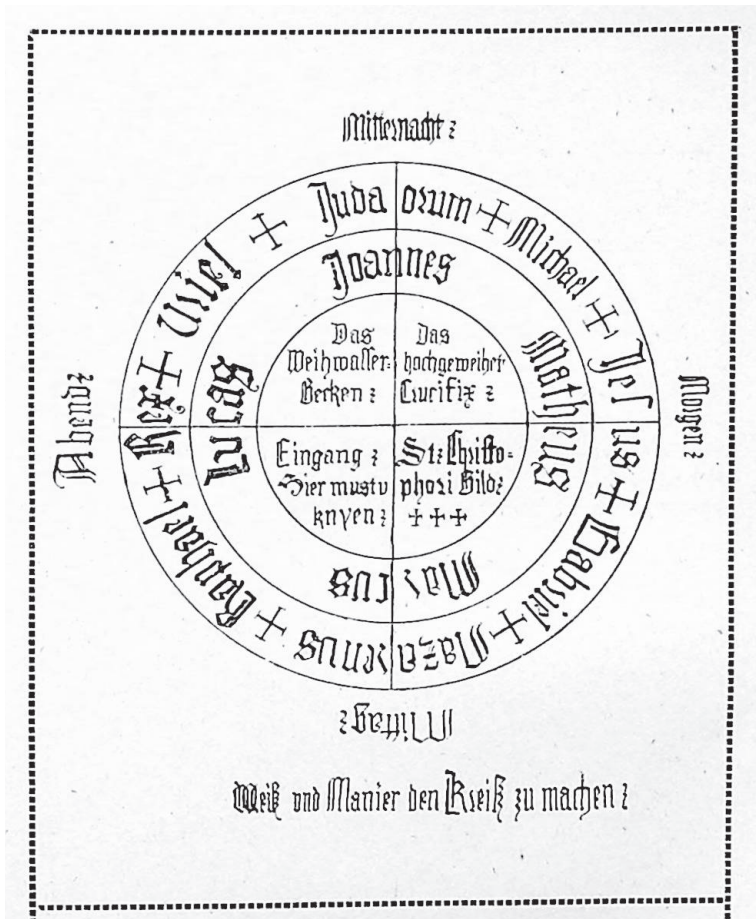
It was a very peculiar, secret court, which had a frightening, terrible name, the "Geräune" (from murmur, to whisper to).

This court was very closely related to the modern law of the state, and it seems that it emerged from the Feme in a renewed form. Similar to the latter, it had the effect of paralyzing fright, which it spread, as well as the short, sure and hard hitting procedure.

Ulrich the Daxberger, marshal in Austria, the nobles Friedrich von Wallsee, Otto von Meissau, Heinrich von Zelking and the Viennese burgher Albert Ottensteiner formed the superiors of this peculiar court, which executed its sentences with army power. These five¹⁰ went through the country with 200 spears (horsemen) and 200 marksmen (pedestrians), then with a convoy of 50 wagons, carrying siege engines, battering rams, and rifles as well as provisions, in order to cleanse the country of the riffraff. The dreaded procession moved from castle to castle, mainly clearing the Moravian and Bohemian robbers. Reinforcements were drawn from the castles of the honorable nobility, and the robber castles of the brigands were called upon to surrender. The peasants welcomed the liberators with joy and joined the small army of revenge in wild hordes.

The inhabitants of the robbed houses were not treated with mercy; they fled or resisted. In the first case, the peasants, when they were caught, beat them down without any trouble; in the latter case, they were not able to resist the experienced warriors for long. After the capture of the nest, they were hanged from the nearest trees by a very summary procedure, or actually without any procedure at all. This is what happened to the garrison of the castle of Leiben in Lower Austria, quarter above the Manhartsberg, conquered by Daxberger in 1402. Only rarely was an exception made in favor of the mostly noble leaders, by dragging them to prison and then judging them under observation of some formalities; formalities that were otherwise considered highly superfluous and far too time-consuming.

(10) The mysterious number "five" = far, points alone already certainly to the origin from the Feme!



Illus. 56. see page 288. Witch and treasure hunter circle. (From the author's sketchbook.)

The Geräune may possibly not only have arisen from the Feme, but may even have been its executive power. If such were the case, then the Daxberger would have been a Freigraf or the deputy chair lord for the archduke of Austria, since he held the dignity of a land marshal.

Be that as it may. The scaffolding shows that in Austria the feud had not only existed, but had even, one would like to say, renewed itself in accordance with the times, whereby the legend of the secret court on Rauhenstein gains actual background not only in the mythical sense alone, to the court of the gods at "Urdas Stein", but also in the historical sense, that a "Freistuhl der heiligen Fehme" really existed there.

May that spinning Berta at the "spinner at the cross", the wuotanistic Wihinei (religion) banished from the soft image of the cities, may she be the suppressed Germanic law, the German Justitia, her epithet "von Rauhenstein" brings her into undeniable connection with the legend of the secret court on this castle and thus establishes the proof of the actual existence of a free chair of the holy Feme on Castle Rauhenstein.

And so the friendly Baden may boast without hesitation that in its district on the now decaying ruin Rauhenstein once was the seat of a free court, that it itself stands in "ruotland", built on ruoth earth. - Egge sola rohand hofut! - Reinir dor feueri! -

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Merkenstein

Following the iron road, which goes from the old Vianiomina to the south, one rolls comfortably past a mountain wall in which the valley mouths seem to be broken by gates, which already mythologically opened our landscape pictures. The first was Mödling, the second Helenental. The very next valley south of Helenental, the next railroad station to Baden², again forms such a gate. This valley was also closed with a "fixed castle", known as Merkenstein Castle.

The history of the castle³ remains unmentioned here, it is enough that its name is mentioned in documents as early as in the 11th and 12th centuries, namely as Merchenstein (The "ch" is read like "k", so also in the following names; thus Merk, instead of Merch.) - or Merkenstein? What does the name mean? The historians assume that it was corrupted from Markwartstein, thus pointing to a violent naming, as such a naming could hardly have happened at that time. The names as explanatory designations, whose sense at that time was mostly already forgotten in tradition, clung to the localities as still today and went then, after they had already forfeited their meaning as an explanatory concept long ago,

(1) First published in the *Deutsche Zeitung*, April 1st, 1889.

(2) Vöslau.

(3). "Merkenstein: Berichte und Mitteilungen des Altertumsvereins" [Reports and Notices of the Merkenstein Historical Society. Vienna, Book 1. Page 143 and forwards.

and became empty place names on the developing castle, place, monastery or city nearby, as such examples prove in the thousands. So also here. Of course, some legends have dealt with the naming of Merkenstein, but only a few features of these legends are genuine, they smell too much of the disreputable legend fabricators of the previous century.

Let's see what they tell.

Thus a legend wants to say that a knight "Leodegar" had two sons, who were twins, and he was in embarrassment, to which of the two he should award the right of the firstborn. In their twentieth year he led them to a stone and said that whoever of them would find this stone after three years, he would recognize as the firstborn. Winfried, one of the two, "remembered" where to find the stone. When the sons returned there with Leodegar after three years, he received the birthright, built a new castle on the stone and called it Merkenstein, of course. The strategy mentioned here to solve the question of the decision of an uncertain matter is indeed a genuine Germanic trait, which often recurs, but there is hardly a connection of this legend with the history of the castle in any other respect; and with the naming, however, this trait of legend has no connection.

Another legend says that Knight Walter of Merkenstein was the lover of Hulda of Rauhenstein, who, according to the custom of "minne" singing, not only sent her knight on the crusade to the Promised Land, but also imposed on him the condition that he bring her the most pleasant and useful gift from Palestine. It is to this vow of love that we owe the saffron which the Mercenian, in fulfillment of his duty of love, brought to his lady and which she planted in German soil. By the way, this Hulda is said to be the legendary "spinner at the cross", after whom the old famous landmark is said to be named. Since Hulda of Rauhenstein as "Frau Holle", and also Berta of Rauhenstein as "Frau Perahta", are equivalent to the mother of the gods "Frouwa", the differences in the names "Berta" and "Hulda" in the legends of Rauhenstein and Merkenstein seem to be completely irrelevant.

The knight Walter of this legend has nothing to do with the naming

of Merkenstein, Hulda or Berta von Rauhenstein is too loosely related to their own castle, and finally the transplantation of saffron into our regions is out of consideration here, although this part of the legend is correct in the main.

But what does the place name Merkenstein mean?

In Lower Austria we still have three similar place names, namely a "Merkenbrechts" in the Kamp area, a "Merkengersch" in the Thaya area and moreover a "Merkenstetten".

But similar place names also occur in other regions. Thus "Mergentau" near Friedberg in Upper Bavaria, "Mergentheim" in Württemberg, also called "vallis Mariae virginis" and "Mariae domus" in documents; in the vernacular this town is addressed as "Mergental". A wasteland near Heidenheim in Bavaria is alternately called "Mergenbrunn" and "Mariabrunn." The Marienröslein is also called "Märgenröslein"; likewise the Stendelwurz, Marien- or "Mergenträne", also "Mägedeblume". In family, personal and field names this "Mergen" is found even more often, for example: "Merchenbaum" a baronial family; Marchwart et filius de Mergen (1160); predium in Merchenmoos situm (1160); Henricus de Merchenberge (1185); Ullrich von Merchenstein (1322) and others.

If in all these compositions the word "Mergen" shows itself quite in respectable, partly even elevated relations, then also connections occur again, which intend a degradation of the term, which this word also holds. Thus, for example, the word "Mergensohn" occurs as a severely frowned-upon insult in medieval town books, where it contains the accusation of dishonest birth. "Schiltet er in (ihn) vor der Christenhait, das ist, ob er in (ihn) haizzet einen Zohensun, oder Merchensun, oder Mussensun / If he shields (him) from Christianity, that is, if he has in (him) a Zohensun, or Merchensun, or Mussensun" etc.

Merch, Merg is therefore virgin, which term we find in the place name Mergentheim and its Latin forms straight to the Queen of Heaven Mary (vallis Mariae virginis).

This gives the hint that our Merkenstein actually means "virgin

stone". But still the question has to be decided, to what extent this virgin stone is to be brought into relations with the Germanic world of gods and their sacrificial and magic service.

And of these confirmation points there is more than one at Merkenstein. In the first place the names of the localities, which are in closest contact with the main names, come into consideration.

There is in the first consideration a point, with the "beech at the stone" called, then the "Türkenbrunnen", the "Merkengarten-graben", the "white way" and somewhat more remotely a "Lehnstuhl".

The "beech by the stone" points to Frouwa's sacred tree by the sacrificial or magic stone, the sure sign of a healing place of the Ario-germanic Queen of Heaven and Mother of the Gods. The Merkengartengraben again points to the serving virgins, the healers. Also at the Hermannskogel near Vienna the holy beech (felled 1811) was found, further the Frauengraben like here the Merkengartengraben, and also a well just like here. This well rises in an underground passage 136 steps long and is called very significantly the "seven wells". The well in one of the castle courtyards is also noteworthy; round walled at the bottom, it turns into a regular octagon at the top. In this well shaft, at a considerable depth, there is a tunnel that undoubtedly belongs to an extensive Erdstall, inseparable from a sanctuary, which from its very name indicates that it was inhabited by virgins.

Thus also an important earth stable is found near Mergenthau in Bavaria.

As far as the "seven wells" are concerned, this designation as a field name is such a frequently recurring one that it is never to be thought of the occurrence of seven wells, but of a mythical designation with a dark meaning. The number seven repeats itself infinitely often, for example in Siebenhirten, Siebenlinden, Siebenbürgen, Siebeneichen, Siebenborn, Siebenegg, Siebenlehen, in the good and the bad seven, in Siebenjahrgarn, Siebenmorgen, Siebenstein, Sieben Nonnen, Sieben Narren, Sieben Hunde, Siebenmeilenstiefel, etc.

All these names, which could be multiplied by numerous examples,



Abb. 57. Siehe Seite 357. Der Große Meergeist aus Francisci
„Der Hölische Proteus“.

Illus. 57. see page 283. the Great Sea Spirit from Francisci "The Infernal Proteus".

have nothing to do with the number "seven" as such and all assumptions based on it and right at the beginning we are to be reminded that compositions of place names with the term "seven" occur everywhere and have preserved themselves in the most different word formations where Aryans and Ario-germanen are or were settled. Without going into such place name formations in more detail, it is only to be pointed out that Donar's wife was called Sibia (Sif), that the family in Ario-Germanic was called "Sippe", that the expression "a little sifted (etwas besieben)" means something oathed, the expression "Siebener" means approximately "sworn" (Geschwornen), that the "sieve" was regarded as a consecration or magic device with a meaning and finally that the number word "seven" derived from "Sibun" preserves a deep mystical meaning and for itself again founded and conditioned a hardly surveyable quantity of further designations and relations with a meaning. "Si" designates the sun both as celestial body as such as also representatively in the figurative sense God, right etc., depending on the determining epithet, as for example: "sigi" = the giving sun, "sibi" = with the sun, sun-like (sonnenähnlich), "sifa", "sife" = sun-begotten, "sibiun" = setting with or at the sun etc.. The holy forest (as an area of administration!), in which the sun seemed to set, from which it flared up as it separated for the last time, was the place of judgment, the place of divorce or decision, because - si-bi-un! - with the sun (Arahari! Hari-Wuotan!) also the right had gone down, which was broken by the criminal. In the names "Seven"-forests, -mountains, -hills, -guards, -towers, -linden trees, -wells etc. that the reference to the sun still resonates clearly enough.

So the seven-well is a "sun-well" in contrast to the "Hel-well in the Helaklamm" and that's why also with the healing place of Merkenstein no field name is found in connection with black, nothing points to Helia, Loki or death, but certainly the "white way" leads there to the healing place of the sun Arahari!

If now, however, also here the "Mergen" or "Nomen" will have changed to three and, as everywhere, here the third in black clothes will have followed the two white-clothed ones, as "the evil-advising, hostile

Norn", as the "Unheilsrätin" the two "Heilsrätinnen", so the "Heilsdienst" cultivated here had nevertheless cheerful sense. The "Siebenbrunnen" was therefore before probably a holy spring, at which fate announcements, healings and incantations might have been practiced. Close to the ruins is a small hill, inside of which is the ice cellar of the new castle, hewn out of the rock. This room, however, is demonstrably old and is considered to be a cellar of the old castle; this probably with injustice, because this chamber lies outside of the old castle. The correct assumption is that this rock hall was the great hall of the Erdstall, from which the many corridors and chambers branched out, as was necessary for such a temple. There is no doubt that a large part of these passages also extended under the old castle building, one of which is connected underground with the old castle well. It is also worth remembering that small mountain cone, which stands out from the "Hoher Lindkogel" and is called "Lehnstuhl". There are an infinite number of mountains with the designation "chair" in their name, and mostly their name form is related to the old Wuotanistic Wihinei.

Was there a "Lehnstuhl" for the judge of a county court (Gaugericht) or a "Lehenstuhl" of a men's-group (Männergebieter)? The former assumption could be connected with the Merkenstein, because the "Albruna" could have sat in court there. The latter assumption must remain undecided, because the question about this male lord is almost impossible to answer. However, it may be reminded here that one should not look for this feudal lord at all in the Middle Ages; the medieval feudal law is by no means a medieval, but an ur-ariogermanic institution. Already Marbod, already Armin had exercised feudal rights, just like the medieval princes. However, it is possible that also the highest priestess of this "Maidenschloss", the Albruna, exercised feudal rights, like later abbesses in Christian times.

Here, too, it should be noted that Christianity merged the Wuotanistic customs with its usages as much as possible in order to make the people more inclined to accept the new doctrine. Just as later many places were named after saints, after whom the newly built churches were

baptized, likewise in pre-Christian times many place names arose from wuotanistic-wihineilic causes and many of these place names were later - as can often be proved - transformed into Christian-religious ones.

It is unlikely that this "Lehnstuhl" served a similar purpose as the "Lehnstuhl auf der Jägerwiese" next to Rauhenegg, although it is separated from the latter only by a ridge, although the sanctuary of Merkenstein must have been directly connected with that of the Helenental, as will be shown immediately.

At a little further distance from Merkenstein, namely just towards the top of the high Lindkogel, which belongs to the area of the three sanatoriums of the Helenental, there are two more important names, namely the "iron gate" and the "iron hand." -

We may only remind that the "Höllental" was inaccessible in primeval days, because the Schwarza completely filled its mouth. There, too, we found at an important height, in a rocky gorge at the Jakobskogel of the Grünschacher, an "iron door", which in former times surely offered the actual access to the healing place of the "Heliaklamm" in today's Höllental. The access led, as it is quite correct for a Germanic mortuary, from the south to the north.

But also our "iron gate" leads from the south (Merkenstein) to the north over the high Lindkogel into the Helenental, which was formerly also inaccessible, because "Urdas Stein" closed the valley, which offered there only the Schwechat space. - It was not until the 19th century that the Helenental - like the Höllental - was made accessible by a road artifice, which here, however, is a long tunnel that had to be broken through the "Urtelstein" (Urdas Stein).

But since now the "iron gate" lies between the "Hoher Lindkogel" and the "Eichkogel", thus between passing away (Lind = lined = lessen = decrease) and coming into being (Eiche = eok = ag = to come forth), so here the iron gate of dying separates sensuously the passing away from the new coming into being and connects it at the same time in the "eternal cycle" in "eternal rebirth". - What tremendously high, what unsurpassable holy mystery of Ario-germanic Wihinei!

And isn't it significant that the high Lindkogel is also called the "cold" mountain? The "cold mountain"? - It - connected with Eichkogel and Eisernes Tor - "conceals" just that highly sacred mystery of the Wuotansmythe before all the others, who despite their "enlightenment" do not understand anything about it!

Also here at Merkenstein the iron gate, like the iron hand, has to mean actually an ice gate, an ice hand.

Now it is also clear, why otherwise with Merkenstein no sign exists, which lets conclude on the dark Helia, since their dark realm is to be looked for above the "ice gate" in the "Heliatal" (Helenental).

That is why "Merkenstein" bears the gentle, mild character of a girls' home, from whose area everything was banished that could remind of terror and horror. Even the gloomy Eistor with its admonishing ice hand softens kindly in the mild-girlish, laughing Merkensteinertal.

Once again it should be remembered at this point what was already mentioned at the beginning, that the development of the naming took place from the mountains towards the plain, thus here from west to east, and not vice versa. Today one is used to move from the plain towards the mountains as a result of the road installations, thus what in primitive days formed the resolution - since one avoided the plain - today in contrast is regarded as the beginning. Today one comes from Vöslau over Gainfahn to Merkenstein, while in those distant days the way led from Merkenstein over Gainfahn to Vöslau, which was then closed off against the plain by forest entanglements and a mile-wide swamp or lake.

Now we have named two places which were closely connected with Merkenstein, namely Vöslau and Gainfahn, both of which offered so far unsolvable riddles in their names, but which we will have solved soon. Vöslau is the well-known bathing resort near Vienna with its thermal spring, which has a constant temperature of 24° C in winter and summer. There is no doubt that in ancient times such a spring was not only not unnoticed, but quite naturally highly sanctified. Now the coat of arms of Vöslau is formed by some barrels between trees, thus a "Au", and corresponds - dialectally! - the name "Fasselau". Others derive the name

from "Fesselau", thinking of the Tacitean word, *Germania* II, ch. 39, which reads: "No one enters it (the sacred grove of the Semanen or Armanen) other than "bound" as a sign of submission to the deities' omnipotence. If anyone falls to the ground, for instance, he must neither rise nor allow himself to be raised: on the ground he must roll out."

Both interpretations of the name "Vöslau" as it is written today) have a grain of truth in them. In the old spelling that place name should be "Fasilau", namely from the original word "fas" = to beget, to originate, to make, to arise. Faselnacht means: as naked as at the origin (birth); Fasilau means the birth dew or origin, procreation dew. The healing spring, whose name has been forgotten, but which was undoubtedly "Fasilsbrunn", was a "fountain of youth" consecrated to the maternal deity, whose healers lived deep in the mountains in Merkenstein. This "Fasilbrunn" bubbled in the sacred grove of Frouwa, which, as already mentioned, was made inaccessible by forest entanglements and had its sacred entrance in a westerly direction, where Gainfahrn lies today, namely at the point behind the "Kahlenberg" through the so-called "Schwabengraben", because the valley, which is still swampy today (as its deepest parts, still called "sour meadows", testify), was in primeval times a wide swamp, if not a lake, and therefore impassable. The fact that a "Kahlenberg" - that is, a hidden or concealed Wuotansberg - also rises here is sufficient proof of the sacred, hidden or concealed entrance to the holy slope of the "Fasilbrunnen". But just there, under the "Kahlenberg" on the valley slope lies the village "Gainfahrn".

What does this place name mean? - Answer: "By the gay riders".

This name confirms the assumption that the healing place of the "Fazil Fountain" was already in ancient times, thousands of years before the Roman rule, a highly frequented healing place, which was visited by numerous pilgrims and healing seekers. These healing seekers, who "drove" to the "Gay" of the goddess, i.e. went on pilgrimage to her healing place in order to find healing there, must also have found accommodation for a short rest or a longer stay, as this corresponded to the purpose of their coming. The place name "Gainfahrn", which

expressly designates the place where the "gay riders" found accommodation, testifies that just there, at the foot of the cold entrance (today's Kahlenberg near Gainfahn) to the Gay or Hag of the sanctuary, those lodging places existed, which had hospitably received the gay riders. What those lodging houses or inns were like, however, remains an open question, but certainly the catering of the Gay riders must have been better than one is usually inclined to assume, because more and more witnesses accumulate for the fact that our Ario-Germanic ancestors were also artists of life and possessed high culture - admittedly no over-culture! - and understood how to arrange life very pleasurably, more pleasurably certainly than some of our modern - ornaments of their kind.

Just as the valley of Merkenstein was undoubtedly marshy at its outlet into the plain, near Vöslau, just as undoubtedly the plain itself was a swamp and formerly a lake, the state of which is recalled by numerous legends. The accesses to the Gay of Fasilbrunnen must therefore have led over the mountains, as still today various path and stone names seem to indicate, but to discuss this in more detail would take us much too far beyond our "German-mythological area".

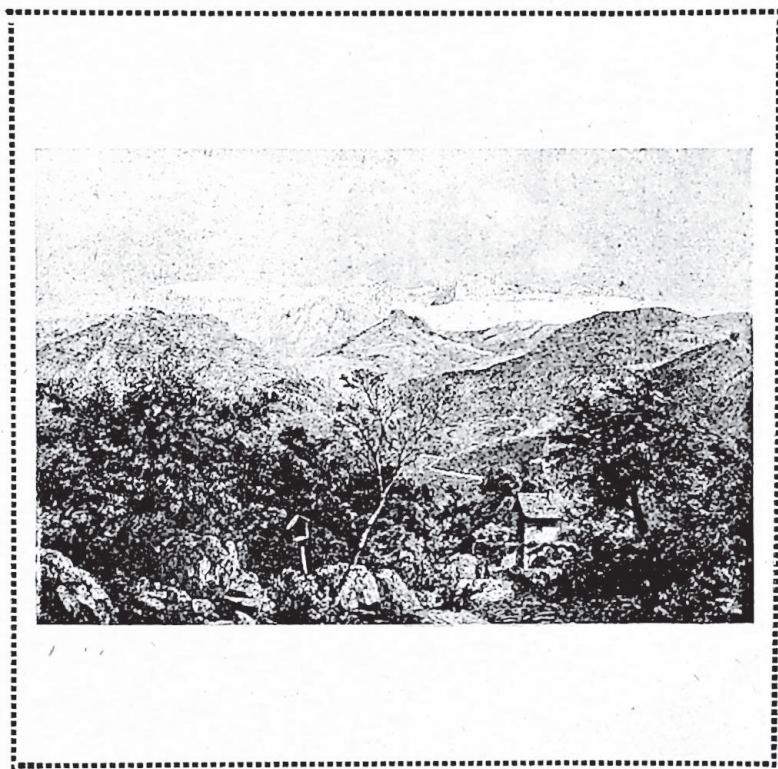
But a place name in the immediate vicinity of Vöslau should be mentioned. It is: "Kottingbrunn" and points to a spring, which a god caused; This god could be Phol (Balder), whose horse struck a spring with his hoof from the rock. Now, however, there is no spring in "Kottingbrunn" which - especially so close to the "Fasilbrunnen" - would justify such a myth, and thus the interpretation of the name "Kottingbrunn" would remain unfounded. But Kottingbrunn is not further away from the "Fasilbrunnen" than Gainfahn! If one does not want to estimate the Gay or Hag of Fasilbrunnen too small, then just outside of its cemetery both Gainfahn and Kottingbrunn would be situated just at its border, the former westward, the latter southeastward. Kottingbrunn would then have been the civil settlement, because in the holy Gay no dwelling place was allowed to be established, and so Kottingbrunn would have been the place of worship and Gainfahn the inn, while Gainfahn entertained the Gay riders, and moreover the

administration of the sanctuary, so to speak, seems to have been sought there in Kottingbrunn. From this relationship it follows that the Fasilbrunn was a well of God, which stood in high sanctification, that the place Kottingbrunn must have been the place of worship and Gainfahrn the inn of the Gay. Merkenstein, however, as the hidden seat of the salvation councilors, lay deep in the mountains, far away from the stream of people, in the blossoming, blue fairy tale grove.

In the winter time the Aesir sleep in the mountains like the seed in the earth under the snow cover; also Frouwa goes like Wuotan to sleep in the "glass mountain" (glasberg) which is actually an iceberg, an ice castle, and moves naturally through the "Eistor" into the same. On the twelfth of the winter solstice she also holds her procession - as numerous myths, fairy tales and legends report - and then she too holds her exodus from the "Eistor".

It is known that many heights of the low mountain range, favored by their peculiar days, by a not inconsiderable span of time not only take off the winter dress earlier, but also already show the first blossoms, when on other heights, but especially in the valley still the most severe winter prevails. It is due to this circumstance that in the mountains the farms are mostly situated on low hills or on mountain slopes considerably higher than the valley floor. Only the latest weather science has scientifically substantiated the rules that were familiar to our ancestors from constant observation of nature. They knew that the winter was less severe there than in the valley and on the top of the ridges, and that therefore the effect of the spring sun was earlier and more lasting.

So it is also on the "Iron Gate", so it is also as well known on the "Hermannskogel" near Vienna and on that the festival of the marriage of Wuotan, the violet festival, was celebrated. Thus, the name of the "icy gate" to the Glass Mountain is justified here as well. It adorns itself early with the tender green of spring to beautify the departure of the good Lady Frouwa, when she emerges from the gates that open booming, dressed in fresh spring green, adorned with a wreath of snowdrops and cowslips.



Illus. 58 See page 440: The "Rose Garden" near Bolzano, home of the dwarf king Laurin.

The time has come again when the gates of the Glass Castle open, where hidden in the young greenery everywhere the keys to heaven await those who are to come and pick them and open up heaven for themselves. The "good woman of the mountain" strides down again, at her side a blissful goddess, the dear, sweet woman Ostara, to greet and bless her beautiful Ostarland on the Danube.

But people have become blind and deaf, they overlook the golden keys of heaven, the charming smile of Mrs. Ostara and think to hunt for happiness elsewhere.

The "Iron Gate" will be correct, but it includes neither the good Mrs. Frouwa nor the fair Mrs. Ostara, but all those for whom the approach and greeting of the two goddesses means nothing more than an empty dream.

To these I want to leave their "Iron Gate" in peace, may they let me enjoy my opinion of the virgin stone under the ice gate, with a joyful heart in the calm peace of Ostarland.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Saint Corona¹

Who moves from the old Vianiomina on the venerable people's army road to the south, he sees, the more he slips out of the gray folds of the metropolitan mantle of fog, above the brown-green plain, above the wine-green terrain, the wide blue mountain range rises from the horizon like a fairy tale structure and lines up in a wide ring of innumerable towers, an interior of jagged peaks, some of them snow-covered, but all of them surrounded by the cool darkness of the forest.

But he who walks the road like a poet, who, after he has slipped out of the fog of the big city, is enveloped in the fair blue coat of Frau Säliden, no longer sees the terrifying images of the wild hunt for acquisition that rushes past him, no longer sees the devil of the present time, who no longer knows how to captivate even Dr Johannes Faustus, because he is no longer Mephistopheles, no longer even a ghost called Auerhahn, like the one who seduces Christoph Wagner, but bears the genuine Styrian name, which reads: "Egoism - the only one and his property. " -

The devil has indeed become invisible and noble scoffers deny his existence, but he has become far more diabolical than in Dr. Faust's time,

(1) First published: Vienna, "Heimat," 1885.

in that he has taken full possession of man's inner being and renounced his old name. -

But he who walks his road onward as a poet cares little for such devilries, the nightingale flutes more sweetly for him and the liquid gold in the Roman bubbles is all the more refreshing for such a happy man.

Hello, Frau Sälde! Under your banner wonderfully, many a trip I joyfully took! -

And whoever feels like hiking along, and whoever is not afraid of the expense of using one or two pairs of boot soles more than usual, can join our poet's journey, into the blue; soon a guide will be found - even if it is the way-knowing Gotzwin of the Vilcina legend, who already served us once as a scout when we hiked from Trident to Fritilaburg.²

And whoever wanders through the beautiful "Ostarland", towards the blue mountains, escaping the dusty roads, will find his heart widening at the sight of the approaching mountain splendor in its proud power and glory; all this ever more revealed glory will force itself into his senses so that his heartbeat will almost stop.

The further away from the city, the further from the iron road, the freer the terrain widens; blue-dark waves of forest alternate with light meadows and golden-blond strips of fields, interrupted by vineyards announcing grapes, in between individual farms, crumbling ruins or the steeple of a village.

If one has sharp eyes, he may still look over the plain after sunrise; nor can he see the tower of St. Stephen rising above the more than three-thousand-year-old sanctuary, which before was sacred to the Aesir Frey, of which the "Stick-in-the-Iron"³ still bears witness, or he may look for the stone pillar on the horizon to the left and the same one to the right, both called the "Spinner on the Cross", both border columns of the "Free Chair of the Holy Feme of Rauhenstein", one near Vienna, the other near Wiener Neustadt⁴, and many a wandering memory will dawn in him,

(2) See Chapter 21: "On the Iron Road."

(3) See Chapter 23: Vianiomina.

(4) See: Chapter 14, "The Helenental".

strengthening his mind and feet for today's journey.

But where the last fringe of the plain blurs towards noon in the fragrance of the indeterminable distance, there rises mightily mountain to mountain, ridge to ridge, next to and above each other, and you seem to look into all the cauldrons and valleys, all the gorges and ravines that descend from all the peaks and ridges, walls and cones, where the chamois still graze in packs and the noble aar draws his circles.

Still look and look your fill, for soon the forest will have wrapped its dark cloak around us; then we'll go on forest paths, avoiding the road and the everyday world, which is incompatible with the sacred forest sanctuary!

Good hunting! Even without the deadly weapon! A true huntsman does not always think of the Halali, because his first duty is not to destroy, but to protect the forest dwellers, and to such a true huntsman our huntsman's salvation goes out! -

Our mostly untraveled paths lead over the mountains; map and compass are our guides. Down in the valleys the fruit ripens, the wine, on the slopes along the path that leads us to the mountain, dense bushes grow and on the edges rose hips glow and ineradicable blackberries ripen. Behind us, the Wiener-Neustadt plain spreads out beyond our view, bordered in the far east by the blue crests of the Leitha Mountains. The higher the path takes us, the broader the plain lies in front of us in the changing illumination of chasing clouds and once again shows its fields and meadows, towns, villages and castles in a captivating picture. Along the path, a brown woodlark hops and from the bushes the lively song of the stone curlew resounds.

That was farewell to the plains.

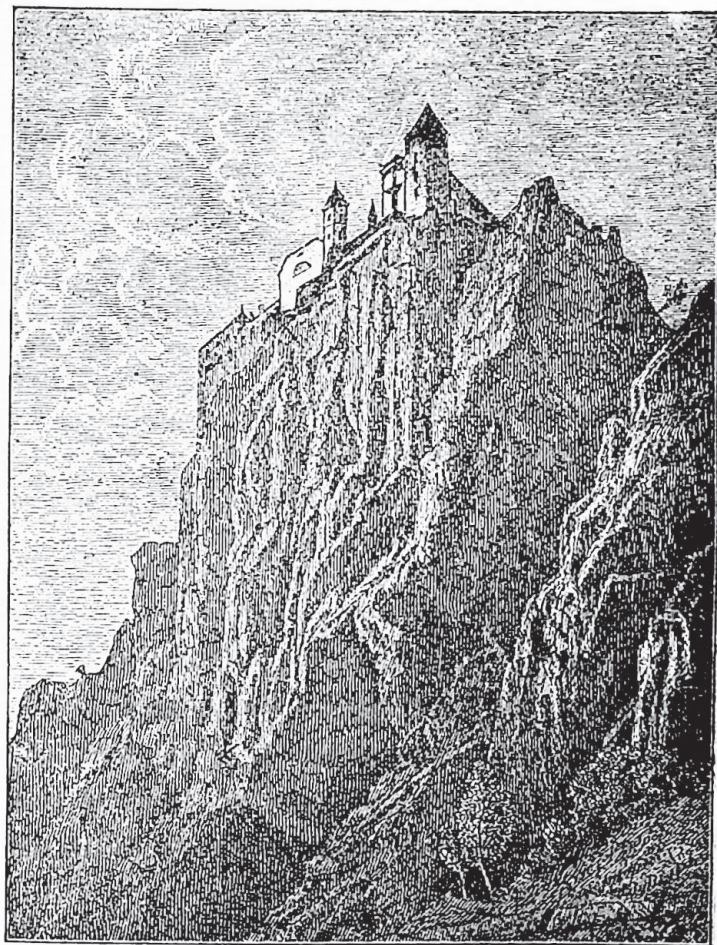
Bell-like overhanging beeches, from a distance resembling a green layer of cumulus clouds, now take you in and lower the curtain behind you; for no backward glance to the tinkling bells and tinsel glitter of the human world shall disturb your sublime forest devotion.

Soon the forest floor rises on both sides and you climb up a ditch towards a sparsely dripping stream, which, due to its youth, still lacks the

language of murmuring; only your attentive ear hears the faint whisper of individual droplets - it is the babbling of a mermaid child. Soon, however, the two mountain walls drop away more steeply toward you; not particularly high, but dense forest covers them like their backs and ridges. Red beeches form the stand on long stretches, maples and isolated oaks and lime trees in other places. Dense, low bush forest fills the clearings and there the feathered world whistles and chirps and trills and sings, there ants and the mighty redstart crawl and above them the colorful butterflies flutter like condensed sunbeams. The peaks are covered by the forest, but the secret chiaroscuro caresses your heart and senses, for the sanctuary of the high forest has now opened up before you.

Mighty, straight, columnar beech trees rise from the rusty brown deciduous foliage through which your footsteps rustle. High up on the smooth, shaft-like trunk, colossal branches reach out at acute angles like the vault ribs of Gothic cathedrals and support the enormous canopy of foliage, which only allows the sunlight to glide down to the ground as a multiple refracted reflection; rarely does your delighted eye catch a glimpse of a sliver of sky blue barely the width of your hand. Here and there the woody-yellow flower shafts of the orchids, more rarely the brightly colored species, peek out of the loose foliage; Then the half-man-high fronds of ferns or other herbs waft around you, ivy climbs trunks and boulders, the dainty herb of the wild strawberry creeps along the ground, and the king of all forest plants, the noble woodruff, sways daintily on its four-edged shaft to offer you its forest greeting.

Robins and the noble finch, black birds and the proud nightingale enliven this noble temple of Iduna with their never discordant tones, even in harmony, to which the forest chorale-master woodpecker tirelessly taps out the beat. The hike continues; there past the rumpled camp of a stag, there over the trail of a boar; there a pack of deer lies curiously with their clever eyes on you, there an agile tree cat jumps from branch to branch and all the animals show curiosity and a trusting nature, for they know very well that no birch stump hangs from your armpit and that you left your "forest man" at home. Also you do not think today at all. Powder



Illus. 59. See page 169. Säben Abbey in Tyrol. (Of the same origin as Thebes on the Danube; a solar Halgadome).

and lead; your chest expands in the golden green light of the resin-scented forest dome, because: Forests and groves are your temples, too, and you, too, invoke under the name of your gods that inscrutable power which reveals itself to you - and to me - only in the noble forest sanctuary, at the great healer's chair of the most holy Mother Nature, in deepest forest devotion! -

Such forest images hover around you on this hike of several days, always the same and yet always different again and again in the most colorful change, multiform and yet always the same in the most delightful beauty. Far away from the world, lonely in the forest, in despair with yourself and your feelings alone, you have finally recognized the deep meaning of the myth, of finding the blue miracle flower, which opens the entrance to the hidden treasures, to the delightful gold hoard of the primordial sanctity of the forest, and a blissful understanding for the madness of the sacrilegious word "Time is money!" arises in your mind, as you exult with sobs of joy from your soul: "Time is happiness!

Then the mountain forest opens its waving veils of green and a view opens up that refreshes your soul.

In front of you rises the Hochschöpfei, one of the most famous lookouts of the Vienna Woods, but at its foot is spread the happiest carpet of meadow, and, as if grouped by a landscape painter, the individual farmsteads are scattered across the valley; between them sound the cattle bells and the bleating of the herds like the ringing of the little bell of the church of - St. Corona.

With crosses and flying church flags, a procession of pilgrims moves along the narrow, often winding country road, and the simple hymn that they sing with untrained voices, how it seems so powerful in the midst of the sounds of the resounding nature, to the rustling of the forest, to the sound of bells and herds, to the chirping of crickets and the singing of birds.

The place was called in the past and sometimes still today "the holy well"; and meditating at the well, which is next to the church but set apart

on a hill, in a wooden box⁵, is still valued today as a source of salvation. Well, we have met many such springs in our mythological wanderings; but the name of the saint? - Who is or who was the holy Corona, who replaced here the good well woman Frouwa or Holle or Hulda? -

In front of the church stood merchants with the usual goods for pilgrimage churches; there I also noticed a thin booklet that promised me information, which I also immediately bought for several kreuzer. And truly, it did not deceive me, for its title page read as follows:

"Nine-day devotion to the holy Corona. Znaim, printed and published by M. F. Lenk. Printed this year."

On the title is also printed a miserable woodcut, which is supposed to represent the torture of St. Corona. The half-dressed martyr is tied with her feet to a palm tree, with her hands to another palm tree, while around her body a double rope is wound, which goes down to two winches, each of which is operated by many men. From above an angel floats down in an aureole, carrying two crowns of prongs.

The scene is somewhat unclear, but the "Preface" provides the desired clarification. Since this is in no way a critique, so this "preface" is taken literally only what is useful to our project, but everything else is mildly covered with the cloak of silence. This booklet is unfortunately not as detailed as that of the "Ruffung des Heiligen Christophorus",⁶ it is far more meager than this and probably only the remnant of a once detailed magic recipe. The censors may have deleted most of it and just for our purposes the most interesting parts; nevertheless, what remains is a pointer for our research, which is considerably promoted by the parallel with the "Ruffung des Heiligen Christophorus".

After an instruction on how to initiate and carry out the nine-day devotion, the "Preface" continues:

(5) On my last visit in the summer of 1911, I found the wooden fountain box replaced by a Gothic fountain temple made of zinc or cast iron, - Whether this "vernewerte" (renewed) fountain was beautiful? - Leave, friend, this question unasked, otherwise I become bitter ...

(6) See Chapter 12: "St. Christopher".

"... that God would send you the holy corona; that it would give you to open by the will of God. "And at night, when thou wilt go to sleep, say all the prayers by a consecrated wax light, and namely day and night in succession with great devotion and fervor, the holy Lady Corona will come to thee in sleep during these days or on the 9th day. Day to you in the sleep, without fear and shyness, sweetly and pleasantly as your prayer has worked, and leads you to reveal what you have desired, then go and do it without shyness, and do the holy Corona a praise, because you live, celebrate her evening in honor, with prayers and other good works, that she is praised and honored by you, has also often been tried and found right."

"St. Corona was a captain's daughter under the emperorship of Antoni Froh, who came to the emperorship in 1610⁷ and reigned 19 years. St. Corona had a captain for a spouse, a great man in Egiutist (?) but escaped from him and for the sake of the Christian faith, was imprisoned, so that, because she remained constant, she was tied to 2 trees pulled together by force, when St. Corona was "torn in the middle of each other", then on each tree the half part of her body remained hanging, the same day is celebrated the 2nd of May."

The prayers themselves, which this booklet contains for the consolation of the poor and miserable, are far milder than those to St. Christopher and, as I said, in any case already somewhat purified from the old magic essence; nevertheless, they still betray quite clearly their relationship with old incantation magic; so, for example, this passage:

"...remember, O holy Lady Martyr Corona, how the good God has so blessedly created thee, and so graciously pardoned thee, with the crown of glory for all eternity, so richly and so thus crowned thee a threefold queen, and set thee a heavenly treasurer, that to poor men . . . thou shalt

(7) With all respect, which must be paid to the stupidity of such Sudler, like that of the author of this "nine-day devotion", is to be assumed nevertheless hardly that he meant seriously the year 1610; it must be assumed here a pressure mistake, so that the year 161 must be assumed.

Here, too, it should be emphasized that both church and state persecute such machinations, but that they are nevertheless ineradicable; what has already been said in this regard in the section "Christians" also applies here. -

grant and help in their need and poverty."

It goes on to say:

"...come to my aid; . . . Grant and pardon me with merits, I fall at your feet and ask you as a treasure-giver and helper of all the poor and needy, please help me out of my great need and poverty, and not with a great sum of money, but that which would be useful and prosperous for my soul and body, even real money as is now given and traded, or to be gifted and graced with goods, to which your much-loved bridegroom Jesus Christ has put you in charge of, and appointed you as a treasurer of the poor, because I am then quite poor and miserable . . ."

After several more prayers, there follow three "exhortations" to the saint, which must have been "incantations" in the past, of which this passage is significant in the second exhortation:

". . . admonish you (formerly: adjure you) by your great torture and torment, which you suffered between 2 contracted trees, to the tops of which your holy hands and feet were bound, and after that you were let up by force and pushed, and all your limbs were torn with great torture, torment and bloodshed because of the great love of God, so I beseech you, etc."

The third reminder reads:

"...and to you from God has been given authority over the treasures of the whole world, and whoever asks you . . . thou hast power to bestow temporal goods on the poor and needy, that thou mayest bestow me also on the poor and needy, etc. . . . I beseech thee . . . give and bestow upon me... ..such gold coin or temporal goods as are not contrary to my salvation for the need of my body and the salvation of my soul."

The conclusion of the booklet is the "Vacation", "After received grace' to the spirit".

The most important passages of this "thanksgiving to the spirit" are the following sentences:

"...but now I promise that I will not use the received grace' so badly . . . - " . . . But to thee, O spirit of goodwill, I order and command thee, that thou return to the proper place which God hath ordained thee, and in joy

and goodwill, without tumult and harm to my body and soul, the most holy Trinity helping me to do this. . . ."

This is the content of the booklet and the resulting conclusion is the following:

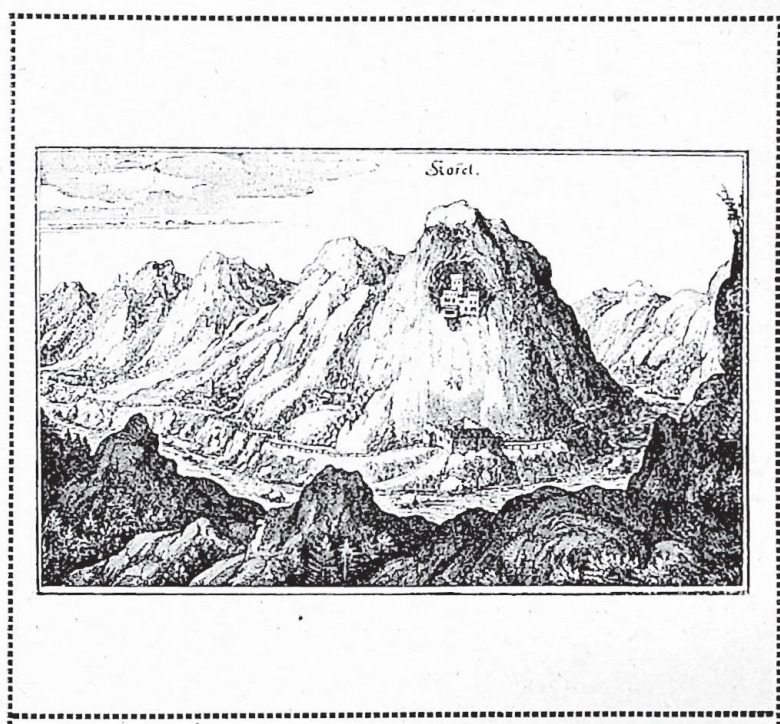
St. Corona is considered to be the giver of treasures like St. Christopher, and since she was torn in the air, the treasures in the air are subject to her like those in the water to him. Also a spirit is attached to her like that one; but like that one a water spirit (the great sea spirit), so - although not named - the "benevolent spirit" in the wake of St. Corona is probably an air or fire spirit. In order not to make first tiring circumlocutions, this spirit is called immediately the known "gold or money dragon" which is no other than lightning itself.

The Wuotanistic myth, which is hidden behind the folk, not church belief of St. Corona, is therefore a thunderstorm myth, and one belonging to the spring cult, since the festival is celebrated on May 2, after the gods' wedding was commemorated on May 1 in the Walpurgis Night. Strange is the fact that the emperor is called "Antoni-Froh"; however, Frö is the young sun god who had just held a wedding with Gerda.

The tearing in the air is the tearing of the thundercloud by the lightning and the blessing which the thundercloud gives is just the rain which makes the seed germinating in the earth in spring. Thus, Corona, the giver of treasures, is easily recognized as the fair goddess of spring, and since she is called the triple queen, she took the place of the female three, namely the trinity: Freya, Frouwa, Helia.

This also makes clear their sanctuary on the hill (Hutberg) next to the holy well, since water is the symbol of eternity as well as rebirth. -

The church of St. Corona was built and provided with a priest by the Emperor Charles VI only in 1722, but already in 1444 an altar of St. Corona is mentioned in a document, which was newly erected in the ancient wooden chapel there. Nevertheless, the place name "the holy well" had survived until today in the vernacular next to the official "St. Corona" chapel.



Illus. 60. See page 444. the Kofel cave castle from a copper engraving by Merian from 1645.

The popular belief in St. Corona is, as already mentioned, far milder than that in St. Christopher and therefore more widespread than the latter. It is closely connected with the belief in the "thunderbolts" as well as the "star stones" and numerous legends tell of farmers still living today who owe their wealth to the "gold dragon" who threw the gold sacks down their chimney at night.

With wonderful skill, Anzengruber has exploited this very folk belief in his charming novella "Der Sternsteinhof". The "star stone" is a meteor that the farmer had walled into the foundation walls of his farm as a talisman, to which he ascribes all blessings and which he then, when he is at odds with his daughter-in-law, now in possession of the farm, wants to dig up again at night in order to take the blessing from the farm.

In Bavaria, in the village of Koppenwald, there are two churches, one of which is also dedicated to St. Corona. There, the custom prevails that the pilgrims slept under the altar stone during the devotion in order to be spared from the pain of the cross during the harvest. This points further to the reference of the saint in the higher sense to the rebirth by the maternal earth goddess, as in the narrower sense to her relations to agriculture, and since the blessing bestowed by her refers to the fertilization of the treasure slumbering as seed in the earth, since her relation to the spring weather has arisen, it will no longer be difficult to recognize her as a special essentialization of the female Three, namely as the German harvest goddess Sibia, the wife of the thunderer Donar.

Now, however, the "benevolent" spirit that accompanies them, the friendly peasant god Donar, has also been found, who in the lightning, in the meteor event as a fiery dragon, bestows blessings on the peasant.

Nevertheless, the poor and the pressed may walk to St. Corona with cross and church flag, with the sound of bells and birdsong, singing their church hymns; they may be granted the heavenly comfort that they draw from hope; if they were to walk to people, to those people who say "time is money", they would be denied even that hope that their faith in "St. Corona" grants them.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

The Untersberg¹

We had happily taken leave from the mild comforter St. Corona with a heart-freshening Minnetrunk; it was a genuinely legendary seven-man drink, and the brand of the wine should have been called "Reifbeißer".²

Frau Sälden's banner fluttered high above us, and there even the most acetic tortured drinking could have scratched the happy wandering mood from our minds.

With a cheerful scholars' song on our lips, we made our way out, and soon Iduna's veils of green again enveloped us in a pleasant coolness.

Whoever is a friend of lonely mountain valleys, whoever does not long for the questionable pleasures of the city, whoever accepts sour wine and menus not prepared by French chefs, but who wants to see dust-free greenery and the sunniest summer blue sky above him, let him follow us on the lonely high paths that we now set our minds to tread.

Many a mountain heap, many a rocky ridge we had conquered, always fleeing the road, the people, as if we were banished to the wolves. We were surprised by the evening glow, which followed us in search of something, and finally we became aware of it through the gaping cracks in the walls of the Araberg ruins.

Then it was time to flee from the chasing night. In Furth, it overtook

(1) First published: Vienna, "Heimat". 1883.

(2) Joke name for bad wine. Seven men must hold the one who drinks a glass. Or, Three-man-wine - one holds the drinker, to whom the third pours the wine. Reifbeißer: The wine bites off the barrel hoops.

us, and no objection helped; even the body's needy desire for the kitchen, the cellar, and a comfortable camp.

The mists are still circling around the high forest mountains, still chasing them through the air like Freys' ship, lit by the morning greeting of the awakening sun, then you have time to press the hat on the right ear, and to leave the dwellings of the people, because now the soul's need demands to soar up like the lark, in order to revel in the higher ether of the magnificent mountain world!

You must now direct your steps through the Steinwandklamm, through the proud rocky alley between the high walls, over into the Lehmweg Graben (Laimweggraben), until you arrive in front of a mighty stone crevice that leads like a gate into the rock. Mossy blocks and boulders block the entrance, and if you force your way through the ivy vines, through the bramble and juniper bushes into the crevice, you will see the ghostly owl with its blinking lights, and you will hear the murmur and roar of subterranean waters, for you are standing before the source of the Mira, which gushes out of the Untersberg's bosom as a mighty mountain stream.

You must know that you are standing here in front of the entrance to the underworld; the Untersberg is a "hollow mountain" - its caves are filled with water, and the Mira is their drain. But this is not all. A sunken emperor sits inside enchanted with all his armies, men and armor; he sleeps in front of his stone table and just blinks his eyes if you have the heart to get to him, which is not as easy as eating cheese. But the "sunken emperor" does not always sleep, with a terrible roar he rides out from time to time, and then you have reason to hurry, if you do not want to run straight into the path of your disaster. All the jackdaws and hooded crows, all the owls and bogeys around there are evil spirits, just look at their evil glances, and how they roll their big twinkling eyes.

If you then follow the valley upwards to its end, you will find yourself in a wild rocky cirque. Rock debris all around is heightened by friendly fir greenery; ferns, mullein and juniper bushes sway between the stone debris, above which a pair of hawks circle. A stony mountain path

leads you over to the rocky crest of the Kirchwaldberg, and from there along the rocky ridge, then over drifts to the Untersberg, which stands close in front of you. But the path up to the pilgrimage church, which towers 1165 meters above the mirror of the Adriatic Sea, is arduous. The image of grace is an inconspicuous cube that is the destination of frequent pilgrimages, especially those from the mountains. From here the path to the top is steep. In the past, it was covered by a tall forest; today you will walk over rotten tree stumps and half-moribund fallen trees, between tall herbs, because for the most part the forest there has disappeared.

"To gain a pasture for the increase of the cattle breeding"; wise people say and smile wistfully to it, because they do not want to say that this stubbing is actually forest outrage. - The ringing and tinkling of the grazing cattle sounds pleasantly, your ear hears the bellowing and bleating, but the certainty dawns on you that a proper thinning would have been more appropriate than a clearing.

But if you look up on the bare peak of the Untersberg, which corresponds to an altitude of 1341 meters, then your heart expands and amazed you surprise yourself with a cheerful "Juhschroa".

But it is also after that!

At first, when you find yourself here at cloud height above the hustle and bustle of the smaller mountain world and your gaze wanders all around over all the glory and beauty, then it seems to you as if the old emperor had just not betrayed such bad taste to choose this mountain as his Tusculum; yes, you even catch yourself with a slight touch of envy, because the thought flashed through your mind that the old gentleman down there might have already slept in to give you his sleeping chair. How pleasant it would be to dream there, for a whole century! Whether we would then like the world better than it is today or whether we would perhaps even do as the old emperor did, drunk asleep, and say with a wave of the hand: "Once more a hundred years!"

That should be the right thing to do. Why else would the sunken emperor not want to leave his lair, why else would he go on such a mad rampage when he goes out, just to get home again quickly and continue

sleeping? If he liked it up here, he would certainly have no desire to return to the mountain!

But if you scare away such spurious illusions from your senses and look with laughing eyes into the laughing nature of God around you, then your gaze, if you look towards noon, is captivated by a mighty mountain image. In front of you - you think you can throw a stone over it - the Schneeberg rises on a broad ledge up to 2075 meters above sea level. Its precipices and slopes are sharply cut, such as the wide crack that seems to descend almost vertically into the Buchberg valley. Behind the Schneeberg's shoulder, to your right, the tines and jags of the Rax and the sharply marked clefts of the Schneealm look over like single sharp teeth, then the torn ridge of the Gippelmauer and the cliffy Göller. Then, like a dark wall, the Veitsch and, far behind, the massif of the Schwabengruppe. Further on, after sunset, the mountain world appears to you like a petrified waves; proud heads, the Dürrenstein and the sharp peak of the Ötscher, the Hochalpe and the Reissalpe, are pushed in and over each other, and there, where your view is able to glide out through the confused mountain wilderness into the flat country, there appears, if you do not have dull eyes, St. Pölten, Schönbrunn and the Hungarian lowlands disappearing in the fog. After sunrise, your smoldering gaze floods countless towers and hills all the way to the Neustadt Plain, and to the north, the long and wide chain of the Vienna Woods. But only the deep views down from the narrow ridge of the summit into the upstream mountain world and its cirques and ditches, with their forests and drifts and the glittering silver threads, the mountain streams.

From here, your gaze penetrates far into the Styrian countryside and eastward into Hungary and northward across the border into the land from which the Quades came, but the haze of your gaze inhibits distant flight and you are unable to gauge where the border of the horizon melts into the blue air.

And up there you may now look around to which of the thirty-two lines of the compass dial your feet should carry you, over to the Schneeberg, where you will find a hostel in the rocky solitude of the high



Abb. 61. Siehe Seite 446. Ein altes Heiligenbild, das Martyrium der hl. Corona darstellend.

Illus. 61. See page 369. An old holy picture depicting the martyrdom of St. Corona

valley, where you can dream away several days with a brave drink and snack, where you will see figures approaching and disappearing, led by the resin-scented evening breeze, allowing them to condense as you have hardly dreamed of; You may also walk along the ridge, over to the Gippel or Göller or down to the lovely Gutenstein, through the Matzinggraben, where the mossy sacrificial stone and above on the edge of the Matzinghöhe the three spindle stones stand, venerable monuments to ancient Nornenheilstatt. You may also turn your steps back to the old Vianiomina, whose St. Stephen's Tower some want to have seen from up there, which may remain undecided. Mightily the main ridge of the mountain range surges towards you, whose highest peak carries you, and just as mightily it lingers in the direction of midnight and there your heart pulls you after all. There lies the mighty river gate between the Zeizzo Mountains and the Moon Forest; from this rocky gate the beautiful, blue Danube flows forth to greet old, cheerful Vienna, the same Danube that has suckled large from all the mountains whose heads you overlook here in innumerable multitudes, from the countless springs, fountains and streams that spring up in the lonely high valleys, the debris-strewn high cirques far from the world.

But who was that old emperor, who dreams so blissfully down there and who rumbles around so furiously in the valleys and sometimes also in the mountain, when he takes a ride, because he sees things that do not seem pleasing to him, otherwise he would be much gentler, because pleasing things seldom force one to rage; who was that sunken emperor, you want to know, dear friend? Yes, who would know this! Some think it was Emperor Charles, but they don't know which Charles; many think of the great Saxon butcher.

But he could hardly have enjoyed such popular favor here in the country, if one considers that not far from here lay the Wurmgarten, where the Kotinge von Wurmbrand sat on the Wurmhof, who were hardly Karl's friends; neither they nor their shield comrades, who were secretly defiant here in the Alpine corners.

This prayer might have been spoken over the circling mead horn,

with a powerful core curse on Karl, rather than a frumb blessing. But the prayer reads as follows:

"Helli Krotti Wudana, ilp oks un oxsen Pana Witekina ok Keita of den aiskena Karel; vi den Sklatenera; ik kif ti un Ur un two Scapa, un tat Rof. Jk slakte ti all fanka up tinen iliken Artisberka."

This would read in our today's German approximately in such a way: "Holy, great Wuotan, help us and our Lord Wittekind, equally against the ignoble Karl. Fie to the butcher (Slaktenera). I give you a bull (Ur) and two sheep and the people; all the captives I slaughter for you on your holy Harz mountain."

This formula of a Saxon prayer against Charles, which the archive at Goslar preserves, speaks of the Harzberg; but a similar one may have spoken here of the Untersberg. When we remember the result of our wandering over the Wurmhof and Wurmgarten to Wurmbrand, especially with regard to the bull cult, the use of this Saxon prayer will hardly seem strange any more. -

We also know that the prisoners of war were sacrificed to the gods, and we know that many serfs and servants voluntarily followed the mighty lords of men to death, because they thought they would go with the lord to the lord's heaven; also none of them wanted to be the last sacrificed. In the series of sacrificial deaths, they followed their lord to Valhalla through the "ringed gate", which opened by itself to the procession, but also closed by itself again, rattling, and cut off the heel of the last one, which is why the last one always limped. Therefore, a despised man who was just good enough for the "limping one" was always chosen as the last victim.

Here the myth of the gods touches the cult of the dead.

We have shown in many examples that the gods spend the times of winter in the Hut-, the Fene- (Venus-), the Wuotan-mountains, that they move into the mountains when the summer turns to winter, and that they come out again when winter turns to summer. Likewise the people after their death; they sleep in the grave, waiting for the resurrection in the rebirth. But also the dead leave their graves as ghosts and also such

dead move like the wild hunter with retinue, limping to the conclusion, through the country; yes, it is often hard to distinguish God from man. Admittedly, it is said that Wuotan is historicized in Friedrich "Rotbart, the Rodensteiner, the various Karlen, etc.," but certainly nowhere can a clear border be drawn. There, where the history is about Christian rulers, just as in these examples, there one can conclude with certainty of the mythical background, namely of Wuotan or one of his champions, but this is hardly the case, however, with the "lee-bergs", which demonstrably served as burial mounds, however the names of the buried there are forgotten or at most darkly and mutilated in legends or reverberating in the old place names.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

The Höllental¹

Few valleys in the entire Alpine world can compare with the wildly beautiful Höllental, which stretches along the southern border of Lower Austria between the Schnee Gebirge and the Raxalpe. The almost unparalleled diversity of its rock formations, which often rise more than a thousand meters from the valley floor, and the rapid, mostly immediate transition from lovely, laughing images to the constricting feeling of terror in the wild solitude of the high valley, give this rocky valley a peculiar charm of scenic grandeur. It is not easy for a second valley to offer such a wealth of natural beauty over such a long distance as the Höllental - with the possible exception of the Sarntal in the sunny Rosengarten of South Tyrol; even such valleys, into which firn and glaciers surge down, can hardly compete with this jewel box of alpine beauty despite such effective, elemental ornamentation.

Hemmed in by more than a thousand meters high, the boldly jagged rocky crags create a moving play of colors, from modest gray, then a shy yellow-brown to a richer carnation color, to the deeper purple of the anemone, interspersed with gloomy masses of dark forest masses, now and then suddenly illuminated by the serene golden green of the sacred beech, in between laughing alpine rifts and sap-fresh mats, embroidered with the brightly colored adornment of finely detailed alpine flowers or the

(1) First published under the title: "Die Helaklamm": Vienna, Deutsche Zeitung, January 31, 1884.

swelling clumps of moss in brown-reddish green, which run up the rock crevices like resting places, created for devotional contemplation in the magnificent nature or for prosperous contemplation of oneself, - all this unique beauty crowded into a narrow rocky valley, which in former times had room only for itself and its Schwarza alone, all this mighty beauty almost crushes the observer and wrings from him a feeling of devotion, of awakening longing, of reverence for God, a feeling which he is not able to resist and of whose dawning he does not know how to account for.

A region now, which is able to shake even the over-saturated generation of our days so powerfully that the roar of the waters and the air sounds to us more than earthly, that what we see seems to us sublime beyond the frame of this world, what infinitely higher influence such a landscape picture must have exercised on the feeling of the childlike-naïve minds of our ancestors! There, where we merely find the landscape charming, they saw the lovely Freya, there, where we call it picturesque, they recognized the noble divine powers of the rulers of destiny, and there, where we use the expression wild-romantic, there they bent their knees before the threatening deities of death.

Also the Edda leaves room for these feeling, which the landscape evokes, in elemental magnificence. The old Skald did not think any differently - that the landscape must be the right frame of the mythology in this way. Whether the skald thought like Dante, who had the debris field of the landslide of Mori in mind as a scenic background for his poetry, this is difficult to say, for the landscape can hardly be determined which floated before the skald's senses. But at least such an Eddic description is also a proof of how the peculiarity of the landscape had an influencing effect on the mythical sense.

One such Eddic landscape account, however, is the following:

"Hermuth (Hermodur), one of the sons of Wuotan, was to attempt to unchain the murdered Balder from the captivity of Helia, the goddess of death; he rode thither at once on Wuotan's Sleipnir, the eight-footed wonder-horse. For nine nights he rode through dark, deep valleys until he

came to the Geller River, where he had to ride across the Geller Bridge, which was covered with gold and guarded by a maiden called Zänkerin. He continued on his way, after receiving instructions, until he came to the Helgatter, which he crossed with his steed, and rode before Helia's hall."

This description emphasizes the long, dark valleys, the Geller stream, the bridge, the Helgatter, and can be completed by the "well of the ford" (Urdas spring), which rises under the third root of the world ash tree.

Sixty years ago, the Höllental offered no path; only the hunter was able to penetrate into its sanctuary on a driving path, and where today we roll along comfortably on the artificial road, there the primeval forest cradled its proud treetops.

The valley, however, is a side valley; no road required its development, and so it separated itself, and the magic of its imposing natural beauty, its quiet high valley solitude and silence, which were interrupted only by the thunder of the foaming river of the "Schwarz-Ache" (Schwarza), secured its consecration as the seat of one of the highest female deities of the Germanic people.

In Christian times the names partly changed according to Christian interpretation, but it is not difficult to trace them back to the old-mythical sense. Thus we know that Helia's dwelling, the underworld, became essentialized with the Christian hell. Middle High German poets wrote "hell" still "helle" and in the "Reinecke Voß" Reineke assures Isegrim: "sie tet ein tuk in d'helle". The old Hel, Helia or Helle, formerly thought of as a person, mixed with the term of her castle or dwelling to designate the Christian hell.

That our valley of hell was really consecrated to Hel is proved by many other circumstances. For example, the river flowing through the valley, the "Schwarza(ch)", which changes its name as soon as it leaves the area of this landscape (near Pitten) and is called "Leitha"² from there on. But black is everything in the area of the Hel, consequently also its river,

(2) Leitha, "Liutaha" = the light, white river.

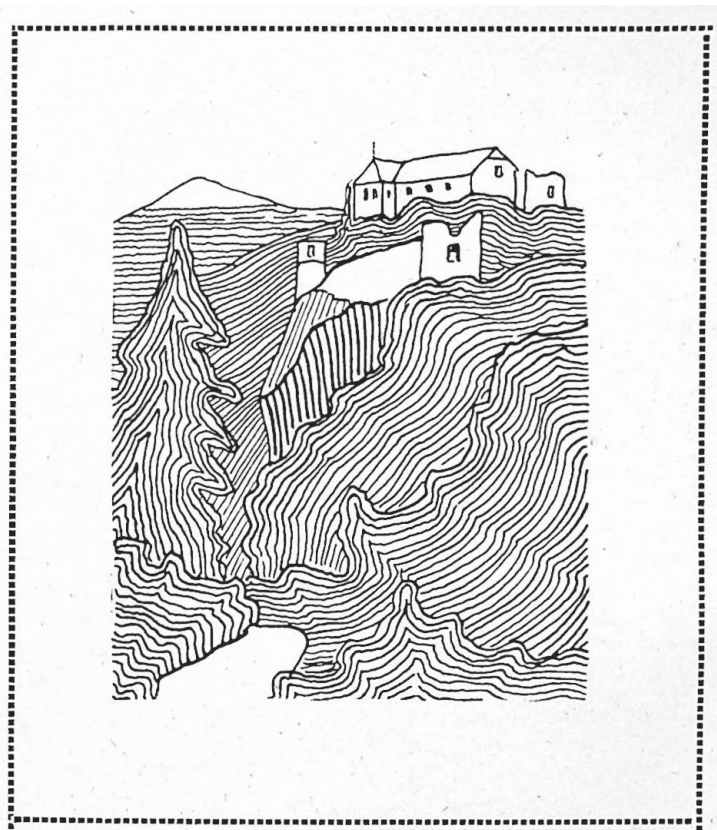
and when it once foamed through the dark pine jungle, it might have appeared black (dark).

The well of Hel, the well of the Norns (Wurt) is found in the "Kaiserbrunnen", because this name goes back only about one hundred and fifty years³ and probably displaced the old name Helbrunnen, or pre-Christian "hell well", an opinion which should hardly alienate in this environment. The term "well" remained, only the determinative word "Hel" (hell) was changed into Kaiser, because in case of a complete renaming the spring would probably have been called "Kaiserquelle", since the modern language uses the word well in a different sense.

Now this well would be the mirror image of the mythical well of the Norns, which again, as known, touch each other with Hel. The third Norn was thought to be black (dark, i.e. mysterious, unfathomable), her talents always inhibit the gifts of her two sisters, or cancel them out; she is Hel, the goddess of death, the end, the limit of all humanity. Closely connected with Hel, however, is her father Loki (Volland, Weland, Wieland the smith), the prince of the deep (Teufe) as closely connected as hell is with the devil. Now we find two side valleys in the Höllental, which are called the big and the small hell, and in the former the devil names are crowded, for here stands the devil's pulpit, the devil's bakehouse and the devil's bathhouse. Not enough of this, there is also the "Helgatter", over which Hermuth set with the god's horse, on a foothill of the Raxalpe at Grünsbacher, where a narrow rock gorge is called the "eiserne Türl", without such a thing being found or justified there.

The meaning of the "iron door" (eisernen Türleins) becomes immediately clear if one translates "iron" into "ice" and thus "iron" into "icy". (In German eisen = iron; eis = ice). The realm of Helia, the "brightness" of the Teutons was not a place filled with the glow of fire like the Christian hell, but a realm of solidification, of icing, of coldness, of death. The entrance to the icy and stiff realm of the dead may well have

(3) Emperor Charles VI is said to have discovered (?) this spring during a hunt, hence the name. The fact is that the water of the imperial well was brought by mule to Vienna to his court.



Illus. 63. See page 259. The Osterburg in Lower Austria.

been an "ice gate", an "icy door". The frequent occurrence of the local name "eisernes Türl" in the following landscapes, where it always finds the same interpretation, will completely justify this explanation. If one also considers that that part of the Jakobskogel of the Raxalpe, which bears the name "eisernes Türl", is already high up in the Krummholz region, where winter still reigns for a long time, when down in the valley the early summer has long since come into its own, then the mythical meaning of the name of this vegetationless rocky gorge, as an entrance into the realm of ice and snow, will only shine out all the more clearly.⁴

Before the Höllental was accessible by the present artificial road, it may have been accessible only over the rocky ridges of the Jakobskogel and through the rocky gorge that is still called the "eiserne Türl". It is known that in former times the rivers, especially the mountain streams, were much more important than today, and it is not difficult to assume that the Schwarza at the outlet from the Höllental made it completely inaccessible.

Behind the rock crack of the "icy door" discussed here, the first side valley in the Höllental now opens up; this is the "Wolfstal". Today, the first bridge over the Schwarza has been built there, and it is called the "Wind Bridge". This bridge is probably not older than the road, and its

(4) It should also be noted that the last ice age is far from being over, but is only slowly disappearing. The glaciers of the high Alps are their last remnants and we know very well how they are receding more and more. Thus, for example, the Schlatenkees on the Großvenediger has already completely disappeared today, even though I had drawn it in my sketchbook on August 25, 1871 as a mighty glacier tongue, which still reached down about one third of the glacier bed to the Alps. In one of the first volumes of the Yearbooks of the Austrian Alpine Club (from the beginning of the sixties of the nineteenth century), however, a color print shows the Schlatenkees not only completely filling its bed far below the Alpe, but also a narrower Kees circling the left rock cone united with the Schlatenkees. Another example is offered by the well-known karst ice field on the Dachstein, which has completely lost its glacier nature for more than fifty years and will soon be gone. Likewise, the Zugspitze, completely de-iced, has become a bare rock. Still in historical time Schneeberg and Rax were covered with eternal snow and ice and therefore the "eiserne Türl" at the Jakobskogel was actually an "Eistor (ice door)" and not only symbolic as it is today, in the unconscious memory, because there opened the gate to the "eternal ice" and that was barely three centuries ago. Not too many generations of our descendants will be able to enjoy the glacier splendor of our Alps, because in the not very distant future the last glacier in Europe will have melted away.

name can be explained quite well by the icy cold wind that continuously blows out of the Höllental, but one should not forget that the Germanic myth was a religion of nature, and embodied all natural phenomena with an unspeakably fine feeling and shaped them into legends. "The dog howls before the Helaklamm," says the Edda and gives him the guard at the Helgatter, and here we see behind the "eisernen Türl" the Wolfstal, from which that wind (dog) seems to howl. Dog and wolves, however, mythically understood, are congruent terms.

We already mentioned that Hel touches with the Norns. A side valley behind the "Helbrunnen" is called the "Frauenbachgraben", into which the boldly over-hanging rocky crags of the "Frauenbachmauern" stare up. The name Frau, applied in the old genitive, when it is found in place names, points to the cult of the Norns, and here it becomes doubly significant, as it refers the Norns directly to the realm of Helias, the underworld, where the root of the world ash tree reaches, where its fountain gushes.

But that the Norns were visibly represented by the healers does not need to be repeated here. In any case, in the caves which the "Frauenbachmauern" hold, the former dwellings of these healers (priestesses) can be recognized. Here, where there was no lack of natural caves, it was not necessary to dig the artificial ones, the so-called "Erdstalls" into the earth.

In the middle of the clefts of the narrow valley, from whose crevices disheveled pine trees spread their roots freely over the heads of those walking deep below them, the triple head of the Schneeberg rises mightily into the deep dark blue of the frighteningly narrowed arc of the sky. The highest peak boldly strives into the air, and the Königssteig (King's Path) is clearly recognizable, running hard underneath it. Below it, the notorious "Bocksggrube" opens its dark maw. This as well as the salt bars (Salzriegel) descending to the right of it still belong to the Krummholz region. Below the salt bars, the picturesque walls of the "Heuplacke" stand out, which have their base in the Saugraben.

Glowing in the sunset gold, there may hardly be a more powerful

image than this view from the Steinhaus bridge. No human dew, no cheerful birdsong, only the crash and roar of the black river Ache coursing through the deeply cut rock bed. Only now and then the hoarse call of a screeching vulture sounds down from the heights of the clouds, or the pattering of rolling rock reminds us of the fleeting hoof of the chamois. Then silence again all around, only the roar of the waters continues in its endless melody, because - time and water are eternally flowing.

Here is the point where the magnificence of nature appears to the observer as in a magic mirror; here is the point where man shrinks into himself to the smallness of a sun-dust, before the power of God recognized in this magnificence of the landscape!

The valley becomes narrower, wilder, more torn, where the mighty rock massifs of the Schneeberg and the Rax move closer and closer. Deep down in the narrow rocky cleft, the mountain stream rolls calmly in the gloomy pine-green-black, sometimes in a sharp downward slope, hurling white-foamy spray over the untoppled rock splinters. The road leads cut into the mountain slope often up to hundred meters high over precipices, mountains and rocks pile up, up to the most dizzying heights and seem in their shifts to block the valley completely. Then, all at once, a short distant view opens up again with an ever-changing picture. The most luxuriant flowers, the lushest meadows abruptly follow the most inhospitable chalky ground, from which hardly a single hungry blade of grass springs. Every step, every bend in the path offers new, unimagined delights! -

In all these mastering changes of the landscape, the proud three-headed mountain of Schneeberg looks down seriously and sublimely, without movement, unchanging, an image of the eternal above the transient.

But if we now look at this proud three-headed mountain, we find, in addition to two names of more recent times (Kaiserstein and Klosterwappen or Alpine peak), in the "Donnerkogel" (Mitterkogel) undoubtedly a remnant of ancient mythical sanctification. Once upon a

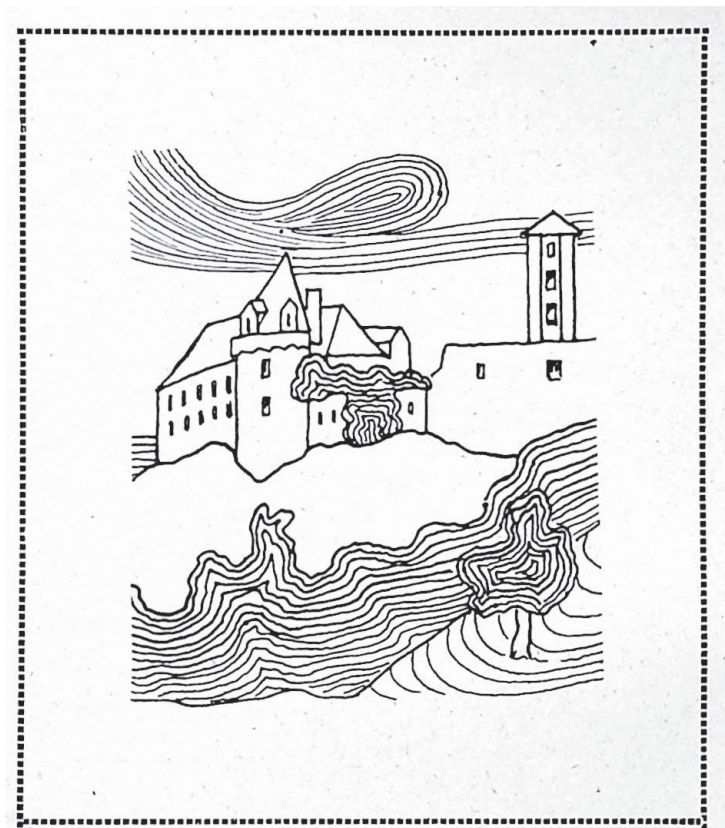


Illus. 64. The Schneeberg near Vienna. (After a photograph by Hatlanek in Vienna.) See pg. 390.

time, the other two peaks may have borne Wuotan's and Loki's names to correspond to the High Holy Trinity. -

As far as the spell circle of the valley of hell reaches, we see only the serious character of the terrible forces of fate imprinted on the valley in its mythical name, and like a distant shining ray of hope from heavenly heights, the triple head of the snow mountain looks down into the "nine deep and dark valleys", which once in the early days was the seat of the highest three gods, Wuotan, Donar, Loki.

Around the Schneeberg we also find friendly deities in names and legends. Thus, the two names "Wurmgarten" and "Wurmbauer", as well as a Lintwurm legend remind us of the Lintwurm slayer, the defeater of the frost giants, the spring sun. The Saurüssel reminds of the golden-bristled boar, the Mittagstein, whose cave contains no shade at noon, testifies to ancient sanctification, as well as a "Hutberg" and a "Hutbergtal" also reminds us of the Wuotanskult. The Schrattengraben and the Schrattental give evidence of dwarfs, as well as "Losenhaim" reminds of the fateless, which name is repeated as Losbühel in the great Höllental. In the surroundings of the Raxalpe there is the "Augenbründl", formerly certainly a Balders or Phols fountain, a "Wetterkogel", an "Übeltal", a "Predigtstuhl" and high up in the Krummholz region a "Haberfeld", whose mythical reference becomes even clearer by its days above the "Kesselboden". Sonnleitstein and Sonnwendstein need no interpretation in such surroundings. But not all the details are exhausted by far, which enter here as explanatory or demand interpretation. However, only one name shall be discussed here. It belongs to a mountain that rises "from the G'scheid", the "Tattermann". A scarecrow, which we still see in the field today, covered with an old hat, dressed in an old skirt, is called "Tattermann" and the doll was also made and named in the same way, which in former times (and here and there probably still today) was placed in the middle of the pyre during the burning of Judas or the burning of the Easter man. It represented the winter giant, the "Joten", from which misunderstood Judas became. In the old sense "tattern"



Illus. 65. see page 267. Hohenegg Castle in Lower Austria.

means trembling with fear and terror. But that now the "Tattermann" is more than a scarecrow, the following may prove: In Hugo v. Trimberg we read the following passages: "One looks at the other, as Kobolt Herr Tattermann." "Her the heathen Abgott, as I read han, were Kobolt and Tattermann." Even more quotations could be given, but we let Julius Caesar ("De bello gallico" etc., Lib. VI., Cap. 16., Pag. 16) speak here: "Other Gauls have immensely large images of gods, whose limbs, woven from willows, they fill with living men and set on fire, whereby these, surrounded by the flame, must give up the ghost. They believe that thieves, highwaymen, or other evildoers are the most pleasing victims to the gods; but if these are lacking, they are content even with innocents." If now this doddering man was synonymous with Caesar's description, then, however, a "doddering", trembling, may have come over the victims at the sight of him. That that doll at today's Judas or Easter fires were formerly real human sacrifices, is evident from a more recent example, in which likewise a doll at the "witch burning" is called the "witch (hexe)", which custom also falls in the Easter time and has the same mythical basis.

But the fact that next to the underworld goddess a "dodder man" stood and burned, agrees again with the Lintwurm legends, which just here (in the area of the Wurmgarten) is not defeated with the sword, but by fire, by the fire of the spring sun. Therefore also the realm of Hel is thought to be cold, therefore it is similar in nature to that of the winter, and therefore the valley of hell is also according to the mythical requirement in this direction.

Long ago, the spring goddess Ostara's lovely Lenzeskind sprouted and germinated in colorful splendor throughout the land, and snow still covers the cold ravines of Hell Valley, tree-length icicles hang from the staring crevices, and while in the distant residence the most fragrant spring flowers announce her arrival from their gleaming perches, the frost giants are still entrenched in the Höllental and thunderously hurl their projectiles, the snow avalanches and ice falls, towards the onrushing spring, from this their last bulwark in our beautiful Lower Austria.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Wurmbauer, Wurmgarten, Wurmbrand¹

"Taurus Draconem genuit

et Draco Taurum."

"The bull gave birth to the dragon

and Dragon Taurus."

Once upon a time, on a beautiful late autumn day, I was strolling from Gutenstein through the Klostertal, without a destination and without a plan, as is sometimes the case when one is sent to some corner of the valley for a summer retreat. And beautiful, wonderfully beautiful is this Klostertal, so that I needed no other travel companion than this noble beauty!

Densely forested mountain masses tower up on both sides of the road, which usually runs higher than the valley floor along the mountain slopes. Here and there, small stands of pine trees rise in a cheerful green from the darkness of the Föhr or a broad carpet of flowers of lush mountain meadows laughs friendly through the shady overhang of the dew wood, whose leaf cloud edges shimmer in the golden green light into the cool chiaroscuro of a blissful resting place.

Cyclamen and dark bellflowers, tall ferns and low juniper bushes covered the forest floor where the grass growth became sparser. From below, the "cold course", a merry mountain stream, roared up, and above, the forest rustled its eternally unsung song. The cowbells sounded muffled, now and then drowned out by a cheerful "Juh-Juh-Schroa" or

flashed through by the shrill call of a golden eagle that was circling high above.

This is real and true alpine character. There the individual farmsteads, scattered on the mountain slopes, with the shiny white substructure and the dark reddish-brown wooden superstructure of corridors and pigeons and the broad, stone-weighted gable roof; there the grazing herds and there the yellow stagecoach, from whose buck the already half-forgotten "brother-in-law" blows his old "Postdreher" echoing. Everything is still original, peculiar, unaffected. -

Soon a side valley opens up on the right, soon on the left, with a farther view of distant mountain waves that weave blue into blue.

But the valley becomes narrower and narrower. The mountains move closer together, they become darker, higher, already single rock needles rise in threateningly cliffs from the Föhrendüster, which here already displaced the cheerful foliage green completely.

A forest valley opens up on the left, the "Schwarzgraben". And above it rises in broad masses the Schneeberg Steinhaupt. "Happy hiking greetings to you, the old boy up there! From below, you look quite splendid, and you'll never tempt me to kick the top of your proud head wide open like you used to! He who does not climb up, saves the descent, probably even the falling down and still some more! Farewell!"

He looks proud and commanding, the mountain giant, high above the dark forest, at the edge of which lie the Wegscheider's farm and a sawmill. This is actually a "Gauermann picture"! For these reasons, the famous animal and landscape painter of the old Viennese school got his motifs and who knows his true-to-life pictures, the full understanding for the same will only open up at such points.

The valley closes again, but it becomes more and more narrow and lonely. The "cold corridor" roars more wildly, it rushes through the forest; it seems as if the end of the forest valley had been reached here, as if it had been dismantled by giant walls. Across it, the walls of the Kuhschneeberg mountain rise up, on the left stands the gloomy Kohlberg, on the right the pine-steeped "Hut-Berg", at the foot of which

lies the farm of the "Wurmbauer".

The artificial road continues along the narrow forest valley, still a good distance behind the Wurmbauer, until again on the left a withered rocky alley opens up - the "Nestelgraben" - from which the "cold passage" shoots out white-foamy. There the road leaves the valley and swings up in long winding serpentine passages to the height of the "G'scheid", in order to lower itself over into the Voistal. -

The ordinary traveler usually misses the fact that he leaves the valley here and turns off over the mountains; he just follows the road without tormenting himself much with musings about the construction of the mountains.

But my stroll ended here; "Wurmbauer", "Hutberg", "Nesteltal" -?

There I had thrown myself hard at the borders of the "cold course" rushing here into the high grass and had spread the map before me. It should solve me also today again the runic riddles of this name accumulation.

The valley has not yet reached its end here, it only changes the name "Klostertal" with the name "Nestelgraben", and this winds ever more steeply rising and narrowing up to the "Mamau meadow".

A new puzzle name: "Mamau meadow"? But above the Mamauwiese lies the "Wurmgarten" and behind it the "Öd". On the Mamau meadow there is a "St. Sebastian's picture" and there the "Sebastian's water" rises, which flows at the precipices of the "Hühnerbüchel" forming some waterfalls worth seeing down to "Buchberg", connecting with the Sirning. Before it reaches Buchberg, however, it flows past the Predigtstuhl, the ruins of Losenheim, the Sonnleiten and the Hengsttal and pours into the Sierning, which shortly before has absorbed the Pfenningbach. Further to the east, however, lies "Stuppach", then Glocknitz, the old "Glocniza", where the hereditary tomb of the counts "Wurmbrand-Stuppach" is located, and still further over to the east, near the castles Steyersberg, Pütten, Krumbach and Kirchschatz the castle stable of the former castle "Wurmbrand", just before the Hungarian border.

I lay in the grass as if dreaming of the strange trail I had found. - The

shadows fell wider into the valley, the rays of the departing sun played gold through the branches of the proud pine and its comrades there on the protruding rocky spine, and the deeper backgrounds sank into the dark purple blue. The mountain peaks and the rocky tines shone in an ever more brilliant glow, but higher and higher the veil of night rose from the valleys, leaden-gray and sheer ghostly. Darker and darker was the arch of the sky, here and there a cheeky little star sparkled out, but the cricket chirped in the grass. On and on the torrent roared and roared at my side and it rushed like a distant organ sound through the night-dark forest.

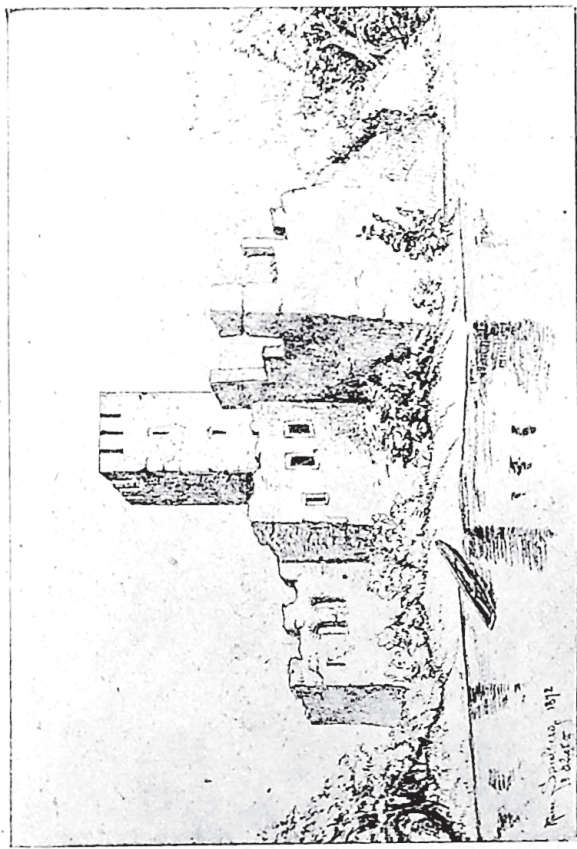
Then the full moon swung up in silent glory from the shadows of the rock wall and threw its pale lights over the picture. Crystal-clear here the hurrying water seemed to glide over a bluish shimmering stone block, to betray a shallow there transparent like an emerald. But whitish, like swans at play, the spray romped in wanton play from step to step, spraying, dissolving, and rising anew in endless play.

Whitish mists drifted down and swirled in a merry round dance above the waters and their silver-bell-like tinkling and singing. - Then a little mermaid curiously peered out of the sounding flood of foam and other mermaids circled around it and sang and danced and the waters and winds played music to it.

The mermaid pointed at me and laughed mischievously and said merrily to the giggling group of fairies: "This is also one of those who are "plagued by the rotation worm in the brain, or do you mean it differently, dear 'Wümelein' ?"

Then the loose elf clan laughed and one of the "Mümeleins" said that I look just like all those who struggle with what a dead donkey carries on its back in colorful squiggles, what the learned noble guilds call certificates and diplomas. And again they laughed - the mischievous misty figures. Then, however, they floated upward and the fair mermaid called after them that they should greet the mermaid's sisters, the "Bell-Nichsa" and the "Fanin-Nichsa" nicely, if they would visit them.

And how these teasing spirits jeered at me, how they compared the precious lines of writing on the parchments with the burden on a



Illus. 66. See page 168. Ruin of Spielberg on the Danube. (From a hand drawing in the author's sketchbook).

donkey's back! Oh, about these mermaids and nixies! These teasing goblins are not gifted with female form without reason! But still the wanton mermaid of the cold corridor looked over to me half mockingly, half curiously.

Then I took heart and called the mermaid: "My lovely mermaid child! I could also send your greetings to your sisters, the Bell Mermaid and the Fanin Mermaid and the others, if you would trust me with your name, because after that cold walk, I can hardly call you by your name, my little mermaid.

Then she laughed quite brightly and did several somersaults, so that the white spray splashed around my head.

"You are right, but know that man must never ask us 'name and kind' if we are not to flee from him, for our nature is different when we visibly approach you. Therefore let the questioning cease, my name is just - twisted."

So we began to talk about the times and what had happened there. Many things became known to me, including this:

Once upon a time, in the seams of the Schneeberg, up in the crevice next to the "Mümeleinwiese" (Mamauwiese), there lived a horrible tin worm, which is still called "in the wasteland" and in the "worm garden". The worm devoured everything, man and beast, and devastated the area disgracefully. Then it happened that a man pacified his farm with piles. Before he put them into the ground, he burned the stakes to protect them from rotting. Suddenly the lindworm comes snorting straight at the man. He was not lazy, but thrust the firebrand into the lintworm's throat, so that the monster burst from it. The land was freed from the beast. But the people called their savior Wormbrand and gave him many loads of red treasure gold in honor of him. From this, the Lintworm Slayer built a castle in the same place to which he gave his name, and from that hour onward he carried the worm with the firebrand in its throat on his shield, in eternal remembrance.

I have given the many people the answer that such fairy tales are not important, because no one has written them on parchment, which is to

be deplored, because I know some who swear only on what is written, and say that everything else would be old wives' tales. The first Wurmbrand would have been the very noble Lord Poppo von Wurmbrand and Stuppach, as he is named as the first witness on a deed of donation of the Archbishopric of Salzburg; and he lived around the year 1013. - So that's it, because no manuscript would have come down to us from earlier times, ergo -

But the mermaid laughed out loud, and again did several somersaults over the boulders, as if they were all padded with eiderdown instead of unburned lime. When she noticed, however, that I was not too serious about the parchments, and that I did not despise other information as a document, the Nixfrau became serious again and began anew to report from prehistoric times.

I soon realized what a deep meaning lay hidden behind what the mewling mouth of the mermaid child revealed to me in pre-calendar words.

Kotinge were the names of the kings and their clans in the Wuotanistic Germania, but according to the old, ancient Aryan family sagas, the royal families descended in a straight line from the gods. The Eddic song "Ringsmal" as well as the Siegfried saga prove this exactly. Since the tribal and heraldic legends of the Wurmbrande, in accordance with their "speaking" coat of arms, contain just the Siegfried legend in its oldest version, so this proves first of all the descent of the family from an old Aryan Koting or royal family. This already because the oldest Siegfried legend kills the Lintwurm with a burning tree, exactly as in the worm fire legend; only in far later legends the "Balmung" replaced the "firebrand". -

According to recent research results, which I fully agree with, the Aryans came from the polar region in the north and sent their migratory crowds simultaneously in meridional direction to the west and east, to Europe and Asia.¹ The main mass of the people, which we call today the

(1) "Origines Ariacae" by Karl Penka.

German, sits since primeval days in the country and might have displaced the perhaps dwarf and red-skinned primeval race. Accordingly, the Aryans came to Europe and Asia at the same time, as a common flowering of a tribe, forming everywhere according to the local conditions to their special form, here as Ario-Germanic, in Asia as Ario-Indian.

The Wurmbrand now belong to the primitive nobility, since the legend of the gods is tied to their coat of arms.² They might have sat here for a long time, defied the Saxon butcher from here and finally pushed eastward, toward the Huns, where still today the "Burgstall", namely the place where the castle Wurmbrand stood, reminds us of their shield duties.

Once we have come this far, we return to the legend of the lintworm or dragon.

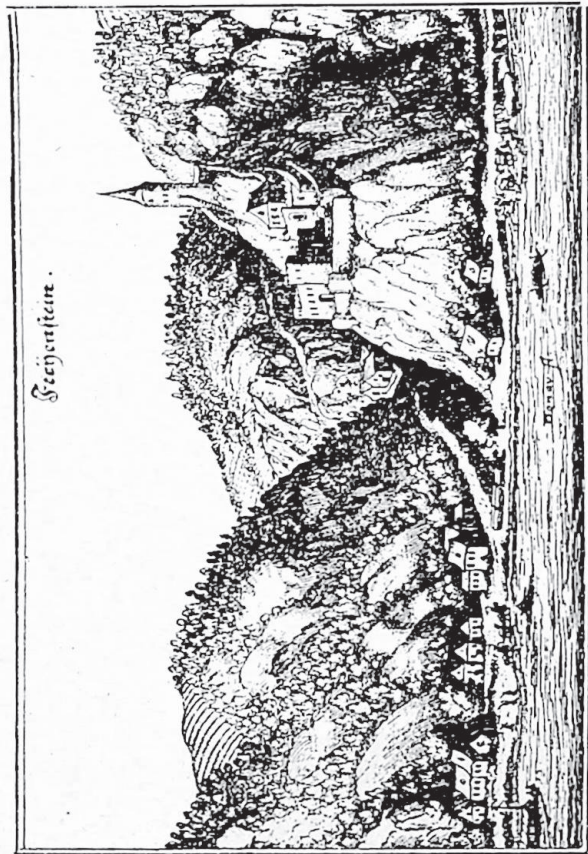
The Siegfried legend, like the Wurmbrand story, is a Germanic spring myth and therefore belongs to the first group of the often mentioned tripartite division, namely to that of the emergence, the birth and therefore naturally falls into the cult circle of the spring goddess Ostara.³

Noteworthy are the Easter customs, in which - contrary to the customs of other festivals - fire and water are united. In addition to the Easter fires, which blaze on the mountains here and throughout Styria, Easter water also plays an important role. Today both are a popular amusement, but in former times both belonged to the cult of Ostara. On the night of her feast or at the beginning of dawn, the girls washed their faces in the "spring of salvation" and today they still do it "to stay beautiful", as they say. But they do it silently, even without greeting the person they meet or returning his greeting, so as not to inhibit the effect, in accordance with the ancient law of the belief in magic.

These customs, which are still practiced today, are of great mythical age and are based on the belief that the feast of joy can only be celebrated

(2) See also my historical novel: Carnuntum.

(3) See: "Osterburg, Hohenegg, Mauer and the great saint of this book.



Illus. 67 See page 170 Freyenstein on the Danube. On the Danube one sees 2 ship trains; on the left in the ascent, on the right in the descent. (After an engraving by Merian in 1677).

purely by fire and water. The Easter egg is also ancient. In the Persian (i.e. Aryan) creation story it is told that the firstborn of the creation, the original bull, broke the world egg by a horn blow, from which the individual beings of the creation would have emerged. In the springtime, when the "Perchtenlaufen" takes place, the disguises of the "Perchten" are cow skins together with the horns, which form the headdress of the Perchten. This points to cow sacrifices, which were brought in the spring of Frouwa or Ostara and since Easter falls in the time in which the sun is in the constellation of the bull, that just at this time, in the spring of the gods, the wedding under bull and cow design was created.

Many myths increase this probability almost up to the certainty; so the well-known myths of the Io, the Europa, the cult of the "ox-eyed" Hera on Argos, which had a white cow team, like the Nerthus, which is no other than our Ostara.

Just as Pan loved Luna in the month of Aries (March), likewise the conjunction of the sun and the moon in the month of Taurus (April) was represented under the conception of a wedding of the sun god and the moon goddess in the form of bull and cow. That is why Easter is a moveable feast, because it is naturally tied to the first night of the full moon in spring. The full moon is just the magic ring, of which that oracle said that the woman keeps the fidelity to the man only as long as he has this ring on his finger; it is the ring Träufner (Draupnir), which was burned with Balder; also it is the riddle solution of the eighteenth rune, of which Wuotan sings in the rune song:

*The eighteenth (rune song) I will never eternally
To a woman or girl avoid,
That forms the songs best resolution,
What one of all only knows
Except the woman who honestly embraces me
And is also sister to me.⁴*

(4) Frouwa was Wuotan's wife and sister, much like Zeus and Hera were thought to be siblings.

The solution of this rune song, however, like the hidden sense of all these myths is the resurrection of nature, the rebirth in the incarnation, the eternal cycle, the eternal return.

Accordingly, the Ario-Germanic people called the Easter time a wedding, which designation could only have a mystical sense, but in Christianity, like so many other words, forfeited its original meaning, and the term wedding in today's sense is nothing more than simply a nonsense, because the point of comparison (deep time) is missing.

If it is time in the sky, one can think of a high time and designate thereby place and time in their connection, and the original sense of the word would be clarified. But when is it time in the sky? In the spring equinox, which, mythically formulated, says that if the sun-hero misses this moment, then winter would be master of the whole year. Therefore also those dragon and linworm fights, in which the dragon loses, happen in the spring, and those in which the dragon wins, however, are in the autumn.

If it is said in the song of the "hearing Siegfried" that the dragon became a man on an Easter day and announced to Chrimhild that he would get his human form again in five (seven) years to marry her, where she then would have to go to hell with body and soul and stay there until the youngest day, then here years should be understood as months, and hell as the sleep-like life of the gods - under the earth, with Helia, in winter. That means: The dragon, which is defeated in the spring (St. George, April 23rd) possesses Chrimhild six winter months (he keeps her hidden six fathoms deep) and loses her and his life just at Easter time to Siegfried, who also possesses her only six months, after which time he also succumbs again to the winter giant (dragon, Hagen). This fight is commemorated around St. Michael's Day (September 29), but Christianity understandably could not let the dragon be the victor in order not to contradict itself.

From this it becomes clear why with the term "Easter" the highest bliss is expressed and the word in the original sense means the climax of a

love relationship. The reference is clear: the sun hero fights with the dragon for the captive Ostara, frees her and the wedding day is called "Easter day". Therefore, lovers call each other "Osterwonne" (Titurel, Tristan), therefore the Easter light, the Easter fire, the Easter candle and also the wurmbrand bonfire is a sign of salvation. If now with Easter day the term wedding is so closely connected, then also the Easter egg hunt behind the bushes of the garden is to be attached Odinic meaning, exactly in the same sense as the slipping of the hare into the myrtle bushes was interpreted and to the foundation of the city Aphrodisias the legendary cause was delivered. The meaning of the Easter hare, who lays the Easter eggs, is now no longer a mystery.

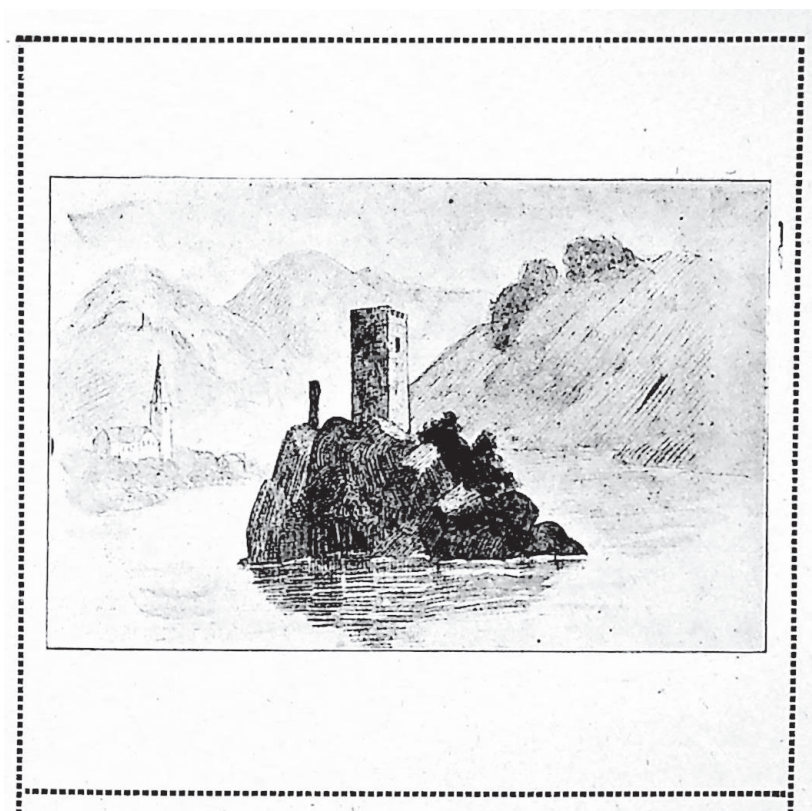
According to all that has been said here, Easter is to be understood as the marriage of the snowdrop-wreathed spring goddess Ostara, but the question remains unsolved as to whom she took as her husband. Should her husband be the Osterman of the children's tale, or that Eoster of whom Valvasor speaks? - In the "History of the Möllendorf Monastery" Paul gives to the image of Ostara also cow horns as symbols of moonshine, which symbols we find also in Frouwa and Freya, as well as in other related mythologies.

Accordingly Ostara's bride-man is the young sun-god and it is completely indifferent which name he was given in this special case. Since no other name than "Eoster" or "Ostermann" is of importance for the solution of the present question, so one can calmly accept the Ostermann, behind which, however, the young sun-god himself hides as husband.⁵ -

At Easter time the gods return from the underworld and among them Bacchos, laughing, horned and with a bull's foot. This explains the proverb coming from the mysteries of Dionysus (Bacchos): "Taurus Draconem genuit et Draco Taurum"; in German: "The bull has begotten the dragon and the dragon the bull."

Also the "horned Siegfried" is described with a laughing temperament

(5) We have seen above in the section "Hermannskogel" that Ostara's bride husband is the Osterman, Zeizzo the Beautiful.



*Illus. 68. See page 166 and page 172. The now blasted away
"Hausstein" in the Danube vortex near St. Nikola in Upper Austria.
(Hand drawing from the author's sketchbook.)*

and might have risen from the underworld with bull horns like Bacchus before he had lost his divinity. Only later these were forgotten and confused with the horn skin. Already above the cycle of the year was shown in the Siegfried saga; he kills the Lintworm, but is later himself murdered by Hagen (the winter dragon). The "horned Siegfried" will therefore probably have been the groom of Ostara and be similar in nature to Zeizzo the Beautiful, the Osterman and all the other young sun gods.

There is nothing against the assumption of a bull cult in the German paganism and would confirm such old country and family coats of arms, thus old salvation signs; so the bull head in the coat of arms of Mecklenburg and the country name like the coat of arms of Styria.

The French heraldist Menestrier literally says the following concerning the Styrian heraldic animal, the so-called panther:

"Styria, Province of Germany, with a vertical white dragon or cat, with flames from the ears and nostrils. Those who have not heard that Stier in German means a bull, and that the coat of arms of Styria, have made of it a monstrous animal in the shape of a griffin".

Dr. Karl v. Querfurth adds this remarkable gloss to that passage: "So we have to learn German from a Frenchman! Also Reinhard pronounces straight that the coat of arms of Styria had been a literal one, namely a bull, originally. (Stieria, Stiermark, Styria). Similarly, we read in the learned Spener well-founded deductions, which amount to the view that the Styrian, so-called panther, was originally a bull and in the famous Zurich coat of arms he is actually depicted with horns like a bull." -

So far the heraldist v. Querfurth -

If we consider, however, that coats of arms were signs of salvation - talismans -, therefore were not chosen arbitrarily, so we see especially for Styria the bull cult proven by coats of arms and in connection with the Easter fires still cultivated today in Styria, the Ostara cult in the aforementioned sense is authenticated. But also in a strange heraldic connection the dragon (lintworm) is found as a sign of salvation of families and cities. It must be noted that the county of Pütten did not belong to Lower Austria, but to Styria, so that the ancestral cradle of the

counts of Wurmbrand must be placed within the old borders of Styria.

The relationship of the bull to the dragon becomes even more interesting by the quite strange circumstance that at the time when Styria became a duchy, two border counties were established; one in the north was Putene (Pütten), the other in the south Pettau. Both counties had the dragon in their coat of arms, but without feet; the Pettau county also had the fire in its throat. Since now the Styrian bull, by ornamentation, perhaps even under the influence of the Wurmbrand-Pütten-Pettau dragon changed into the panther, it is not improbable that the Traungauer, the first dukes of Styria - were not only related to the Wurmbrands, but even of their tribe. If this list is correct, then the Wurmbrands are the ancestral family; they have the name and the unruffled coat of arms; the Pettauers would be the secondary genealogy, since they did not have fire, but the Lintwurm in their coat of arms; the tertia genealogy would be those of Putene, whose dragon in the feet is also missing the firebrand. That, if this premise is correct, the Traungauers certainly belonged to the main tribe, can hardly be doubted; as margraves as well as dukes, they naturally led the national coat of arms, which, as said, was ornamented like a dragon to the panther.

At least it is interesting that the archive of the now imperial count family of the von Wurmbrand-Stuppach, possesses a coat of arms picture from the year 1130, in which already the lintworm appears with the firebrand in the throat.

That the Wurmbrands must be "Kotinge", namely descendants of a pre-Christian-Germanic royal house, seems to have been known or at least guessed by the historiographer of his family, the genealogist Count Johann Wilhelm von Wurmbrand-Stuppach, who lived in Frankfurt as President of the Imperial Council under the emperors Leopold I, Josef I and Charles VI, because he wrote in the family history:

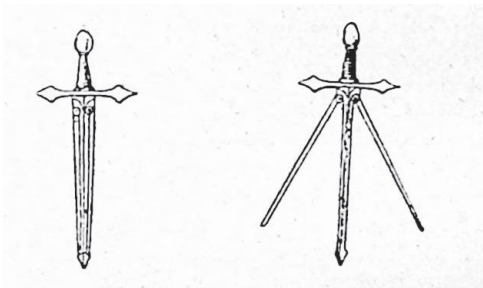
"The age of the family is not to be named, because it always was, but in primeval times it was much more glorious than now."

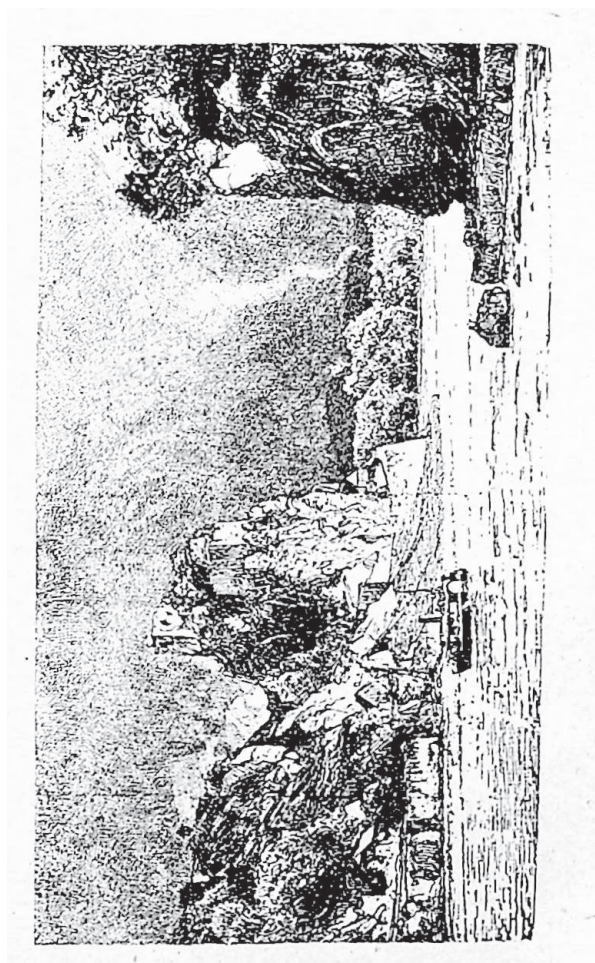
Should such meeting of bull and dragon be only coincidence? - No, certainly not! -

„Taurus Draconem genuit, et Draco Taurum!“

If now the mythical connection of the Ostara cult with the healing signs of the bull as well as of the lintworm has arisen, then also the first legendary worm fire, the lintworm slayer, is mythically explained. He is not the "man", not the "worm-builder", he himself is the young sun hero, he himself is the Osterman, the groom of Ostara, he himself is Zeizzo the Beautiful. Also by this interpretation the old-Aryan condition is fulfilled, which called the kings "sons of the sun", a title which naturally had to disappear in Christian time, but in other Aryan states, which have not accepted Christianity yet, it is still used today, e.g. in Persia.

According to what has been said here and with reference to what has been stated in the section of this book: "The Helenental and the holy Feme on Rauhenstein", it can be assumed with certainty that also the Wurmbrande once were in possession of a Freistuhl of the holy Feme, like the Hohenzollerns, the Hohenlohe and others. The weapon collection of the Hohenzollerns at Sigmaringen possesses strangely also still a monument to the Hohenzollern free-court, in a dagger, a so-called "Dag". The presiding lord of the chair carried a short rapier, which had three blades united into one. When the "thing", namely the meeting, was opened, he put the "Dag" on the table, pressed a spring and the three blades opened. This was to indicate "open Dag", "open day", the "court is opened".





Illus. 69. See page 169. The Danube River at Grein (Upper Austria), on the left the temple-priory castle Werffenstein (today Burg Werffenstein), on the right the rock of the island Wörth. (From the picture collection of Dr. Lanz von Liebenfels).

Perhaps the family still owns somewhere an unrecognized device with the indicative runes 41 41 or the letters S. S. G. G. or with a cross and under it a V.

But this is only covered incidentally as a reminiscent review of an earlier picture, to prove that everything is connected and done so that only in the context of a complete painting will our so long veiled prehistory unroll.

But now to the interpretation of the very peculiar place, forest, river and field names. The name "Wurmbauer" probably refers to the place where the first of the Wurmbands had its seat in ancient times, under which one may think of a very simple farm, but by no means a medieval stronghold in the style of Hohenegg. This was already in pre-Roman times, but at the latest immediately after the destruction of Carnunt in the year 375 of our era, that the Wurmbands established themselves here. Nevertheless, it is possible, even highly probable, that the Wurmbands with their genealogical and heraldic legends settled down here only in the year 375 and moved out from their former ancestral seat on the other side of the Danube, because in the Waldviertel of Lower Austria there also exists a village with the name Wurmband. There, as can hardly be doubted, the Wurmbande settled before the beginning of the migration of the peoples or, what says the same, before the destruction of Carnuntum in 375, in which they undoubtedly played an outstanding leading role and settled here to guard the Alpine passes after they had just gained the road over the Semmering to Italy.

So much for the prehistory of the Wurmband house corrected by place names, or rather restored.

Now behind the "Wurmbauer" stands the so highly significant "Hutberg", which from the frame of the prehistory leads us back again to the mythology. The Wurmbande were Kotinge, as the Baldur myth proves in its heraldic legend. The old legend of the gods has been wonderfully preserved in the family saga of the lineage, but in Christian times the first of the lineage had been gradually humanized and its former divinity had not been remembered for understandable reasons. The



Illus. 70. Halgadam Maid. (Drawn by J. Langl.) See p. 18.

dragon slayer, the Ostermann became a simple "man", he was represented humanly. The legend does not name the progenitor of the lineage, nor the manner of the progenitor's death. The legend takes for granted that he "took a wife, begat children and died". But since we recognized him as a son of the sun, whose mythical mission was to beget a royal family, we suddenly feel the gap. He had to take a "wife from among the people" to beget a human race, he had to go out of the world in an extraordinary way to take into account the finiteness of human life, otherwise he would have had to endow his mortal wife with immortality. But the German mythology knows no example of an apotheosis in such a sense, as it also knows no example of deified men. In the chapter "Ad pontem Ises" further ahead this became even clearer; here only so much: Since now the first Wurmbrand, according to the myth, was a son of God in human sham form, he was not allowed to die, but also not to stay longer on earth, than until his intention had been fulfilled and he had produced human offspring with the mortal woman. Then he had to leave it. Because he was not allowed to die now, however, he undoubtedly went into the mountain, namely into the "Hutberg" behind the Wurmbauer, where he sleeps like Redbeard in the Kyffhäuser, to the hat of the Semmering road to Rome, which he opened up. Undoubtedly, that part of the legend of the Wurmbrande has been lost and undoubtedly, this part of the legend will have once known that he was the guardian of his family and that he would give them divine protection in the days of need. In the male sense, he will have been the same family ghost of his gender, which in the female sense is "the white woman" of so many royal houses (e.g. Habsburg, Hohenzollern, Liechtenstein and many others). This family ghost is always the divine ancestor or the divine ancestress of a gender, which was recognized as its guardian spirit even in Christian times, as long as the gender remained faithful to its divine mission, but which goes out like a flickering torch, if such a gender forgets its divinity, degenerates and sinks into the crowd, as it renounces its divinity by degraded race crossing. So far the special reference of the "hutberg" to the worm's edge legend. In general, the "Hutberg" is just that mountain, in which the gods

sleep in the winter time like Tannhäuser in the Venusberg (see: The Venusberg near Traismauer), and like Wuotan in the Untersberg (see this).

The lintwurm (dragon) is just the death of the nature in the hibernation, at the time when all procreation stops. Therefore, the young sun god must kill him, whose representative was resident here in the person or, better said, in the tribe of the Wurmbraut, which united king, priest and judge dignity in itself. The access to the wasteland and to the Wurmgarten, whose interpretation is clear, goes through the "Nesteltal". A well-known superstition says that through the "Nestelknipfen" a marriage would be inhibited, through magical prevention of the marital duties. And indeed, the Nestelgraben is a barren, desolate rocky gorge, quite suitable for the gate of a dragon's dwelling. The Mamau meadow as the home of the Mümeleins or elves has already been explained. St. Sebastian is the constant companion of St. Rochus, both of whom are venerated as patrons against the plague. The god who sends an evil, however, is also at the same time the healing god against it; this was already shown by the great saint.⁶ The winter god is the plague god, just as Helia appears as the "plague virgin", as the "Plague-wife". Yes, even when the cholera raged so terribly in Vienna at the beginning of the fifties of the 19th century, the mythical figure of the plague woman revived and the common man had much to tell about a black woman as the essentialization of the cholera. Such myths are immortal. - Sebastian's Fountain is such a salvation fountain and the legend really clings to it that those who fled up there during the plague were spared from the disease; after killing the dragon, the procreator, nature came back to life on Ostara's wedding day".

Losenheim is the place where the fate lots were read and there also stands the sermon chair, which has nothing to do with the preachers; it is just a sacrificial stone. - Buchberg is the place where after the defeated winter "in the blossom grove" the gods play with the golden discs. The Pfenningbach is the brook of the Fanin, the procreator, multiplier. With

(6) See: "Osterburg, Hohenegg, Mauer and the Great Saint."

him it goes out into the fertile land, to Stuppach, to Wurmbrand. -

There a loose wind drove rough through the wood, creaking the old pines bent in the autumn storm; dust whirled up. The snow mountain had pulled its camouflage cap over its ears, and that is an ominous sign of the approach of bad weather. The "cold aisle" roared as if it had come to a boil; and my fair nixie-wife had disappeared. The air was lead-gray over the storm-swamped rocky trench and let us suspect that it was not far until sunrise, but gloomy clouds hindered the young day's entry into the valley. Above, the weather was already shining precariously, and from afar, an indeterminate murmur rolled, heralding an imminent roar of thunder. -

Then I hurriedly said goodbye to the resting place, which without my intention had become my night's lodging, and sought to reach the Voi valley with a quick step over the heights to find a hospitable roof at the "Höhbauern" or the "Singerin" along with ample bodily needs.

I found it excellently and later also the post office, which brought me back to Gutenstein under pouring rain and the most wonderful high thunderstorm symphony.

The fair mermaid of the "cold corridor", however, did not want to appear to me anymore, although I did not ask her "for name and kind." -

CHAPTER TWENTY

St. Leonhard¹

"Here lies buried our spiritual lord, the monastic brother of Oberburg; God grant him eternal rest!" These words were said with simple and therefore quite peculiar dignity by the sacristan of the small church of St. Leonhard, which lies half-forgotten in the forest shadows under the rugged precipices of the Rogac in the southwestern corner of Styria.

With Professor Frischauf's "Sanntalerführer" in our pockets, we had come over from Kappel to hike over the Rogac into the Leutschtal and on to Sulzbach in the Sanntal; the St. Leonhards-Mesner was to serve as our guide. The backpack with the clanking crampons on our backs, in full travelling gear, we entered the lonely, age-grey little mountain church. The most striking feature was a heavy iron chain that enclosed the church from the outside under the cornice. We entered; a simple building had welcomed us. The presbytery was simply vaulted, the nave was closed off by a floorboard ceiling like a farmhouse parlor, and the floor was paved with bricks, so this house of God presented itself most inconspicuously; only the words of the sacristan mentioned at the beginning made an indeterminable impression on us. There he stood in the middle of the church and pointed to the ground, but no gravestone, no epitaph was noticeable. But the brick slabs of the pavement showed the stamped date

(1) First published: Vienna, Deutsche Zeitung, 1890.

1529; that was the same year in which the Turk first lay outside Vienna's walls. A further look around the modest sanctuary led us to discover a very strange church ornament on the right wall. Again it was chains!

"They have been hanging there since Turkish times," the sacristan explained. That were exactly counted two pairs of leg irons, a pair of handcuffs together with the chains, a long chain still with the padlock and moreover still another horseshoe.

Thus the curiosity for the meaning of these consecrations - for that is what they obviously were - was lively, but the good sacristan knew as much to answer our questions as most of his peers in similar cases, namely nothing. Even the closest question, who was that monk, when did he live? was answered in a very uncertain way.

"Many hundred years ago," we were told, "a monastic brother was banished to this forest wilderness by his abbot; he lived here, did good, and after his death was buried in the middle of the church. Since his death, every year on All Saints' Day, one of the peasants who have their single-owner farmsteads here goes to Oberburg, formerly to the abbot, now, since the monastery has been abolished, to the priest, and asks him that a priest come to St. Leonhard on November 3, at the expense of the peasants, in order to hold the annual day with vigil and mass for their spiritual lord who is resting there".

This annually renewed request for the priest from Oberburg is all the more striking because the church of St. Leonard is a branch church of the parish of Eisenkappel. Who might have been that friar, whom the local farmer keeps in memory for many centuries, without actually knowing why?

We left the little wild church at 1332 meters above sea level. The sacristan, who was loaded with our provisions, walked briskly as a guide, and we ascended through the shady corner of the forest, which was charmingly overlooked by the rocky peaks of Rogac. Here and there, a single-storey farmstead shone through the pine forest in the glow of the sun. After barely half an hour of climbing, we reached a magnificent rock

spring, which the guide-Mesner called the "consecrated well" (geweihten brunnen). -

Again a riddle!

Also next to the Leonhard church a crystal clear spring was bubbling. Whether the same was also consecrated, the good one did not know of course, admitted it however as possible. Who consecrates the "consecrated well", our escort understandably did not know either; but he did know that once a bishop on his passage from Sulzbach to Carinthia lay exhausted with his retinue in front of this spring, and consecrated it in thanks for the refreshment.²

The views of the magnificent wild alpine splendor of the Sanntal that soon opened up, however, pushed back for the time being all the budding questions about these mysteries; for many years they were to remain buried under the rubble of memory.

Later hikes through Tyrol's and Salzburg's mountains, through Austria's and Bavaria's magnificent alpine world, made me set my foot in front of many a church of St. Leonhard and taught me that it is precisely the churches and chapels of this church saint which, almost without exception, stand out above all other churches, especially pilgrimage churches, not only by their outer appearance alone, but in many cases also by the peculiarity of the pilgrims' customs.

In the outer appearance it is the iron chain, which surrounds the church under the cornice and makes it recognizable from afar as Leonhard's church. To name just a few, the church on the Kalvarienberg near Tölz, the church of Ganacker, the church of Tolbath, the church of St. Leonard near Bischofshofen - on the Gisela railroad, as well as many others could be mentioned. By the way, the most remarkable in terms of the chain winding around the church building from the outside should be

(2) Frischauf's Sannlalerführer, in case this is a historical memory, which it should not be, gives the interesting information that that bishop was probably a patriarch of Aquileia, because the bishopric of Ljubljana came into being only in 1463, which time would not correspond to the great age of the parishes and churches in this region. The episcopal visitations in those days were very difficult in these regions, because they had to be made on foot.

the Leonhard church on a mountain near Brixen. There a heavy iron chain encircles the church two and a quarter times; the links are each a foot long and one link is supposed to be forged annually from the iron offerings. When the chain will encircle the church three times, the end of the world will dawn.

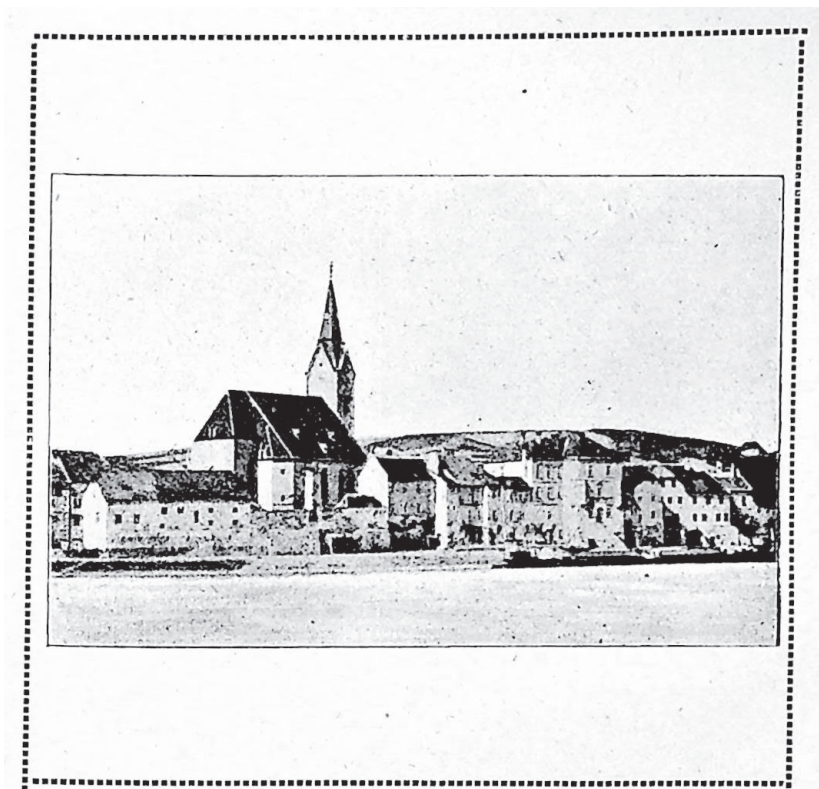
This is reminiscent of Redbeard's beard, which must grow three times around the stone table until the mountain-crazed sleeper awakens to fight the last battles. In the Leonhard churches at Aigen and Inchenhofen, this chain was inside the church, the latter of which weighed 242 pounds.

If this chain is the actual emblem of the churches of Leonhard, then the strange offerings of the pilgrims are no less, which are forged for the most part of iron, in contrast to other pilgrimage churches, in which the votive offerings of the faithful are made of wax or silver, even gold.

These wrought-iron votive images depict all kinds of domestic animals, such as oxen, cows, horses, poultry, or parts of a human body, such as arms, legs, female breasts and the like, in childlike naive sculpture, or they depict plowshares (hugely enlarged), chains and shackles and other strange things.

No less peculiar than these consecration gifts of iron is also the service in these churches themselves. To this belonged in former times and belongs in some places probably also still today the lifting and carrying around of so-called Leonhard's blocks and Leonhard's nails, which formed a kind of ordeal beside the purpose to rehearse its strength. Only the one who had cleansed himself of sins through repentance could lift the Leonhard nails, was the belief.

But the peculiar customs at such Leonhard churches, namely at the one in Inchenhofen in Lower Bavaria, are described in a rare booklet, from which some of the information may be excerpted here. It is this: "Martinus, synopsis miraculorum etc. 1659, newly published at Augsburg 1712." In this very interesting booklet Martinus gives only a part of "the noble miraculous works, which God, through the merit and intercession of St. Leonhardi at his Gotteshaus in Inchenhofen from four hundred years ago, has had collected from various old miracle books".



Illus. 71. See page 175. Ybbs in Lower Austria. On the left, below the church, a Romanesque house, one of the few and oldest secular buildings of this style in Germany.

From these records of Martinus, however, it is quite clear that just the Leonhard cult not only shows a very high age, but infinitely many features from the German Wuotanskult preserved until today. This seemingly inexplicable fact becomes immediately clear if one remembers the letter written by Pope Gregory to Mellitus of Canterbury, which was printed in the mythological landscape "Eburodunum before the Wuotan Valley" on page 140 of this book in its passages related here.

Martinus writes, among other things:

"The images outside, first bands (shackles, chains), iron crutches, iron hands and feet, prove how many were helped out of their distresses."

"Hereby, the large iron nail, which is the conscious identification and landmark of this holy place (Inchenhofen), and which has been there since time immemorial, as well as the large chains hanging over towards the Sacristy (which are made of the ironwork weighing two hundred forty-two pounds ...), are to be removed. in such a measure) should not be forgotten, why this (the nail namely) remained safe from the church robbers? And is still picked up by the church pilgrims and carried from time to time? Some take it upon themselves out of good devotion, to wear out their shoulders as well with an assumed work of penance; some want to investigate whether they still have grave sins upon them', some want to exercise and boast of their bodily strength; some carry it out of folly, etc. Each one can make his intention and opinion as he wants, but at the same time he must remember that it is not always profitable to commit an outrage (sic). Many a churchman has been frightened and worried under this strange castle, until he came out of it unharmed and free.

*Can also just this nail,
Which one wants to carry out of sacrilege,
Faster than lightning and hail
Soon strike everyone to the ground."*

Furthermore, Martinus reports about the vows and answered invocations, which makes clear the great extent of the cult of this saint.

The saint loosens: 1. the shackles of innocent prisoners, which they then offer to him; 2. he also helps those who are "imprisoned for life and limb" because of crimes. For example, in 1384 Bertholdus Fischer of Weilham, "because he introduced false dice to deceive others in gambling," was condemned, bound hand and foot and thrown from the bridge into the Lech. In distress, he invokes St. Leonhard; the bonds are loosened, he swims to shore, and Duke Stephan gives him life; 3. he "strengthens the crooked and the lame"; 4. he "enlightens the blind and the evil-sighted eyes"; 5. he "gives the use of the mind to the disturbed (insane)"; 6. he "expels the semolina and stain"; 7. he "brings back the hearing"; 8. he "also shows his power in preserving the unreasonable cattle":

*"Therefore here for gratitude,
Even after the summer season has passed,
Still yearly many herdsman
Sacrifice to Him their Goods.
With shepherds' gifts and gifts from the fields,
They are mindful of the kindness,
Favors to him, their shepherd,
Whom they cannot praise enough
They praise, and with reason
According to his high dignities.
They praise him with the sound of horns
Three hundred shepherds at times,
Each one blows his horn,
Piercing heart and ears."*

9. "Gives speech to the dumb"; 10. "Cures the falling addiction"; 11. "Helps even those who have been touched by a blow"; 12. "Discharges from the danger of fire"; 13. "Comes to the aid of sore throats, tumors, and broken bones"; 14. "Pleases the hard-to-conceive women, obtains the fruit of the barren womb"; 15. "Turns away the body's injuries and gout"; 16. "Protects from hail, wind, lightning, etc."; 17. "Repairs all kinds of

fevers"; 18. "Revives and restores those who were thought dead"; 19. "Reminds those who put their glow into oblivion". And finally, Martinus lists 134 "neighborhoods" by name, which have annually "engaged a wagon or plow iron for the protection of the crops at St. Leonhard later Juchenhofen".

All these offerings, as conscientiously recorded, have their peculiar character; here are only a few significant examples: "1437, walk around the church with an iron picture, all in Allmusen to view (determine)." "1603, two iron rings a whole year to carry." "1592, with an iron belt to travel to church." "1445, to carry an iron image with chains six pounds heavy on bare body under the usual clothes as a sacrifice." "1510, an iron ring on the neck as St. Leonhard's obligation to wear all her life." "1434, one iron scale." "1512, an iron ear." "1601, a whole year to wear a ring around the neck, and to have the sign proclaimed." "1422, iron." "1511, iron ring." "1512, an iron hand, a iron ring, as St. Leonhard's prisoner, his life day around the neck, on hands and feet but a whole year to wear." "1512, an iron house." "1509, Horseshoes." "1570, iron barn." "1513, an iron ring on the neck his as St. Leonhard's goodwill and obligation prisoner to wear all his life time." "1511, iron Schynn to beg." "1410, iron belt and pants." "1428, iron image." "1510, iron underpants."

These few examples explain the masses of wrought-iron offerings of the pilgrims, which are kept in Leonhardskirchen. Such sacrificial objects are now rarely forged, but a kind of loan system takes the place of the original sacrifice. From the hundreds of forged animals, which for example the Leonhardskirche of Ganacker has, each pilgrim now chooses so many pieces at the church door for a small silver coin, which is thrown into the offering box. With the so released wrought-iron oxen, cows, horses etc. in the hat he walks around the altar three times during the offering and throws these pieces into the box which stands behind the altar. From there the sacristan fetches new supplies to his position at the church door when the need arises.

At St. Leonhard's church trips it is always high and colorful and yet

forty to fifty years ago it is said to have been incomparably more grandiose. These church trips are held on the "Lienhard days", which are the first three Sundays of July, and the whole month is often called "in the Lienhard days".

The "Lienhard wagons" with the colorful "Lienhard chests" arrive with the array of the most accomplished peasant splendor and often thirty to forty of them rattle around the Leonhard churches in threes, whereby the horse-drawn steersmen show their best art, and their female relatives, who sit on the Lienhard chests, admire their best finery.

A legend tells:

On a Leonhardsfeste drove the "Kammerloherbauer with his housemates on completely new Leonhardswagen to Reichersdorf near Miesbach. When he, according to custom, wanted to drive three times around the church, suddenly the four stately and richly harnessed horses could no longer move the wagon. The Kammerloher handed over the reins to his head servant, got off the wagon, took the axe hanging between the rear wheels, went around the mounts three times and said, "Now I ask you if you will let me drive?" But the wagon stopped. It is customary for wainwrights to make a cross in the first spoke they insert into a new wheel. The chamberlain cut one of the crossed spokes with the axe; at the moment the horses pulled up, the wagon went forward; but in the midst of the crowd the cry of an old tailoress was heard, whose leg had suddenly been broken off. -

In Aigen, too, there is a famous pilgrimage church of St. Leonhard (dialect: Lean-herd), which attracts many hundreds of pilgrims from the Innviertel and the Rottal during the Lienhard days. In former times the pilgrims brought live geese, chickens and ducks, carried them three times around the altar and then let them run through an oval window of the church wall as an offering into a specially built stable in front of the church. Today this hole is walled up.³ They also brought all their horses

(3) In a church in Styria - I can't remember which one - there was such an oval peephole in the churchyard wall, through which the horse's head was put after the third ride in order to protect it from disease and epidemic. This reminds me of old horse sacrifices.

and both men and women rode around the church three times. Often the crowd was so great that the churchyard surrounding the church could not hold the devotees, so that some of them had to ride around outside the churchyard wall and throw their wrought-iron votive images over the churchyard wall during this ride. It is said that one cannot make a spade cut in the churchyard without coming across such votive pieces. Behind the high altar hang chains, tires, horse bits, keys, hand and foot cuffs, scythes, plowshares, horseshoes, horse feet, all of iron and of supernatural size.

In the past, there was also a heavy iron chain in the church, which the churchgoers lifted or tried to lift; however, it was taken away because the constant clattering disturbed the service too much. On one wall of the church there is a picture of St. Leonard trying to make sense of the chain. The saint stands in the clouds and holds in each hand the end of a long chain, which descends to the earth and embraces numerous praying people including priests and nobles.

In a wooden hut of the churchyard, however, the Leonhard nails or blocks are housed; this hut is called the Würdinger hut. In it the following iron nails are placed:

1. the worthy (Wirtinger, Würdinger). It is the headless torso of a harnessed man cast of iron, with hands folded in prayer; it is 19 ¹/₂ inches high, 14 inches wide, and weighs 220 pounds. The broken bearded head with the iron hood, 12 inches high and weighing 60 pounds, lies with it.

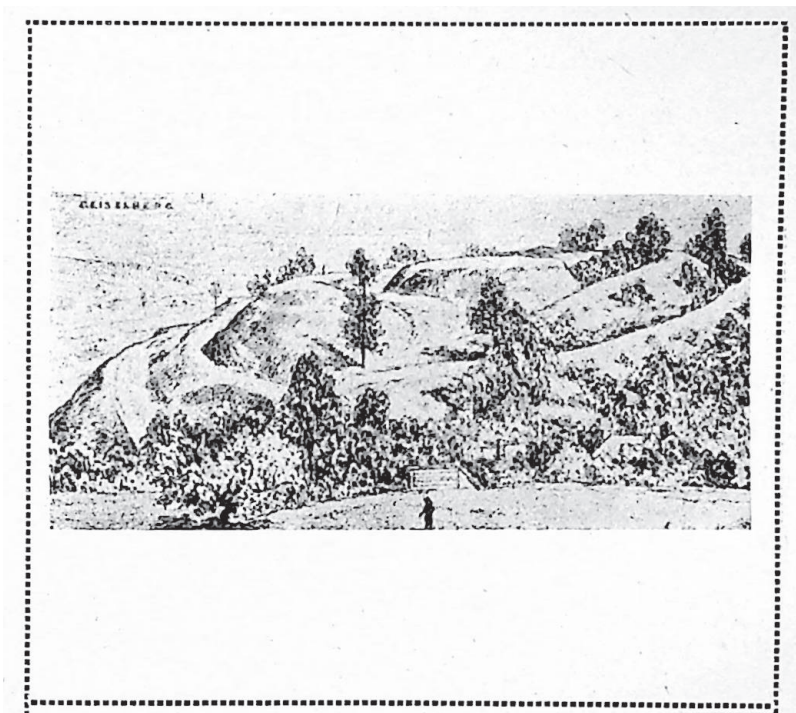
2. the man's leonhard (Manalean'l), also Raunagel, is a torso without head, arms and feet, 16 inches high, 6 inches wide, made of wrought iron.

3. the Weiberleonhard (Weibalean'l), 19 inches high, 8 inches wide and weighing 80 pounds, made of wrought iron.

4. the Kolmandl, 20 inches high, 9 inches wide, forged.

5. the Fatschenkind, 20 inches high, 5 inches wide, forged.

Once the pilgrims have gone around the church three times with prayer, men and women, whether old or young, gather at the Würdinger Hütte to try their hand at a "Lean'ln". They try to lift them, to throw



Illus. 72. See page 96. The Geiselberg, a gigantic local mountain with its three ring ramparts in Lower Austria. (After a drawing by Ignaz Spöttl.)

them over their heads and backs; but hardly anyone is able to pass the worthy among hundreds! Many a one says: - "I have often carried a sack of grain, weighing three hundredweight, up the stairs, but I want to master these little things! But now the worthy man proves his gravity: the wicked man does not bring him to his knees; he may blow as much as he likes! "You can't throw him!" the bystanders call to him with a sneer; "you are not yet clean of sins!" Ashamed, he "leaves the hut and perhaps his conscience forces him to confess what he has concealed. Now a Rottaler enters the hut, a sturdy, strong-boned codger. As if mocking, he looks over the little men on whom the weak are struggling. His scrutinizing gaze clings to the worthy one. Now he touches him below, with both hands. But these are also after it. With shuddering horror, one thinks that no grass will grow for a long time on the back that these fists blister at the next fairground scuffle. With a powerful jerk, he has swung the dignitary onto his knee, then he clutches it in the middle and pushes it onto his chest. Silently, with reverent looks, the circle of admirers stands around; one hears only the working of the lungs of the mighty one. Now he has it on his armpit and now he pushes the worthy onto his neck and now he makes a jerk and the worthy flies out in a wide arc and burrows into the ground with a dull thud. Astonishment all around. The giant repeats his feat of strength several more times.

It was said that some of the strongest men had managed to lift and throw the worthy man fifteen to twenty times in this way; but no one had yet been able to accomplish what a Rottaler had succeeded in doing about 250 years ago. At that time the worthy still had his head in the right place and therefore weighed a full 280 pounds. An over-strong woman carried him up the church tower, from where she hurled him down with such force that the poor worthy lost his head. Now it lies beside him in the sand.

These Leonhard's nails used to be in the church itself until the beginning of the 19th century, when an attempt was made to shut down this original service. The worthy one was hidden under a bridge, from where the others also disappeared. Later, when the bridge was rebuilt, the



Illus. 73: See page 385: Scenery from the Große Höllental. At the spot marked with an X, the author fell on May 8, 1871, and then had a chain path built at his own expense, which was opened on June 21, 1871 as the "Guido List Climb".

Wirdinger reappeared and soon his companions, who in the meantime had performed the unworthy service of herb weights for farmers, were dressed again. Although the church was and remained closed to them, they had solemnly entered the Wirdinger hut.

Also other Leonhard churches have similar "Lean'ln". Everywhere the legends of carrying away the "Leonhardsnägel" occur; they were buried, thrown into wells, swamps, eddies, hedges, carried far, but they always returned.

The main features of the founding legends are almost the same everywhere; prisoners are freed from the greatest need and build the church. Often the people think that in a Leonhard church or its churchyard the saint "rests", i.e. lies buried; so in Ganacker and presumably also in the St. Leonhard church near Oberburg, where the monastic brother, who died there in exile, may well have sprung from such popular belief.

Now we know, however, that the throwing of these Leonhard iron blocks was an ancient Germanic custom.

In the Nibelungenlied it says:

*"Then she (Brunhilde) hurried, and her courage was fierce;
The stone she lifted high, the beautiful maiden well,
And swung it with all her might, far away from her,
That from Lord Gunther's sword each began to wonder.
The stone was hurled by her twelve fathoms away,
And yet the well-bred maiden jumped over it."*

And just as here - like the strong Rottalerin - Brunhilde threw the stone, so the strong Duke Christoph of Bavaria hurled the large Lydian stone, which is still on display in the royal residence in Munich. The memorial plaque announces:

*"When after Christ's birth was counted,
Fourteen hundred and ninety years,
Duke Christoph was born,*

*A hero chosen for the better,
A stone from the free earth he did heave,
And threw it far without a foe.
Weighing three hundred four and sixty pounds,
The stone and the writing bear witness to this."*

The second panel gives an account of the duke's high jump.

But still other highly significant features, which point to a high age of the Leonhard customs, are to be emphasized. The image of the saint served the pilgrims not only to rehearse their strength - for originally every Leonhard's block was such, at least symbolically. They carried it in processions from one village to another or often themselves, sliding on their knees, laboriously around the church. They sank it into streams and other hidden places, but it always came to light again by virtue of its higher nature, where it was then solemnly brought back to the church. The threefold driving around, riding around, walking around or even the threefold sliding around on the knees is an old Germanic custom. One of the blocks in Aigen is called "Raunagel" and "Leonhardsnagel" was the name of the block or the image of this saint in Inchenhofen. Also the church of Leonhard in Bittenwiesen had an image weighing about 80 pounds, called "Leonhardsnagel". In place names, however, Wirting occurs as well as Nagel. The former means vortex, to which the legend of Aigen fits very well, according to which the first Leonhardsklotz of wood floated around in an Inn vortex. Perhaps the name Wirtinger is to be derived from it and not from the term of the dignity.

In the Fichtelgebirge, however, one says that the two villages Nagel and Reichenbach are the devil's Leibgeding, which Satan therefore also claimed when he tempted Christ and promised him the world if he worshipped him. A golden chain is wrapped around the Nagelberg in Middle Franconia, which is inhabited by mountain people. This, like the red silk thread with which Caurin's and Chrimhilden's rose gardens are enclosed, lead back to the chain which entwines the Leonhard churches. Particularly clear is the pull to the Wuotanstum at the Brixen church, as

was already mentioned above. The saint now wraps this chain around his congregation, as the picture in the church at Aigen tries to show. This means that the saint frees from illnesses, ailments, even imprisonment, if the person concerned voluntarily enters his captivity. Such a prisoner then voluntarily wears a ring around his neck, body, arms and feet instead of chains, for a time determined by the vow. An often recurring vow formula is: "To wear a ring around the neck for the rest of his life, as a St. Leonhard prisoner of good will and obligation". Such a ring is nothing less than a neck iron, as it was forged on prisoners, only it lacked the chains, which, however, were hung up in the church as a votive offering. "To beg all in all" and "to have the sign proclaimed" are often recurring extensions of the vow formulas. From this sprang the superstition of the so-called gout rings. In order to drive away the gout, an iron finger ring must be made, the cost of which must be begged, but no thanks may be given to the giver, because the begged has to hand over the gift "for God's sake".

These "iron rings", which play such an important role here, go back, however, deeply into the Germanic antiquity. Cornelius Tacitus says in his "Germania", II., 31.: "A custom, to which the bravery only got entrance with individual other Germanic peoples, is generally accepted with the Chatten. It consists in the fact that from their first manhood they let their hair and beard grow and do not discard this wild appearance, to which they commit themselves by a vow of bravery, until they have killed an enemy. Over blood and booty they unveil the face; only then do they believe to have won the prize of birth, to be worthy of their fatherland, of their parents. Cowardly and unwarlike remain the feral face. Moreover, each of the bravest wears an iron ring, a sign of shame to this people, as a shackle, as it were, until he has freed himself from it by slaying an enemy. This custom is popular with most of the Chatti. They gray in this distinction, and are thereby at once known to foe and friend."

The wearing and taking off of this iron ring, which symbolically resembles a fetter, was therefore already in "Tacitus' times a custom of the Teutons bound to vows. And such a vow was in the age of the Wuotans

cult completely equal to a Christian vow of today. Then, as now, the vow is a contract entered into with the deity, concluded with religious solemnity, which had to be paid off like a debt with the greatest conscientiousness.

Yes even the origin of the iron finger rings brings the old god's teachings with fetters, even if not directly in connection. Prometheus had to wear an iron finger ring as a sign of shame of the suffered punishment. The gem was cut from the rock to which he had been bound.

But also the hanging up of the chains of those who are released from their imprisonment finds its counterpart in the grayest antiquity.

Pausanias offers a surprising passage for comparison: "On the castle of the Phliasians there is a cypress grove (thus a forest, which is peculiar to all Leonhard churches) and a highly sacred temple from ancient times. The goddess to whom this temple is dedicated is called Ganymeda by the oldest Phliasians, and Hebe by the younger ones - this goddess is held in high honor by the Phliasians, but in the highest honor because those who implore her for protection obtain impunity, whatever their crime may be. Prisoners released from bonds hang the fetters on the trees of the grove as a sacrificial gift."

Herodotus offers a still far older, more venerable testimony. He relates that the Lacedaemonians, misled by an oracle, had invaded Tegea and, full of confidence of victory, had immediately taken the chains with them to bind the Tegeates to be ensnared. But things turned out differently than the Lacedaemonians expected. They were defeated and the surviving captured Lacedaemonians were now beaten by the Tegeates into the shackles they had brought with them.

"These very shackles" - Herodotus reports - "were still well preserved in my time in Tegea, where they hung all around the temple of Athena Alea".

Still Pausanias reports that he saw these fetters, "as far as the rust did not consume them", at the temple of Athena.

As already thought, according to the legend, the first Leonhard's image at Aigen had been a black wooden block, which had floated in the

whirlpool of the Inn and had been pulled ashore by a fisherman. That sounds really Wuotanistic! Equally wuotanistic, however, is the peculiarity of the blocks, which may be carried away and hidden wherever and however, but always return to the church.

Whirlpools and rapids were considered to be the dwellings of the highest gods, and even today popular belief fills the Danube cataracts with mermaids and water sprites, and it is especially the Danube whirlpool that tolerates nothing unholy. Only virgins or women were allowed to sail it, fallen girls had to leave the ship; that was *Fergensatzung* on the Danube. But it is also known of many highly venerated images of saints that they did not want to leave their favorite place on a tree or rock and always returned there, no matter how often they were taken to a neighboring church. Often they did not even tolerate that one builds a chapel or even only a shelter over them; they wanted to stand in free Godly nature, blown around by resin-scented forest coolness.⁴

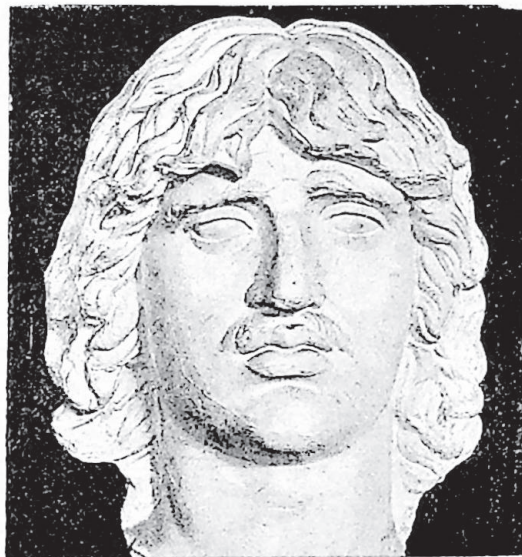
Yes, that is really Wuotanistic-Germanic! Tacitus says in his "Germania", I., 9.: "Incidentally, it does not correspond to the Germanic view of the majesty of the celestials to imprison them between walls or to make images of them with human features. Forests and groves are their temples, and under the names of their gods they invoke that inscrutable power which reveals itself to them only in worship."

That St. Leonhard must have become known to our ancestors at the time of the Christianization of the Germanic tribes, or very soon thereafter, is proven by these strange memories of pagan sacrificial service in the cult of this saint.

If it is now found that St. Leonhard took the place of a Germanic deity, that therefore the old Leonhard churches rose from the sanctuaries of just this deity, then only the question remains, to which of the old gods this former "pagan church" was dedicated.

Here, too, the conscientious Tacitus guides us in his "Germania", II,

(4) For example, the "great saint" (St. Zeno) at Mauer near Melk does not tolerate a protective roof; as often as one was built over the statue, the next night the storm threw it over the pile. Compare with these customs and opinions also what was said on page 53 about the animated healing stones.



Illus. 74: Ancient portrait bust of a Germanic man (Arminius?) in the British Museum. (From the cliché collection of Dr. Lanz von Liebenfels.)

39: "Another kind of reverence is shown to this (by the ancestors' sacrifice and awe-inspiring age sacred) grove. No one enters it other than bound, as a sign of submission to the deities' omnipotence. If someone falls to the ground, he must neither get up nor allow himself to get up; on the ground he must roll out. All these customs are based on the assumption that here is the cradle of the people, here is the all-controlling God, to whom everything else is dependent and submissive.

Thus, the fetters were a main symbol of the worship of the highest god, whereby every other god figure seems to be excluded from the beginning, if it is necessary to answer the question, to which of the Aesir those healing places were consecrated, above which the St. Leonhard churches rise today.

But not enough of that; also the iron arm ring of the Hagestalden points to Wuotan. As the Hechs were the earthly counterpart of the Valkyries, so the Hagestalde was the mirror image of the heavenly Einheriar, Wuotan's closest drinking companions in Valhalla's mead hall. The horse, like the holy well connected with it, all, all other protectorates of St. Leonhard point back from the house father of Walhall, to the god-king Wuotan "to the all-ruling god, to whom everything else is dependent and subject".

But also the Ur-Germanic ordeal (proving of innocence by a trying experience, from Old English *ordal*) has been preserved by the lifting and throwing of Leonhard's nails; because throwing and jumping was an ordeal: after all, throwing and jumping decided on the bridehood of Brunhild.

Thus we may recognize in each of the old St. Leonard's churches a former Odinic holy place. We may approach those doubly sacred forest churches with reverence, for they are venerable witnesses of those misty times in which Hari-Wuotan's mysterious slogan "Eternal cycle, eternal rebirth!" still murmured through the leafy clouds of his highly sacred Hainhalgadam.

CHAPTER TWENTY ONE

On the Iron Road¹

Few of the many who daily roll along the iron road to the south² should be aware that one and a half millennia ago the same iron road was also rode, but in a different sense by our forefathers for the journey to Rome through its iron belt. At that time, the armies of the nations did not roll along on iron rails; they carried the iron in their fists and called it a sword.

Today, travel is different.

With the modern travel devices, which facilitate travel so much, even devalue it, so that one begins to regard the raced-through area, the countryside, only as a splendid illustrated picture, which one leafs through like a pretty magazine, in order to then push it aside unread - with these modern travel devices the journey, for its own sake, has lost an infinite amount of attraction and value.

Countries have moved closer together, roads have become shorter. The sights of the tourists are carefully spread out on the broadly trodden path; indeed, the traveler no more notices the finer shades, the inconspicuous gradations and transitions from the peculiarity of one people to the special development of another; he now simply overlooks

(1) First published: Leipzig, Daheim, April 28, 1880; Vienna, Deutsche Zeitung, March 18, 1885, and elsewhere.

(2) This refers to the southern railway line from Vienna to Italy.

the once significant resting points of the journey, and unheeded they flit past the carriage window, a different one every quarter of an hour.

In the times of the Posthorn, it was different, and at that time there were still those who, like Johann Gottfried Seume, walked from Grimma to Syracuse by *pedes apostolorum*. One of the most interesting phenomena, however, lost to the steam-winged traveler, are the national and linguistic borders which rarely or never coincide with the political borders of the country. These striking phenomena, however, forced the traveler of the old school - if he had otherwise-normally constructed thinking tools, which were not granted to everyone at that time - necessarily to ask a question, the answer to which shall be attempted here.

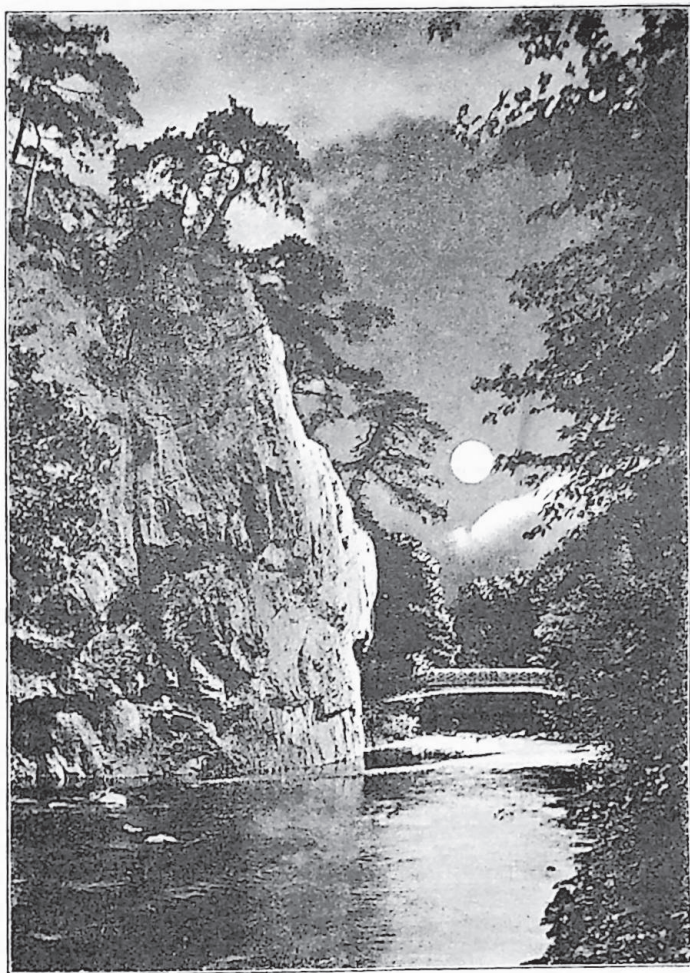
The living language, regardless of its sound, is an eternally flowing stream, splitting into countless arms of dialects, which are only with difficulty preserved by the dam of the written language in a halfway similar sound. There it rushes over cliffs, there it glides calmly and clearly through blooming meadows, here the floods are transparent like reflecting crystal, at another place again turbidly interspersed with foreign components, waiting for clarification; there the linguistic stream runs even two-colored in one bed, although the demarcation is not a sharp one, because the searching eye recognizes small eddies and frictions at the colorful border, which seem to mix both shades.

So also at the border of the German and Italian tongues.

This, once far down in the south, where Dietrich, the legendary Bernese, was its valiant border guard, is today moving ever more threateningly to the north, and it almost seems as if the Brenner were destined to be the landmark of the language border in the future: favored by un-German Roman priests and un-German unpatriotic authorities, who fanatically encourage the ever more widespread adulteration of the beautiful Etschland.

One example for many:

During the construction of the Brenner Railway, the name of the station in Bolzano was painted in Italian on the fronts and gables of the station building, and despite all the objections, despite the indignation of



Illus. 75 The Urtelstein (Urdastein) in the Helenental near Baden. See p. 328.

the purely German population of Bolzano, it was deemed good not to pay attention to them.

Then, one fine day, the sun shone golden and clear over the laughter-friendly Bolzano, the dolomite jaggedness of the Schlern shone in the rosy inks and King Laurin's rose garden blossomed in the fieriest ether scent. Did we hear right? Was this not the roll of drums? - And there that crowd of men with flying flags coming out of the city - are the Bersaglieri in the procession? - Down here in the valley, out of the red of the iron, shall blood roses spring from the sand and redden it, as up there the cliff reddens in the reflection of King Laurin's roses! -

But no! - They are already close enough to judge that they are weaponless, and yet - what's with the getup? They carry ladders and on a festively decorated litter, painters ride and in the middle of it a giant pot full of black paint. Now the station building is reached. The ladders are put on, in full chords resounds: "Was ist das deutschen Vaterland?" and while the song fades away, also on all sides the name "BOLZANO" has disappeared and in fresh color shines in the same place the good German: "BOZEN" - and still today, after more than twenty years the German city name can be read there.

With her kindest radiance, the giver of all light transfigured this boyishly manly action of the gymnasts of Bolzano, for it was these splendid boys who dared to make up with courageous action for the wrong done to the German Bozen.

After a strong roll of drums, hurrahs and heilos, fresh, cheerful songs resounded once again, the gymnastic squads arranged themselves, again the banners flew, again the bearers of the ladders and the color pots followed them, and the procession duly moved back to the German Bozen.

This is what the German gymnasts of the Bozen did! -

Further down south, one hears strangely constructed words, e.g.: il Vagerle, il Tragerle, instead of der Wagen, der Träger, and the like; these are the easily explainable "frictions and eddies" that form at the language border. -

And this is only the beginning! For now the lost posts of the Germanic troops on the army road to the Germanic grave we call Italia chase each other as one flies by. Now the railroad train roars through a rugged and thorny rocky cleft and it sounds almost legendary that the old German name "Bernerklause" is still loosely attached to it, although it can also be called "Clusa di Verona" - Veroneser Klause.

Now the train stops in front of the good old Bern, the former stronghold of the strong-armed Ostrogoth Theodoric, of the famous Dietrich of Bern. The mythical figures of warriors dawn before our inner eye, but these wonderful images are dispelled like an evil incantation by the conductor's call, who yells into the open door of the carriage: "Verona! Porta vescova!"

But how differently this happened on an earlier trip, according to the ways of traveling scholars! At that time, the railroad was left on the right or on the left, as the case may be, and the road was happily traveled on foot or on horseback, depending on one's mood and needs.

I had already thought that my beloved German was behind my heels, when in the middle of this spoiled country German sounds unexpectedly struck my ears again, spoken in German villages, surrounded by the foreign idiom - like a forgotten island in the ocean. - It sounded full and rough, this German, to some it might hardly appear as such, who were used to respect only our school German for real German, but these full vowels sounded strange, as if they came from a distant century.

How pleasantly surprising it was to come across larger areas deep down in the Etsch Valley, as well as in its eastern side valleys, where the German tongue still sounds and where German place names, even if already partially withered, easily betray the German word core. And this latter even in today already completely italicized communities, far southward of the today assumed border of the German language. These are really and truly forgotten outposts of Germanism along the highway of peoples to Rome, to the spacious Germanic grave - Italia.

Noteworthy is the distribution of these Germanic language islands "in the middle of the Italian language area at the lower Adige near

"Trident" and "Rovereuth" and the eastern valleys, where they enclose a large area of pure German tongue - the sette comuni - but everywhere isolated, fully justifying the designation "German language islands".

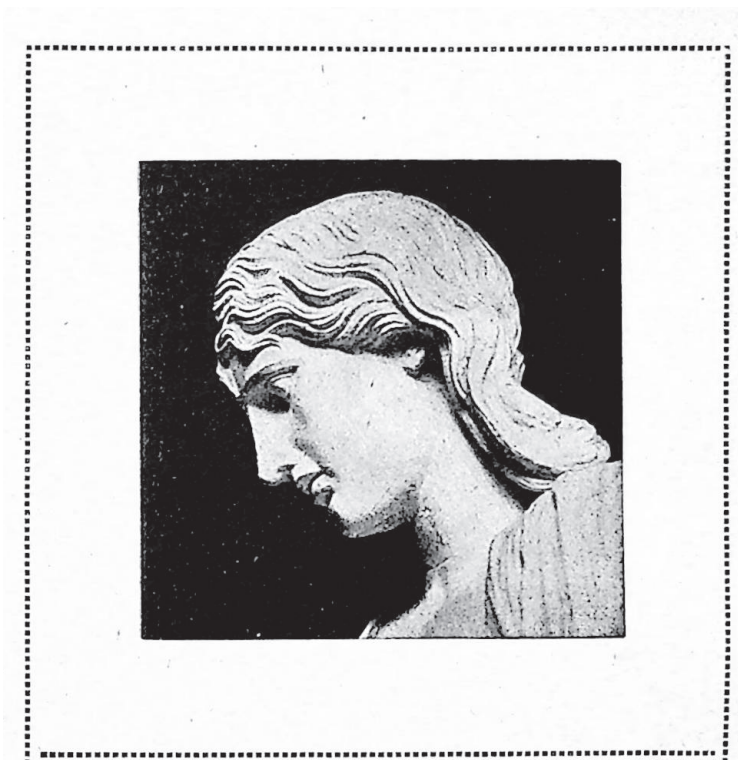
At that time we took the road from Trento eastward, leaving the Adige Valley, through the "Val Fersina" over a rocky pass into the "Val Sugana" flooded by the "Brenta" to "Venice". The wonderfully wild rocky valley, where the road runs over long, mighty stone embankments along the broken rocky cliffs, partly blasted into them, awakens all the magic of the heroic legends with its proud majesty and remote wilderness solitude. So we drove along those paths to Feltre, the old Fritila castle³, and the figures of the Vilcina legend surrounded us like the buzzing of ghosts.

Here, where every stone, every castle rubble offers testimony, here the simple, rough language of the heroic legend has a doubly invigorating effect on the formative thinking power of a poetically feeling mind. From all outlooking points the castle ruins greet down, reminding how these roads trembled in earlier times under the hooves of heavy war horses and how those rock cliffs which today at the most return the post horn sound in the echo call, once thunderously threw around the horn blasts of the men's-territorial army.

Yes, Dietleib the Dane took this road when he was looking for Dietrich the Bernese in Venice. The Vilcina legend tells this train literally as follows:

"The legend goes, how Dietleib on the way to Bern (Verona) learned that Dietrich was riding to Rome to the king Ermanrich, who was his Ohm. However, he wanted to meet Dietrich on the way himself and therefore explored the next way to Venice. But Gotzswin, who knew the way, told him: "This way is shorter, because Dietrich will hardly go straight to Rome, because I was told that he wants to make a detour east to the sea to Venice and stay there for several days before he rides south. And when you come to "Tridentsthal", halfway to "Trident" (Trento) itself, leave the road that leads to Bern and ride eastward through the

(3) See: "The Venusberg near Traismauer", page 233.



*Illus. 76: Ancient marble bust of a Germanic woman.
(Thusnelda?) (Logia dei Lanzi, Florence. From the cliché
collection of Dr. Lanz von Liebenfels.)*

gorge (today the Fersina Valley), which you will see open before you. And if you come now in the east to the sea, then certainly every child will tell you where Heer Dietrich is."

The legend then says of the further journey of the Dane Dietleib: "He then came to a castle, and this was called Fritilaburg (today Feltre)."

And this was Fritilaburg! Here, in the middle of the Italian country, a castle of the fair German Freya! The pen can hardly glide over this name without reminding us again of the noble Tannhauser and telling us what wonders he did with Frau Venusinnen. But these sheets have already reported about this in another place.

And all around, what a splendor of memories!

If one explores the names of those crumbling castles, one will find the name of some of them forgotten by the people, but in the case of some others it will be easy to extract the German core from the Italian-sounding shell. Thus, "Pergine", which proudly dominates a respectable market on the top of the pass, can easily be traced back to the German "Bergen" or "Perghin". Further on we meet the castle "Hohentelfs" or "Torcegno", the ruins of the castle "Telfs" (Telvana)" and after a further hike we reach "Grigno", the old German "Griegn", where from the north the wild Tessino gorge opens, from which the "Grigno" gushes out.

Germans can be found all along the valley, although - unfortunately - the younger generation prefers Italian, and this continues until Feltre, the old "Fritilaburg" of the Bernese. Near "Primolano", in a moderately large cave, there are the ruins of the ancient castle "Kosel", today changed into "Covelo". This was one of those defended caves, like Lueg in Kram, Chalons in southern Styria, like Klamm and Wollersdorf in Lower Austria.

However, according to the map of the famous Tyrolean farmer Peter Anich we can further complement that scanty yield.

Other maps from the Middle Ages, which depict these areas, can be used for comparison; they provide important hints in the direction indicated. Particularly noteworthy are also the maps of the famous naturalist and historian, the Viennese physician Wolfgang Lazius, two of

which are included in this book after the edition of Johann Amos Comenius. (1514-1565.) Peter Anich's map lists no less than fourteen German castle names between Trento and Kofel, starting with Trento: "Sergnan", "Puel", (Bühel, hill), "Formasch", "Grüll", "Mala", "Bergen", "Selva", two castles named "Marter", "Telfs", "Hohentelfs", "Striegn", "Griegn" and "Kofel".

In the valley of the Fersina, even before crossing the Joch height towards Val Sugana, we still find German place names such as "Puel", "Raut", "Erlach", "Rieslach" (Risolengo), "Grüll",

"Lafraun" and "Gareut" (Friassilongo). In Gareut we stopped for a rest day in the "German House" - how pleasant this name sounded on this forgotten - peoples army road! The innkeeper of the "German House", Mr. Dominikus Holzer, is one of those rare innkeepers who knows what interests their guests. He will give a reasonable answer to anyone who asks him questions in the sense of this book and will know how to give important hints according to the direction of research, which should be mentioned here in particular.

Such "fathers of their guests" are unfortunately also becoming rarer and rarer in the age of round trip tickets and find themselves replaced by the foppish befrackten waiters and the hoteliers going like Grand-Seigneurs very meaningless. This only so incidentally. -

Exactly the same appearance can be seen in the valleys that run eastward from Rovereto, the old "Rovereuth", Val Terragnuola and Val Arsa.

In the Adige Valley itself, however, there is still the pure German mountain village of Folgern (Folgaria).

All these places mentioned so far may be considered as the first group of German language islands.

The second, larger one is situated on the left bank of the upper Brenta and are its German speaking communities: "Torcegno", "Vignola", "Roncegno" and "Roveda", which are related to the German speaking villages of the Val Sugana.

The largest of all, the "sette comuni", with 30,000 souls, is made up

of thirteen villages and is located between Val Sugana and Val Arsa.

So how do these three large German language islands explain themselves?

They consider themselves "Cimbri", call their language therefore also the "Cimbrian language" and derive themselves from the remains of the Cimbri invasion blasted by Marius, in 13 before Christ. The map of Lazius becomes more significant for the present study because it contains the following inscriptions near the "sette comuni": "Aquea sextiae ad quas Marius Cos. Cymbros Tentones vicit." Schmeller, the famous Bavarian researcher, however, considers them to be Alemanni, who probably settled here after the battle of Tolpiacum. I do not want to profess either opinion, but I do think that they are remnants of the Goths, who gathered here more densely in order to have the Brenner road, which branches out strongly here, always in safe hands, in order not to be cut off from the native people, in order to always be able to rely on fresh influxes from them and to always remain in contact with them. The influence that the migrated peoples still exerted on their homeland is frequently mentioned in history, among others in the Vita Santi Severini, which reports the same thing about Odovakar.

The times of Theodoric (Dietrich of Bern) and Odovakar were the times when the Brenner road was secured by an important military force and this military force kept faithful watch through the times of the migration of peoples, it kept the Roman road open for the Frankish king Charles and later for the Ottonians and Hohenstaufens through German blood and with German swordplay; it remained on its castle guard until today, when it sank to a - forgotten guard post.

The "Cimbri" of the three large Germanic language islands are the remains of old Germanic settlements as passport posts, in order to keep the mouths of the Alpine passes on Italian soil always open to the Germanic mother country in the back, which meaning and purpose they had to fulfill still in the Middle Ages. They are the Germanic remnants of the old Germanic margraviate "Bern" (Verona) and were called "Cenomani", namely: fighting men. (Dietrich of Bern, Hilbedrand,



Abb. 77. Siehe Seite 384. Geschichte und Sage.
(Nach einer Zeichnung von J. Langt.)

Illus. 77. see page 321, History and Legend. (After a drawing by J. Langt.)

Hadubrand, Wolfbrand etc.). That it must not have been a temporary Germanic settlement, which at best had remained there by chance during a military campaign, but a settlement founded on a permanent existence, is proven by the place-naming of their administration and school places, whereby a systematically initiated and firmly founded land seizure is attested, which even a thousand-year neglect on the part of their German mother country was not able to destroy. The place of administration of the "seven communities" was "Asiago" - a purely German, not Italian name! - which as: "asi" = champion, support, carrier (Äsen) and "ago" = move, act, clearly points to the "acting champion", who had their seat there. - In the "thirteen communes" we find "velo", "saline" and "salva di progno". Velo resolves in "vel" = "uel" = "ul" or "ol" = spirit, knowledge, and "lo" = place, thus: place of knowledge, namely the place where knowledge was cultivated, where the school (sa-ule = seat of the spirit, knowledge) existed. - "Saline": "sal" = salvation; "ine" = ini = men; thus: salvation or ar-men. - "Selva" (di Progno): "sei" = sal = salvation, and "va" = fa = begetting; thus, "salvation". And in San Bartholomeo tedesco is likewise still the name "Bartel" (bar = life; tel = part, earth) = earthly life, thus the administration of civil affairs, hidden meaning. - As epithet of Wuotan, however, Bartel esoterically hides the "begetting from the Urfyr", thus "the highest governing God."

But the most significant is the folk name "Cimbri", which the inhabitants of this linguistic island attached to themselves and which caused so many headaches to the "scholars". They overlooked that it is not a real people's name at all and is not connected with any of the Germanic people's names in linguistic history, but originated independently and simply means "germ formation" ("kim" = germ (keim), and "bern" = to give birth (gebären), to come into being), thus designating them as the germ bearers of a (Germanic) people transplanted there, whose destiny it was to grow stronger to become the powerful border people of the German empire, to shield, protect and defend it.

The fact that all this and they themselves could be forgotten does not give the truest and noblest of German power and German honor the

highest glory.-----

Three rivers showed the Germans the ways to world domination; the "free German Rhine" across the ocean, the "blue Danube" - the well-known "Nibelungenstrasse" to the east and the German Etsch provided the merry armies a journey to the sunny south, to Rome and further to Carthage and to the Canary Islands, where the people of the Wantschen were found as remains of the Vandals, like the inhabitants of the "sette comuni" as remains of the Goths and Quades.

Hierarchy and bureaucracy have fanatically promoted and almost achieved Italianization even here in the small mountainous country between the Brenta and the Astico. And the German idiom of the old Germanic "Wegwarten", forgotten by the German people, has been abandoned to drift away. Nevertheless, at this point a small literary monument may be erected to those tribal brothers on the Brenta's borders, from the days of the extinction of the German lute in the spacious Germanic grave - Italy. -

That literary monument, however, is the obituary of the nineteen-year-old daughter of the mayor of Asiago or in Cimbrian - "Siege", the main town of the "sette comuni", who died on July 13, 1890.

This obituary now, printed in large folio format with hand-width black margins, is written in "Cimbrian" but with Italian translation. The original text is as follows:

"Hennesle, Libe Tochter von Kav. Jäkel vun Rigen un Ludet von Müllarn, nochent geentet neuzen Jahr in Morgant vun dreizenen Hobiot tausend achthundert und neünzk stirbe. Vorborgenes schmechtegez Genzele, Plümle vor minsche gebracht in vrömeda Hearda in beelz Vater und Mutter ligen iar Ehlar — iar Trost — iar Gadingen vluterte in Hümmele sin oanegez un selegez Lant. O guta — o linne o dorpamega Tochter boatan dizzan armez Fant af din Grab lödege ableget din Vater-Ksell.

Siege in 14. Hobiot 1890.

J. Dr. v. Bischovarn

In literal translation into our High German, this touching obituary reads:

"Hannchen, dear daughter of the cavalier Jakob von Riegen and Lucie von Müllarn, died in her unfinished 19th year in the morning of the 13th of July, 1890. Hidden, fragrant Priemelchen, Blümlein, for a short time brought to foreign soil, in which father and mother put their honor, their comfort and their hope, she flew to heaven, her only, blessed fatherland. O good, O beautiful, O merciful daughter, weeping and sorrowful we lay this poor pledge on thy grave - your father's friend (Gesell) J. Dr. v. Bischovarn. - Siege, July 14, 1890."

That these islands of Germanism on the southern Adige River date back to the days of the Migration of Nations, or rather to the days of Rome's decline, is undoubted. The powerful Longobard Empire and the "mighty Bavaria" held not only Upper Italy, but also Aquileia and Friuli in safe guard. And therefore it was not easy for the Frankish king to establish his marks also in Upper Italy and Friuli, that is, to stamp already existing things as Frankish institutions, because he did not establish those marks, he only found them.

Already the migratory peoples of the Germans built along the Roman roads to Italy fixed places with weapons factories, horse breeding and other precautions for permanent possession of the Roman roads. Thus, the German "Gottschée" in Carniola is just such a remnant of a Gothic "Wegwarte", as the name still says today. And other similar "Wegwarten" can be found along the Roman roads.

These ancient German protections of the "people's roads", into which the old Roman roads had now been transformed, the Germans held firmly in their strong hand and did not allow themselves to be wrested from them, even when the imperial sword had fallen from the powerless Carolingians. Under the Ottonians it became significant again, since under them a new period in German Roman travel began. Today, when the time of the erroneously conceived and erroneously named migration of nations has found its correct interpretation, no one would seriously



Illus. 78. see page 464. the "Pagan's Gate" on the ruined field of Carnuntum. (Hand drawing from the author's

want to place the birth of those German-speaking communities in this period.

Of the four Roman roads that led across the Alps, only three had strategic importance for the German migratory peoples as well as for Germany itself, both pre- and post-Carolingian.

The first one went from Vianiomina (Vienna) and Juvavia (Salzburg), via Virnum (Klagenfurt), crossing the Praedil and the Karst, to Aquileia.

The second ran from Augsburg over the Brenner Pass through the Adige Valley.

The third, finally, went from Chur over the Splügen to Lake Tomo⁴.

The German kings, of course, were very keen to know that these three roads were always in strict guard, and already the Vilcina legend tells of the battles over passes and bridges, which all revolve around these roads, namely around the Brenner road. The concern for the protection of these three roads to Italy, namely where they lead out of the Alpine countries on the Italian side, was, as already mentioned, a fully justified one for Germany, in order to always have an open way to Italy, to always have its back covered on military campaigns, and otherwise to be protected itself from renewed Roman invasions.

The road over the Splügen was easily defended; it had no ramifications on Italian soil and was adequately protected by the military centers of Pavia, Milan and Como, which rested in the safety of the Longobards. Not so the other two.

Therefore we see Bern already in the 5th century in the strong hand of Theodoric and we see in all the peoples' campaigns the most stubborn fight for Aquileia, therefore we saw the German Riark "Gotschee" arise, like the "Wegwarten" at the lower Eis in Bern's back, behind the Bernerklausen.

Therefore we see under the Franconian Charles maintained the border marks against the Avars and Slavs, and also those against Italy were

(4) The fourth road went over the Great St. Bernard from Gaul to Aosta and Milan.

held under the Ottonians with a strong hand. Among them, first of all, Friuli and the Patriarchate of Aquileia, which were granted by old natural necessity, not as a new institution, only to powerful German princes, for the protection of the road over the Karst. In Austria, too, the centuries-old traditions had not been forgotten; after all, as part of the once mighty Bavarian Empire, which Charles the Saxon butcher crushed, it had been in ancient joint possession of the two most important Roman roads over the Brenner as well as over the Karst. When Austria gained its position of power, the Babenbergs were immediately anxious to secure for themselves these same roads to Italy. Therefore, already at an early stage we see Portenau (today Pordenone) as the Babenbergs' own.

And this is neither a mere coincidence nor even less a capricious acquisition of ownership of the Babenbergs, but well-calculated and well-justified high politics! - Just compare one of the enclosed maps of Doctor Wolfgang Lazzius, which bears the inscription: "Rhetia alpestris descriptio in qua hodie Tirolis Comitatus", and look closely at the bottom right of the drawing, which reads: "AQUAE SEXTIAE, ad quas Marius Cos. Cymbros & Teutones vincet."

This is more than a huge rectification of the so-called historical geography! - Until now, this Aquae Sextiae was assumed to be in Gallia Narbonnensis, today's Aix in Provence, and historical science claims: "When the Cimbrians and Teutons threatened Italy, Marius Gajus, as the most proven commander 104-100 (before Chr.), was repeatedly given the consulship. He justified the trust and destroyed the Teutons and Ambrons in 102 at Aquä Sextiä, now Aix in Provence, and the Cimbri united with Quintus Lutatius Latulus in August 101 at Vercellä."

But the old Lazzius had already recognized that this army of peoples had gone to Italy on the Roman road via Virnum (Klagenfurt), crossing the Predil and the Karst, and therefore Noreja, Aquae Sextiae and Vercellae must have been located on this route. The fact that such armies of peoples could in no case master distances, as between Rhontal and Potal, in so short time, needs no further reasoning. Aquae Sextiae is therefore to be looked for there, where Dr. Wolfgang Lazzius had marked

it on the map, which does not absolutely exclude the existence of another *Aquae Sextiae* in the Provence, but in any case makes it impossible that that battle was fought at the Rhone. The same buck-legged error is at play here as we have corrected above in the case of the Fritila castle. One must never leave out of consideration with such historical-geographical determinations the historical course of the roads which simply could not be avoided.

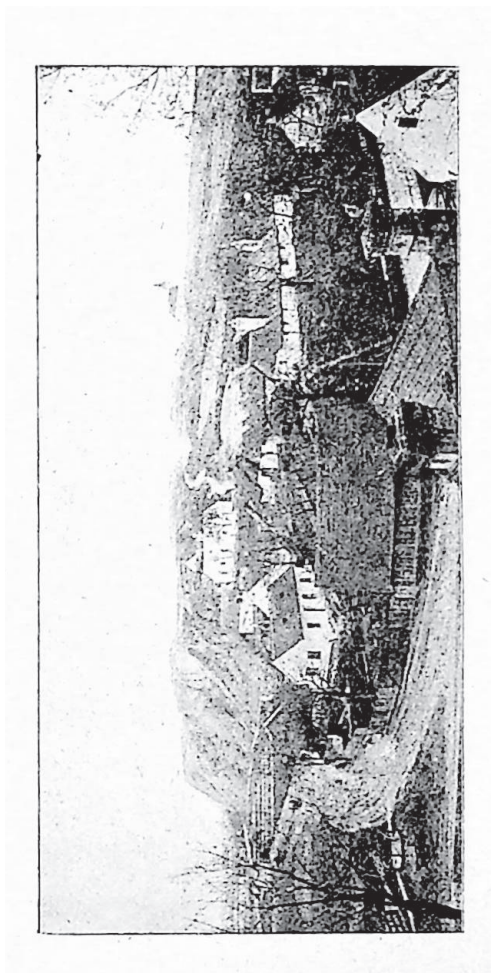
And just this road over the Predil and the Karst, which is here again ensured by the Istvaonic train of the Cimbri and Teutons, the Babenbergs had wisely preserved and feasted for their Ostarland for all future. -

The most difficult defense was undoubtedly the Brenner road, built by Caesar Drusus and elevated to a military road by Caesar Claudius, because of the many fortifications on Italian soil. Therefore, we also see there already in the earliest days the German marks (border castles) Bern and Vicenta erected.

This road, which was probably the most important, united all the German side roads at Bozen with the Brenner road and from there it went in a line to Trento, from where the first, eastern branch branched off through the Fersina and Sugana valleys. From this branch, one branch branched off again to the south at Primolano via Bassano into the Lombard lowlands, while the first branch led to Aquileia via the old Fritilei castle (Feltre) to send another branch to Treviso and Venice.

Below Trento, the main road branched out again at Rovereuth (Rovereto), from where the second eastern branch branched off through the Arsa Valley towards Vicenta and Padua. From Rovereuth, however, the road ran undivided and strongly preserved through the bottlenecks at Saravalla and the Berner Klause straight to Bern (Verona) and further.

These numerous, threatening ramifications for the fighting nations of the Germans required their most powerful protection at all starting points and junctions, namely by well-fortified cities and castles. That is why we find all these margravates since the beginning of the migration of peoples only in the possession of German army kings famous for their legends and songs and in the later period of the German Middle Ages again only



Illus. 79. See page 51. The gigantic old Germanic Walburg Stillfried in Lower Austria. (Photograph and reproduction of the k. k. graphische Lehr- und Versuchsanstalt in Vienna).

granted as Marks to powerful German (never Italian) princely families.

According to Ario-Germanic, far pre-medieval German customs, therefore, also in the Mark of Bern (Verona), which is of particular interest to us here, the castle manor was lent to noble families, who for the most part were able to trace their ancestral lines back to the Migration Period, and now, as a natural consequence, gathered free German servants around themselves again.

This is how the numerous German castles came into being, of which the Sugana Valley alone has fourteen; this is how the language islands that still exist today came into being along the branches of the old Brenner road, the most important of which, the "sette comuni", lies between the two eastern arms of the road, shielding both branches of the road with its power in the German shield office. How powerful, however, this one "Wegwarte" was, is proven by the fact that it alone was able to put 15,000 belligerent Germans into the field.

Up at the Brenner, however, was the German armory, also called Gothensaß (Gotensitz, today Gossensaß), where Wieland the blacksmith, whom his father Wate had carried to the dwarves to learn the art of sword forging, sat as master. There he forged Urda's bolt with magic spells, which prevented the Roman from ever again carrying a sword into Germany's territories.

Thus those roads, which were built to the ruin of the Germans, were appointed as their shield and protection, and those lonely German language islands, swayed by the Italian idiom, those forgotten outposts of Germanicism still stand before the border of the German tongue, for a millennium and a half hardly known any more by their tribal people, as - abandoned posts!

CHAPTER TWENTY ONE

Carnuntum¹

Carnuntum! What magic-suggestive power lies in the magic word Carnuntum! Of course, there are not too many people who have become aware of the power of this magic word, because Carnuntum has only become known to a few people, and only a few of these few have already walked on the holy ground, in which Carnuntum sank more than one and a half millennia ago, like the Vineta of legend, and the fewest of these few are able to hear what the stones murmur there, what the mermaids of the old Amelungen River proclaim there in their eternal songs of the water, from long ago forgotten times of the old warriors.

Yes, Carnuntum?

Well, Baiae, Carthage, Babylon, Memphis, Heliopolis, Palmyra, Pompeii - they are known, at least from hearsay, but Carnuntum? Carnuntum is only in Austria and that says enough!

But one of those fortunate ones who had heard and understood the murmur of the stones, the song of the river, had sung a song, and this song aroused vibrations of like-tuned strings in my child soul, sensations which never ceased, which still today dominate all my feeling, thinking, and striving, which were perhaps the basic cause that I walked lonely paths through my life, off the broad road of the rest of mankind.

(1) First published 1881, Vienna.

But that song sounded like this:

Who asks, why I love what some fool dislikes?

Who asks, why am I sullen when many were merry?"

Who asks, why does an abandoned royal building stand here,

When there in narrow alleys the mad people turn?

That was on June 23, 1875. In the back dining room of the old inn "zur Linde" in Rotenturmstraße in Vienna, several friends met that day - as they did every day - at their regulars' table to take their midday meal together and to make the free noon hour pleasant through stimulating conversation.

The young summer, barely two days old, did its best to make its rule tangible, to make it seem as blissful as possible to the dear humanity outside in the green, but as uncomfortable as conceivable inside the "dining room of the linden tree". But this was not too difficult to do in the cheerful young summer of the one thousand eight hundred and seventy-fifth year of our era, because the "dining room" of the "Linde" was a dull hole in the wall, in which even in the brightest midday sunshine the venerable butterfly gas flames mockingly flickered questions to themselves, whether such a people deserves the most beautiful of the suns, when they crawl away from it into such a miserable troglodyte crypt.

Those at the table, however, noticed nothing of such discourse between the three butterfly flames or pretended to notice nothing of it and were, as befits wise disciples of the laughing Democritus, cheerful and in good spirits.

There was only one among the five who was more silent today than was usual for him and who looked steadily into the flickering butterfly flame above the table as if he wanted to fathom its essence, all the way up the ladder, from the primeval fire to the last world fire.

"Sweetest of all philosophers," his friend Oberlinger called over to the

silent one with a cheerful wink; "since when have you been a fire worshipper?"

The thus called one woke up as if from a dream, rubbed his forehead and kept silent, but he smiled quite peculiarly like one who does not want to say what he would like to say.

But long brooding is not the business of a cheerful round table, and the conversation took a different turn, in which the wish formed the leitmotif, instead of sitting here under the "adorable eternal fire", it would be better to sit outside somewhere, where the sun would give its most golden green light through beech leaves and blue flowers would sprout between crumbling wall debris.

A fivefold sigh confirmed that this was the longing of all, and at the same time five clocks flew out of the vest pockets, for sighing everyone had remembered his duty and at the same time realized that the beautiful free hour had expired.

Friend Eberius, however, said with a comfortable grin that he had taken the day off to while away the afternoon.

This irritated the others, and a few minutes later three servants rushed to three different offices with very differently stylized apology cards to report that the most important events prevented the sender from working today.

So what to do now? was the general question.

"Aren't we five!" cried Eberius joyfully, adding, "At once we'll go to our boathouse and take a boat ride!"

"That would be delightful," said Oberlinger, "but I and friend Saruba don't know our way around an oar pole like you three others."

"That doesn't mean anything!" retorted Trebbin. "It's a deal! You'll ride with us. Clothes for two such splendors as you are can also be found in our bunks. So forward!"

Soon a hackney carriage with our five chased into the boathouse of the "Donau-ort" rowing club, which was then still at the Kaisermühlen, and in a short time all five friends were in dress.

"But now where to?"

"With two freshmen on board, of course, you can't go to Klosterneuburg, that is, to the fisherman over at the Säulenhafen?"

"Why not! To the fisherman!" cried Trebbin, laughing; "just get on board, the rest will show how it's done." And at this he exchanged eloquent glances with the one whom earlier friend Oberlinger had called a "fire-worshipper." The latter smiled, nodded and remained silent, for he too, like friend Eberius, had even yesterday told the office he would be off duty for today.

The "Siegfried" was made ready for the journey, in which a huge battery of wine bottles and giant packages with cold snacks, canned food and other needs were stowed, as well as blankets.

The three club members, the fire worshipper, Trebbin and Eberius, took care of the loading of the Sieg with a zeal and mutual secret waving, which indicated that a secret plan was being carried out, which should only become clear to the two "newcomers" when they were possibly already at their destination.

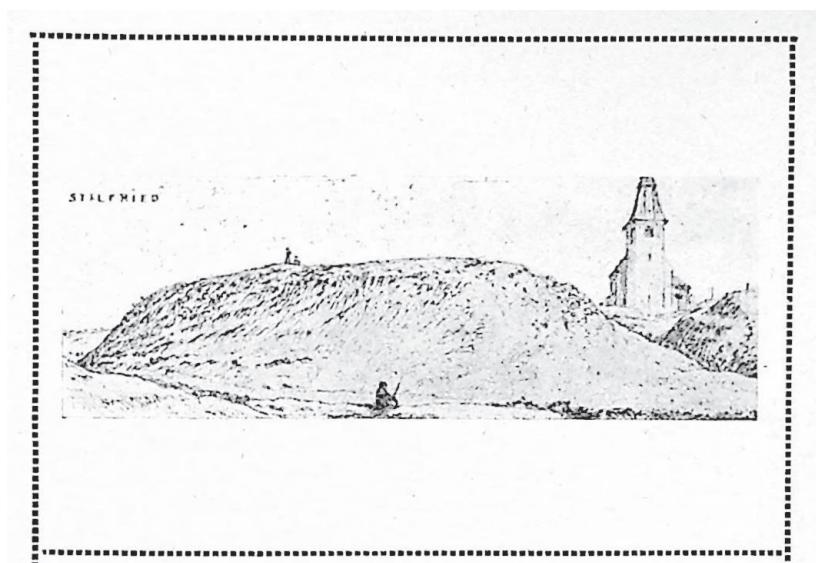
The latter - unfamiliar with club life in the "Donauhof" - did not suspect any skulduggery aimed at kidnapping, but only thought they saw preparations for a picnic in some Danube spot and looked forward to departure.

"All hands on board!" now shouted Eberius, taking a seat on the wheel well and pulling the two steering lines under his armpits. The fire-worshipper took the bow oar, Trebbin the stroke oar, but today this was the second oar instead of the fourth, since the two guests - ignorant of rowing - were not given oars.

Oberlinger and Suraba took their places on the bower from which the stroke oar is usually guided. The bow line was hauled in and the Sieg pushed off from the shore.

It was a delightfully beautiful trip! -

First the wonderfully beautiful floodplains with their numerous narrow watercourses between the ancient floodplain forest trees, which towered over the young willows approached, shifted like forest backdrops and opened and closed vistas, which made the island wealth of the



Illus. 80. See page 52. A part of the large firewall of Stillfried in Lower Austria. (After a drawing by Ignaz Spöttl.)

Danube more foreboding than recognizable, of which even the Danube traveler is hardly able to form an idea, let alone the Viennese, who never finds or even seeks the opportunity to discover the individual secrets of this Danube wildlife park. Soon the Sieg glided through narrow waterways between high alluvial forest trees, whose crowns interlocked and were so overgrown by a sheer impenetrable thicket of wild hops and forest vines that no ray of sunlight was able to glide down onto the dark waters, over which the eternal twilight of the primeval forest broods. Oberlinger and Saruba silently marveled at the unprecedented, unexpected, almost tropical image of a primeval forest splendor, of whose real existence so close to Vienna they could hardly believe the conviction of their own eyes. The Stadelau railroad bridge had long been at their backs, and still the two did not realize that they had been brashly abducted.

The enormous gate tower of Kaiser-Ebersdorf with its fish, which had become a landmark, had long since come out of sight when Oberlinger thought that it was time to return, for this would probably be arduous and time-consuming.

"Heilo, Narro!" the fire-worshipper shouted, laughing exuberantly and his fellow students joined in laughing, so that Oberlinger and Saruba stared wordlessly at the laughers with a gesture of astonishment, since they could not fathom what this meant.

Since it is now common knowledge that the gesture of astonishment is never accompanied by a particularly witty facial expression, it need not be said that the facial expression of the two abductees was by no means a witty one.

But when Oberlinger asked the question that was supposed to give him certainty about the destination of the voyage, and was assured that the "Siegfried" would steer its course to where the "Black Sea" was blackest, the two abductees laughed and took out another bottle to console themselves against the terrible agony of doubt "concerning" the veiled destination of the "Amelungen voyage".

At last the Sieg glided along the right bank of the Wagrein, and the

fire-worshipper called out to his friends from the bow-strap: "Do you see the remains of the wall protruding from the ground there? They are partly jutting out a long way and ready to fall."

"What is that?" asked Oberlinger and Saruba, as if in one voice.

"Carnuntum!" meaningfully spoke the fire-worshipper.

"Carnuntum?!" cried the two in amazement, almost exultation.

"Surely we're not passing that way? Let's land!"

"That's our destination for today," replied the fire-worshipper excitedly. "I suppose you have no idea what day it is?"

"Speak, O darling of the three eternal gas flames by the 'linden tree,' speak O fire worshipper, speak it out, what day we celebrate today! Is it your name day?!"

"Patience!" was the fire worshipper's short answer.

The landing stage of the steamships at Deutsch-Altenburg was reached, the "Siegfried" was handed over to the agent for transportation home to Vienna, and then the way was started to the "Heidentor", the only visible landmark of Carnuntum at that time.

Leaving unnoticed the mighty "Hutberg" near Deutsch-Altenburg, the significance of which had not yet come to the attention of the writer of these lines on that day, the five fighters, heavily packed with their wine bottles and drinking supplies like the blankets, strode bravely along the Reichsstraße to reach the destination of their hike, the "Heidentor", before nightfall.

The small caravan was in that solemn mood that comes over pilgrims when they first see the towers of the sanctuary from afar. The joking was all over with, and every teasing word vanished as the more recognizable the ruins of the Roman city became, which the vernacular calls the "pagan gate" stood out more and more from its background, the more serious and expectant the mood became. What meaning, however, to attach to that consecrated place of remembrance, the fire worshipper knew quite clearly and definitely, and somewhat Oberlinger, while to the three others only something of a Roman city that existed here, and that in very unclear terms, floated before the senses.

The fire worshipper, however, knew exactly what he wanted here, just as he knew no less clearly why he dressed his intention in this form. Therefore, his longing drove him just today to this holy place and his regret was only the circumstance that the 24th of June fell on a Thursday and not on a Sunday. Yes, then all the boats of the "Donauhört" would have had to go to Carnuntum and perhaps a small section of the tourist club would have been able to make a pilgrimage here. But so - God be lamented! - it had hardly become possible for him to - swindle himself out of his duties! And yet a four-ship had been manned, on a weekday, and by what a wonderful coincidence to boot! Gratefully, he recognized this coincidence as a favorable twist of fate.

With an iron will, however, he concealed what he wanted to say and do only under the pagan gate, and most carefully hid all the prepared items. In fact, none of his companions knew what was packed in the heavy parcels that they helped him to carry to the Heathen Gate in the sweat of their faces. They thought it was wine and other mouthfuls of food, which, however, had not been forgotten.

At last the pagan gate was reached, but - O horror! - it stood in the middle of a waving cornfield - inaccessible! -

This was more than a bit of bad fate, this was fate's fate! -

But whoever sets out on adventures on water and land in a Donau horde, whoever pays homage to the old motto: "Clear the way!", does not retreat when he stands before the goal.

It was still light enough to find a track and to approach the ruin in single file. Fortunately, it was not overgrown with grain, but stood only between grass and brushwood. The high arch swung sparingly into the twilight and the giant wall block in front of it stood out of the grass and weeds like an old sacrificial stone.

"So! - Here we stay for the night!" shouted the fire-worshipper, cautiously placing his load as far away as possible from the small free space between the arched pillars and the wall block.

His companions thought they did not understand, but they kept silent and put their loads aside, where the fire-worshipper had put his.



Illus. 81. see page 248. "Frau Saelde." Antique marble bust of a Germanic woman. British Museum. From the cliché collection of Dr. Lanz von Liebenfels).

As it usually happens in similar expeditions, so it was true here. The caravan stood in front of the ruins and no one really knew what he was supposed to do here, and even for a whole long night in the open field.

The fire-worshipper cared little for the obvious disappointment of his fellow travelers, but began to clear the place of grass and herbage with his long, dagger-like bowie knife, and to lay the latter aside to prepare, as he said, the camp.

Since nothing could be brought out of him, the other four helped to complete his work, whereupon the place was soon as far as possible laid bare of plant growth. Now the fire-worshipper opened one of his packages and took from it a small digging stick - a so-called plant pricker - with which he cut out turf bricks just under the arch of the heathen gate, carefully lifted them off and laid them sideways on top of each other, in order to later put them back in the places from which he had lifted them off. Thus he laid the earth bare in a circular area about two meters in diameter and then quickly dug a small pit, forming a small protective wall around this pit with the excavated earth and stone masses.

Shaking their heads, his friends watched him perform this strange act.

-

"You darling of the three eternal gas flames at the 'Linde'!" exclaimed Mr. Oberlinger with comic pathos, "you, mystagogue of the higher fire worship, have you gone and become a treasure digger?"

"Saint Christopher help us!" cried Saruba.

But laughing, the fire-worshipper returned, "Just you wait, you shall be amazed!" Then he continued to work, obviously anxious to finish his work before night fell, to take advantage of the last remnants of twilight.

And really, his friends were amazed. He had peeled firewood in logs from his packages and with these he had piled up a veritable pyre, and laid pitchy shavings, candle remnants and paper, as well as otherwise easily ignitable objects as a base.

"So, that would be the nest for 'Bergar', the fire-red rooster!" cried delightedly the fire-worshipper. "Now let's see how the kitchen and cellar are and how you have arranged the blankets."

Saruba had already spread out the blankets and said that as a maid in the hotel "The Rheumatic Troglodyte" he had done well, for the mown grasses and herbs would make quite excellent beds, only he feared that the stove might smoke a little, since it had not been heated here for a very long time.

"You guessed it" interjected the fire worshipper, adding the question, "How long do you think was the last time a stove was heated here?"

"Darling of all three gas flames and great fire-worshippers," laughed Oberlinger; "that must have been long, long ago, for such fools as we hardly get such grandiose ideas every hundred years to bring themselves firewood in parcels from Vienna to light a fire somewhere in the country, to be smoked, and to look forward to various other comforts."

"You speak like a Philistine," Eberius interjected, "I suppose a night in a Roman ruin is worth a little snort."

"Even being detained by the highly praised gendarmerie and fined for unauthorized fire lighting and for forbidden sleeping in the open," Trebbin remarked, chuckling.

"Well, all that and more!" said the fire-worshipper calmly. "But because no one wants to guess when the last fire blazed here, I will tell you: it was exactly one thousand five hundred years before today!"

"Don't make any bad jokes!" cried Eberius, laughing, and Trebbin laughed brightly and said, "You were certainly there?"

Oberlinger, however, frowned and said thoughtfully, "That might be possible; unfortunately, I don't have the years in my memory for sure."

"Tell us, Mystagogue!" was Saruba's interjection, and in a jocular rumble he rumbled on: "Give yourself air at last, so that we can at least find out why we got here. Maybe then I can forgive myself for debasing myself to a wooden carrier in the opinion that I have protected beautifully helmeted noble wines like little children!"

Then there was a tremendous laughter at Saruba's ironic confession, which, however, gave way to a sudden grave silence, for from the bow it giggled like the laughter of teasing goblins. Such an unexpected sound in a lonely place in the dark of night always has an alienating effect, even on

the most cold-blooded, like a greeting from a world, from a world of which one neither wants to assume that it is, nor that it is not.

Then the fire worshipper lit the fuse. A small flame slipped, guided by it, into the resinous chips, blue and red flames soon flickered out between the logs and it was not long before all the individually rising fire tongues had united into a single flame, which was barely half a man high, but nevertheless, because of its unusual sight, powerfully excited the small group of adventurers.

It was also a very strange picture. The enormous arch, still mighty in its ruins, shining in the bright glow of the fire, stood out massively against the deep dark starry sky and seemed to sway and waver briskly in the flickering of the flame, as if it wanted to stretch and widen, to rejuvenate itself into its old shape, remembering its vanished splendor. On its pillars, as on the wall block, the shadowy outlines of the five fellow travelers flitted back and forth like ghostly shadows, up and down, soon enlarging, soon diminishing, soon reappearing outside in the cornfield when a cloud of smoke slowly drifted through. Around the fire, however, the five friends sat or lay stretched out on their blankets and gazed mutely into the lambent flames into the glowing coals of the smoldering logs, which were crumbling to ashes.

Then Saruba broke the silence. "So, fifteen hundred years, you say?"

"It is probably exactly one and a half millennia to the present day that our ancestors, the Quado-Markomans, today's German-Austrians, destroyed Carnuntum and thus laid the foundation for the unification of the whole of Germany. That was the most powerful solstice fire that had ever blazed, and to commemorate it we have lit this little solstice fire today on the one thousand five hundredth anniversary. Drink, fellow students, Carnunt's Minne!"

The glasses clinked, cries of salvation went up, and hissing, the flame received its libation in several drops of sparkling wine. But again it sounded and hissed, ran and giggled from the vaulted arch and from the cracks in the wall, so that everyone looked around in amazement and looked at each other questioningly.



*Illus. 82. See page 29. The Hausberg of Stronegg in Lower Austria.
(Reproduction of the k. k. graphische Lehr- und Versuchsanstalt in
Vienna.)*

"We're getting guests," Saruba opined, "The Men of Old Carnuntum are waking up to celebrate the anniversary with us! Maybe, maybe not, but either way, I drink them Minne!"

The glasses clinked, shouts of salvation rang out, and again the strange counter-sounds answered from the arches.

"But you say too much," Oberlinger now let himself be heard, in order to break the eerie silence, which the strange sound phenomena had caused. While it was clear to all that it was only the echo of their own talking, laughing, and glass tinkling, it still sounded so strange here in the vast wasteland, where every single stalk of grain had already become an exciter of audible and unusual sounds. "Yes, you say that too much! How should Carnuntum's fall of June 24, 375, relate to the later German Empire?"

"Probably more than you know!" replied the fire-worshipper, and continued, after freshly filling his glass with Donauperle. "The Varus Battle in the Teutoburg Forest resulted in the complete disruption of the Teutons; they were powerless, Arminius -"

"Hermann, my dearest, Hermann will you say, O darling -" Oberlinger interjected, emptying his glass to fill it anew.

"No, dearest! Arminius, not Hermann! Arminius, even with the suffix 'us' is pure German! So: Arminius was killed, Thusnelda and her little son were captured, and Germany was weaker than ever before. Only when the Quad king Gambin was cowardly murdered here before Carnuntum, the fury of the Quadomarkomanni broke the city, Carnuntum, slew its garrison - 30,000 men! - on Solstice night 375, completely destroyed Carnuntum and advanced as far as Aquileia. The Germans had realized the power that lay in unification, and from then on they merged more and more into great unions of nations, which eventually became kingdoms. With the day of Carnuntum the migration of peoples began, and with it that period of world history which we call the Middle Ages; Carnuntum became the 'Porta germanica sacra', all Germanic armies moved from here to Rome, and so also came one hundred years later Odovakar, the first German king of Rome, who had

abolished the throne of Caesar. This and much more took place on this consecrated ground and this ground would tell you many things if you wanted to hear them."

"That's what we want," they all shouted, "but fill the glasses and see if the bags are really already plundered empty," and Saruba added, rumbling, "Our Mystagogue has only provided for his fire god and forgotten that we are no less hungry than he."

"There," laughed Oberlinger, bringing out a large pack of hams and the like, "there, sacrifice to your ancient holy ground and keep the peace! But count the bottles, I almost fear our henchmen are already greatly decimated; more dead than alive! - O, darling of the three gas-flames, only thirteen more Donauperle! -"

"That is enough to cite all the spirits of Carnuntum!" cried Eberius, laughing, while all shared fraternally in Oberlinger's provisions, and one began to feel quite at ease in the "dinning-room of the Hotel zum rheumatischen Troglodyten."

"Ad vocem! Geisterbannen!" Oberlinger shouted, emptying his glass and filling it freshly. "Friend Saruba, after all, said earlier that we were getting guests; he greeted the men of the old Carnuntum with a deep drink Minnesong! I do likewise, and if our fire-worshipper will not or cannot cite them, I do so and call them! Genius loci, to thee be this glass!" Speaking thus, Oberlinger waved his Roman so that several drops bubbled into the half-burned flames and hissingly evaporated therein, while he emptied the glass to the nines.

"Genius loci! Thee we salute, be our guest and announce us -"

This was shouted by all with a loud clink of glasses, but was suddenly silenced, for high up in the arch there was almost the sound of a gunshot, the ground seemed to shake and the arch to waver.

The fire could only be kept alive with care and only small flames flickered out of the hot ashes, so that the boat lantern had to be lit to banish the darkness. Again it had become almost eerily quiet.

"Friends," now began the fire-worshipper, "friends, you commit sacrilege with such citation if you desecrate it for jest! Here the stones

speak, the earth murmurs, and in the grasses it whispers as from tombs! A solemn hour of consecration in a sacred place, consecrated by the blood of our ancestors, we shall spend here, and the genius loci, whom we have called, he will announce wonders to us! Not with our ears shall we hear, not with our eyes shall we see, but within us shall dawn knowledge of whose coming we can scarcely account. The spirits you called, they hover around us, but not according to the rules of rock-philosophy! (ed: realism, realistic philosophy, materialism, atheism). If you are serious, the genius loci is joyfully welcomed!"

Again there was a shot-like crackling in the arch above, and almost frightened, everyone started up, and Saruba cried: "You almost make us afraid, and yet it's nothing other than the rotten masonry that seems to be thinking about whether it should collapse right away or wants to remain standing for several more years."

"Worry not," the fire-worshipper reassured his friend. "The warming by our solstice fire and not ghost haunting makes the arch crack. I know that well; after all, this is not my first bonfire, which I lit in a ruin to - hold discourse with the genius loci."

"And?" asked Oberlinger, ruffling his frizzy black hair.

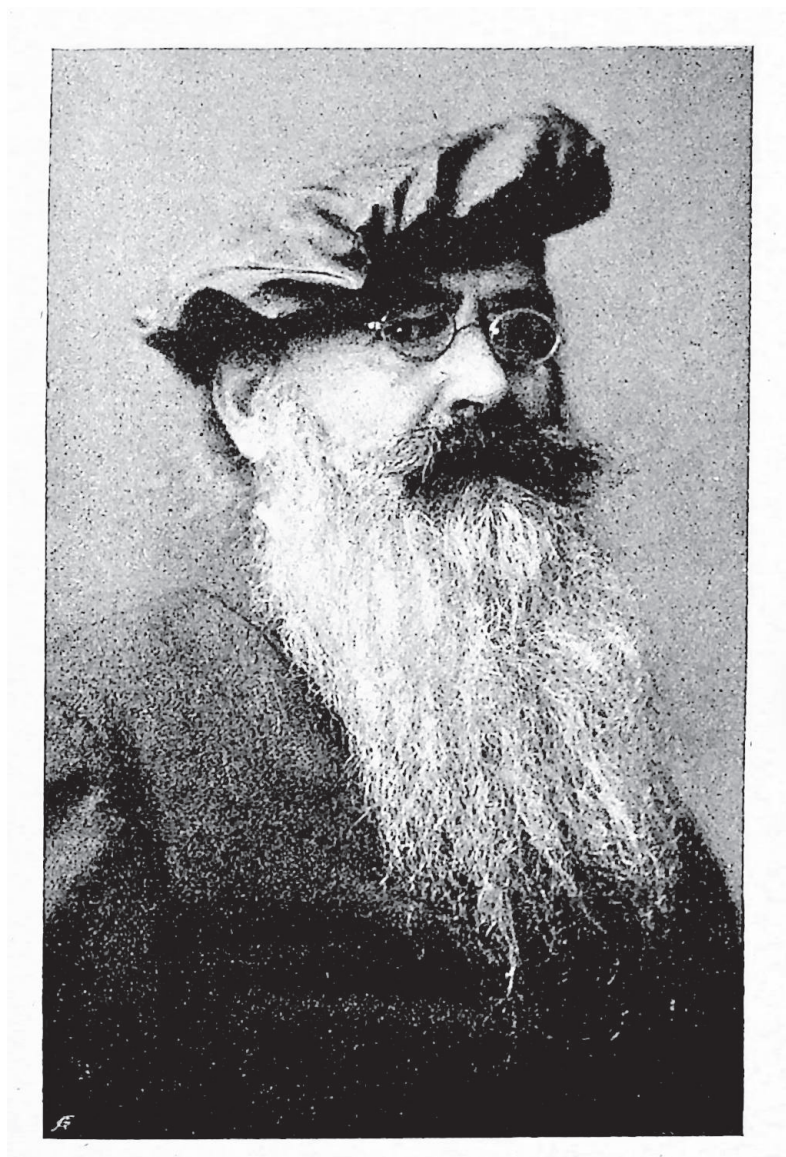
"And - he always comes!" was the fire-worshipper's earnest reply. "And when he comes, I look backward and forward into the distances of time, like a wanderer who climbs a height on his way and gains a view toward the starting point and the goal of his wandering."

"Prost!" laughed Oberlinger, clinking his Roman against that of the fire-worshipper, "Prost! You call that the genius loci, which other sensible people call the imagination."

"Call him so, this - spirit; or as you like, his - actual, individual influence, however, you cannot deny."

"Especially not after the twelfth Donauperle!" laughed Saruba.

"You do not know," returned the fire-worshipper, smiling, "what is going on in me now; the genius loci makes me see a world, and its figures rush around me, demanding concentration from me. The arch above us widens to a hall, houses and palaces stand outside, and long streets stretch



Illus. 83: The author in 1910.

along, enlivened with beings of a distant, distant time!"

"It's the genius Donauperle," Trebbin said with a laugh, and threw a bottle he had just emptied at the wall block so that it shattered, clinking, into a thousand shards.

"Laugh as much as you want and as much as you can!" the fire worshipper replied laughing and added: "But notice one thing: It is dangerous to approach the compressor of such etheric creatures in such hours of consecration, because quickly such an etheric being is driven into one of the approachers, takes possession of his body and the unfortunate one then lives a most restless spiritual life in the germinating poetry. Therefore flee, I have warned you of what's inside me!"

Again they all laughed so heartily that the sound echoed down from the arch and rolled like goblin spook.

Then Oberlinger had uncorked a new bottle, carefully filled the glasses, raised his, and with an ambiguous smile had spoken to the fire-worshipper:

"Do you remember me?"

The others looked expectantly at the fire.

But the latter, with the seriousness of a grand augur, lifted his goblet towards Oberlinger, ready to clink glasses, and shouted emphatically: "Do I know you! You, Caius Publius Petronius, you, the favorite of three deified emperors! Thee I know well!"

"And me, too?" cried Saruba, laughing.

"And when everyone laughed at this joke, the fire-worshipper continued: "I know you too, you are Phanius, the friend of the proconsul, and you Eberius are the Magister armorum, Markus Equitius!

Then Trebbin had bowed his thanks for his Phanius as had Eberius for his Magister armorum, but the fire-worshipper said in earnest: "What you now consider to be jest is profound truth, you have now become to me those as whom I addressed you, and the time will come in which you will find yourselves again. You yourselves, step by step, word by word. You are banished, and you can never escape this spell."

They laughed a lot, but were not able to interpret the meaning of the

fire-worshipper's words, and did not even bother to do so, because the four travelers were shivering from the Bacchus in their heads, and soon they had fallen asleep on their soft pads in the arms of the vine-wreathed genius-bibere.

The fire worshipper, however, threw his planter into the pit in which the solstice fire had burned out, laid eight of the emptied wine bottles in the shape of a fyrfos on the ashes and the remains of the coals, and covered the turf squares over them again. Then he sat down against the wall block to await the dawning of the morning and to converse with the genius loci.

Then, before his inner eye, the old Carnuntum stretched out in its classical splendor. Between the two forts lay the civilian city with miles of space, almost unmanageable. - Over on the Donau, the round building? That must be the arena? And up there, high on the mountain, the gabled facades? That must be the Acropolis, the Capitol of Carnuntum? But what is this fearful running and crowding? Firelight there, there, everywhere? Waving battle rages through the city? The Romans give way, horrible prey holds the death. -

Carnuntum has disappeared, as if the ground had swallowed it up. -

And in the middle of the Limes? What are the men wearing in their helmets? A hill rises higher from blood-soaked earth?

Seven men's height has it towered over? - That is the place of drawing the sign of victory, the bar of the rampart, which blocks the entrance to the judged city. The genius loci knows this very well. There the heroes rest and keep faithful vigil so that Carnuntum will never rise, but they will come again against Rome to help you, because they have only half defeated it and can only enter Valhalla when the other Rome will also be defeated. Yes, the genius loci knows this very well.

"The other Rome? Romulus Augustulus died, didn't he, and with him the last Caesar Augustus?!!"

"Well, well! The genius loci knows that well, but . . ."

Then the cock crowed over in Petronell, and golden sunshine spread over the waving cornfield, from which, in the early rays of the solstice

sun, the arch of the pagan gate swung up like a bridge guiding to times slumbering far back in the twilight shadows of mankind.

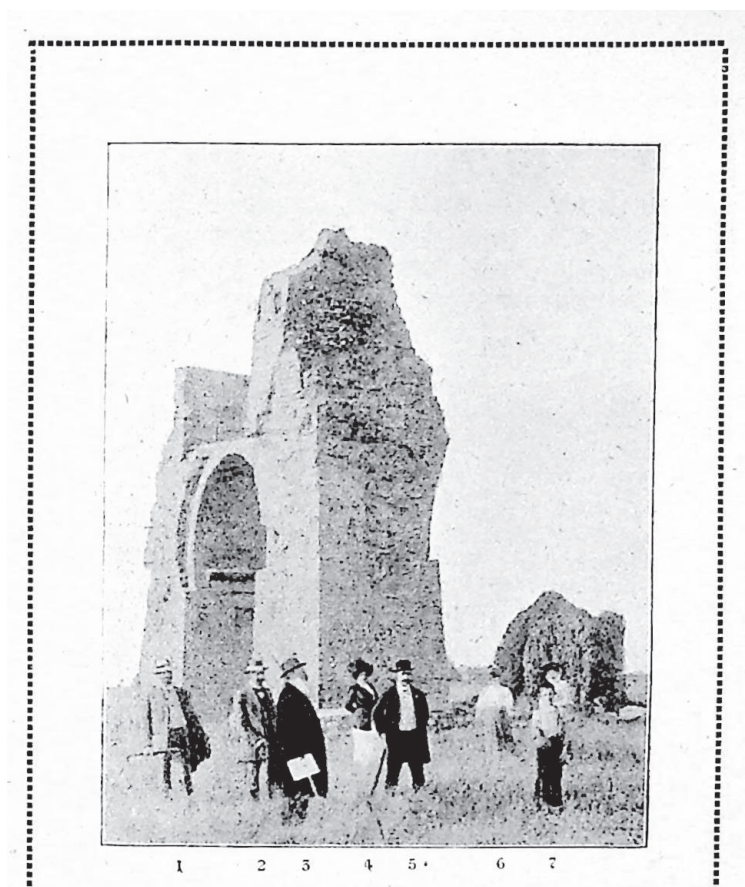
The fire-worshipper descended from his block of wall and roused his friends. Soon these were ready to march, and since the baggage had dwindled almost completely to zero, the march back to Deutsch-Altenburg, where the outer man was to be repaired, also proceeded quickly.

But how strange? There, where the fire worshipper had seen the arena in a dream - it must have been a dream? - the arena, there was an oval hollow in the waving field? - And there? - How strange! - The straight road of the empire there avoids in a wide curve a hill, in order to continue behind the same again in the straight direction? - Strange! -

But soon the sharp march had chased away all fog clouds of the genius-bibere from the small adventurer consortium and cheerfully and in good spirits they entered the bathing hotel in Deutsch-Altenburg to wash the traces of the past night from their bodies.

The names Petronius, Candusinus, Phanius and Markus Equitius, however, remained with the four companions of the fire worshipper, who had held similar symposia with them several times under the Heidantor, but who had sat there alone with the genius loci in intimate dialogue even more often, and when finally thirteen years later the poetry had seen the light of the printers' ink, then each of the four could convince himself of how they had borrowed their figures from the drink-hungry etheric beings Petronius, Candusinus, Phanius and Markus Equitius, in which these now lead a restless life in the spiritually resurrected "Carnuntum".

Thirty-six years have passed since that solstice day of 1875 in the stream of eternity. Again the solstice was celebrated under Carnuntum-Heidantor, again it was granted to me to lead a select group of friends there, to that sacred place of our old hereditary earth, to that highly sacred place of our dear Ostarland, where exactly one thousand five hundred and thirty-six years ago the three Norns sat in judgment, where the third Norn, the Guilt, drew a thick line under the last main piece of world history, where the second Norn, the Werdandi, turned the page and



Illus. 84. See pg. 482. The "heidantor" on the ruins of Carnuntum in its present form on June 26, 1911 (from a photograph by the Royal Building Councilor Wilhelm Koehne in Berlin). 1. Mr. F. O. Wannieck, 2. Mr. Eugen Mertens, 3. Guido von List, 4. Frau Anna von List, wife of the author, 5. Mr. Philipp Stauff, 6. Mrs. Augusta Koehne, 7. Mrs. Fritz Janko.

wrote on the new page in fiery runes the word: "Middle Ages", while the first Norn, the Urda, murmured to it the healing spell: "Eternal cycle! - Eternal rebirth!" -

At the time of the summer solstice in the year 1911 my friends had come from Berlin, Hamburg, Munich and Vienna to consult how the Armanism found and proclaimed by me could be realized on the basis of my explanations in the volumes of the Guido-List-Bücherei published until then and how this newly discovered, old and nevertheless eternally young doctrine of salvation could be imparted to the people of the Germans in order to make them receptive for this doctrine of salvation so that they would be able to shape their lives and works accordingly.

In order to show these friends the ways in which I arrived at my intuitions, it was agreed that I would take them during the period of June 21st to June 27th to such places of our magnificent Ostarland as are sanctified by ancestral consecration and awe-inspiring age, where the breath of divinity is still felt, in which Hari-Wuotan's spirit still reigns, in order to communicate with them in intimate dialogue, to those who possess that sense which the others lack, to those who still have something which the others do not understand.

Such was our first trip to the ancient Trojan town of Frö, the catacombs of our venerable Metropolitan Church of St. Stephen in Vienna.

It was in the year 1862 - I was then in my fourteenth year - when, after much pleading, I received permission from my father to join him and his company, who planned to visit the catacombs, then still in their original state. We descended and what we saw and felt stirred me with a power that I can no longer comprehend today. There we came - it was, if I remember correctly - in the third or fourth nave, before a ruined altar. The guide said that we were now under the old post office (today the house Wollzeile No. 8). There my excitement had risen to the highest and as if in a feverish delirium I called out loudly to myself in front of this altar the solemn vow: "When I am once grown up, I will build a Wuotan temple!"

I was laughed at, of course, and several companions said that a child did not belong in such a place, and so on. Of course, all of them, these good people, did not grasp what had happened in my child soul, could not grasp it, and even to me it is difficult to explain today. I did not know more about Wuotan than what I had read about him in "Volmer's Dictionary of Mythology". - It was just, as the "highly illustrious Tarnhari", the princely head of the still living "W. . . tribe", who revealed himself to me and with whom I communicate in writing, wrote on November 11, 1911, that "mysterious hereditary memory let me make my findings, which completely coincide with the tribal traditions of the W..., by which he saw himself prompted to reveal himself to me, what happened for the first time since more than three thousand years". Yes, this mysterious memory of inheritance was then mysteriously awakened in me - the barely fourteen-year-old - in a high, holy hour of consecration, which the others did not understand, could not understand, because they did not have what was ours. That's why our first walk - fifty years had passed in the meantime! - was the descent to the catacombs. It is not the task of this paper to give a description of them, it is enough to state that all the charm has been taken away from them; everything has disappeared, so that today they hardly give more than the impression of empty cellar vaults. They have also been walled off, only two chambers are still accessible and these only in a very limited perimeter. Also the altar, at which the sixty-four-year-old sought to give an account of the vow of the fourteen-year-old to that inscrutable power of Hari Wuotan, which at that time called him in such a mysterious way, also this altar had disappeared, sunk back into the night of silence like the sunken castle of fairy tales. But what was denied to the bodily eye to see, that stood all the more clearly before the spiritual eye. In lofty beauty Hari Wuotan's Walaskialf was emblazoned in the bright heights of another sun, and through the empty halls of the dead it ran like ghostly whispers: "Eternal cycle! - Eternal rebirth! - There we Armans had found each other and fraternized. Yes, samir Arahari!-----

On the same day, June 25, 1911, the second pilgrimage was undertaken

to other healing places of Hari Wuotan, namely: Kahlenberg, Leopoldsberg and Klosterneuburg, the old Asturis.

The third pilgrimage was made on June 24 to Brühl near Mödling, the fourth on June 25 to Kreuzenstein Castle, the old "Krajanstain", and the fifth on June 26, 1911 to Carnuntum, to the highly sacred place where the great Ario-Germanic folk spirit Hari Wuotan had shown the world's destinies new paths on June 24, 375!

There I stood now with my fraternal friends full thirty-six years after that solstice night of 1875.

Received by the curator of the Carnuntum Museum, Mr. Josef Bortlik, in the most gracious manner and personally guided through the museum, one thing touched us as immensely painful, although not particularly surprising, how modern scholars now suddenly want to have discovered that the destruction of Carnuntum in 375 did not take place at all, but that the city died a natural death, so to speak. And one dares to say this in view of the many thousands of pieces of evidence stored in the Carnuntum Museum! - Michel! Michel! Michel!!! Do you still not realize why? - They want to erase all memories of your greatness and power, around you and in you, in order to reduce you to the willing herd of cattle, as which those rulers would so like to see you! - Michel! Michel! Michel! - Open your eyes! - Wake up! -

In fact, also the new edition of the "Guide to Carnuntum" has taken full account of this very latest "scientific" discovery and has deleted the destruction of Carnuntum by the Quades in 375. It would be too sad if it were not so funny! Under loud laughing rejection of this latest quirk of our "highly scientific historical - hm! - research", we bid a fond farewell to our kind guide through the Carnuntum Museum, Custodian Josef Bortlik, in order to visit the great Hutberg, the magnificent Gothic church, the venerable Romanesque chapel - the "pagan temple!" - and the arena of Deutsch-Altenburg.

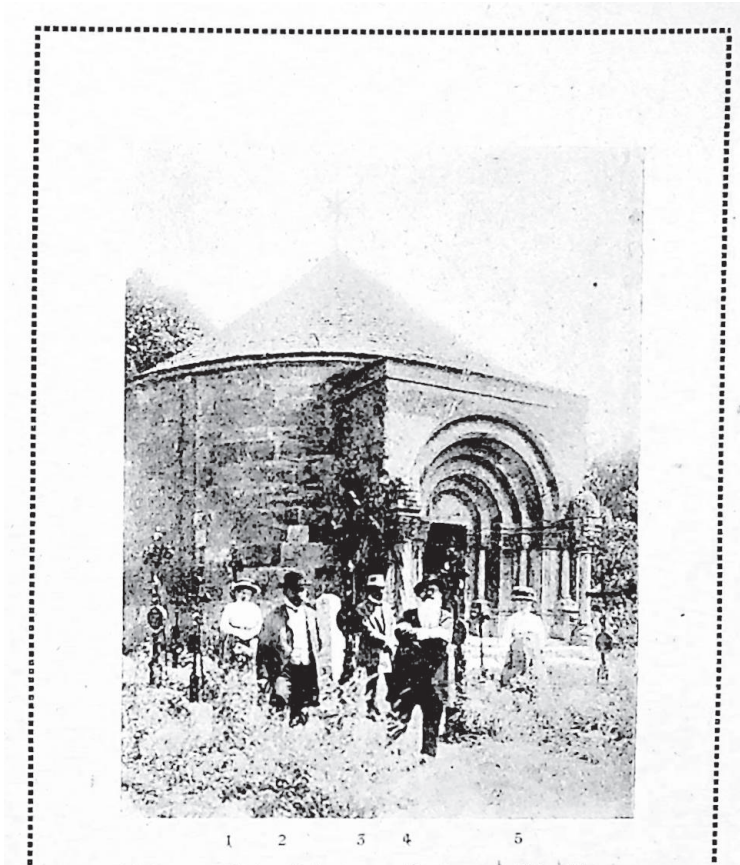


Fig. 85. See page 482. The Romanesque cloister in Deutsch-Altenburg near Carnuntum. (After a photograph by the Kgl. Baurate Wilhelm Koehne in Berlin.)

1st Mrs. Fritz Janko. 2nd Mr. Philipp Stauff. 3. Mr. Eugen Mertens. 4. the author. 5th Mrs. Kgl. Baurat Auguste Koehne.

Mr. Königl. Baurat Wilhelm Koehne from Berlin² was so kind to leave some photographic examples, which he had made on that day, to me for reproduction here. Noteworthy is also the one coat of arms on a pillar of the Gothic church, which shows two lions with one head and which resolves "kalisch" as follows:

"an hofut thue Lewe", i.e. "According to the one main knowledge you live", namely: "according to the main knowledge of the Wuotans faith, Armanism, you shall live! - Yes, samir Arahari, this is how we want to and will live! -

In the afternoon we went out to the "Heidentor". - I had not really hoped to find there my mark of June 24, 1875, under the layer of grass, namely the eight wine bottles laid in the Fyrfos H, because it was known to me that there had been excavations under the Heidentor, to which that mark must have fallen victim. But how astonished I was when I saw the pagan gate again! It had risen more than two meters from the rubble by restoring the height - or depth - of the original ground surface by clearing away the rubble, the thickness of which here was more than two meters.

Thus the high point of the "Halgadoms pilgrimages" of our Armanenthing was reached. There at that hallowed place, where the

(2) Mr. W. Koehne unfortunately died while these lines were going to press. The "Post", Berlin May 14, 1912 and many other papers carried the following obituary:

Wilhelm Koehne. On Saturday, May 11, 1912, at 10 o'clock in the morning, after a short, serious illness, the Royal Building Councilor Wilhelm Koehne, retired First Lieutenant in the Kaiser Alexander Guard Grenadier Regiment No. I, Knight of the Iron Cross and various other orders, passed away in Friedenau. With him a German man of rare national loyalty and creative power has departed from life. Only a few weeks ago he held a lecture on the runes in the All-German Association (local group Berlin), with which he emphatically referred to the duty to make the spiritual treasures of our ancestors, which prove to be far richer and more noble than one would have dared to hope a decade ago, usable again for the present and the future in the sense of Simrock. He was one of the first in the empire to recognize the significance of the research of the Viennese Guido von List, and it was at his suggestion that the peculiar Truthenfuß-Bismarck memorial stone made of erratic blocks from the Mark Brandenburg was erected in Schollehne near Rathenow, which bears the name of the former Chancellor of the Reich in runic script and is probably the first monument of this kind in Germany's territories. Koehne was also a co-founder of the H. A. O., as whose second member he has now passed away. As a participant in the Franco-German War, he knew how to inspire all those with whom he met to the door of that great German time and to inflame for faithful preservation of the goods, which at that time the fate of our own strength and loyalty bestowed upon us.

greatest solstice fire ever lit by Hari Wuotan had blazed to usher in a new period of world history, the Middle Ages, there at that point of our globe, there at that thrice hallowed place of our God-blessed Ostarland, there, where the stones speak, the grasses whisper, the winds talk and the waves murmur, there I wanted to bring to the attention of my fraternal friends the glory and honor of our ancient Aero-Germanic Ostarland, but I remained - silent! - Only a few words I was able to say, because there, where Hari Wuotan himself speaks, there the language fails the human being and he himself would be Hari Wuotan's enthusiastic herald!

Only a few words were exchanged and a mute meaningful handshake: Yes, samir Arahari!-----

A few weeks after these incomparably beautiful days we received the deeply sad news that one of the participants of the Armanenthings, Dr. Heinrich Winter, died on July 18, 1911 in Hamburg.

Dr. Heinrich Winter was an Armanen through and through. He is one of those, who will lead the Armanism to the goal in his next re-embodiment, because he was an adept-positive-active-male-I-ness and will pursue in his next re-embodiment again as such without wavering and go straight ahead towards his solar goal, as an Einherier of Hari Wuotan! Therefore, from his gravestone appears the swan with crown ring and chain as a symbol of the temple iron of the highest initiates of Armanism, to announce it to all who know how to experience such a sign of salvation, that the thus dead one lives and will live in us and with us in all eternity! Loyalty to Armanen and love for him for all eternity!

Since we wished to offer his and our friends the picture of his grave, we turned for this reason to Mr. Hugo Winter in Hamburg, the brother of the immortalized, for permission and received the following letter, which we publish herewith for the sake of the biographical data.

The letter reads:

Hamburg; February 26, 1912.

Esteemed Master.

To the inquiry on the part of your secretary, whether I agree with a

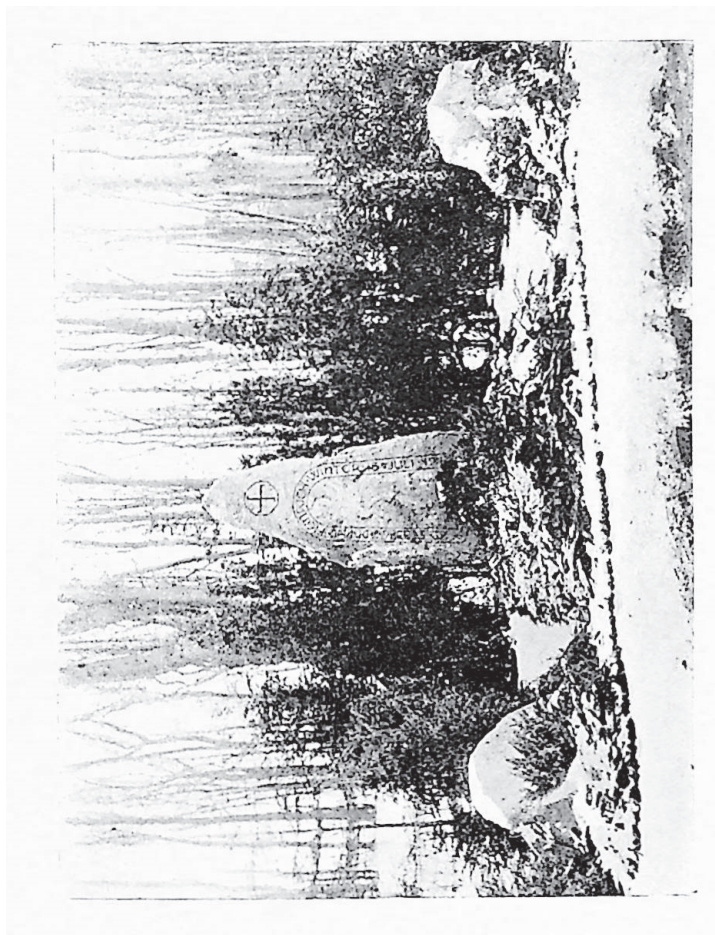
publication of the picture of the gravesite of my brother, I answer herewith readily agreeing. The first draft was made by the painter Otto Kofahl, Munich, an intimate friend of my brother, and the execution by Helfried Küsthard, Hildesheim.

With regard to the requested biographical data, I can report the following:

Heinrich Winter was born in Lübeck on February 22, 1864, and attended the Catharineum there until he graduated from high school. He then studied chemistry in Freiburg in Breisgau and later in Berlin, turning his attention specifically to the sugar trade. On the recommendation of a Berlin professor of the agricultural college, my brother was offered even before his doctoral thesis a position at an experimental station for sugar, if I remember correctly Kemangeln from Java, where he fought a disease of the sugar cane by special bacteriological work. In addition, very significant improvements and inventions in machinery and fertilization methods are said to be due to him. After the expiration of the first contract, my brother returned to Germany, obtained his doctorate in Berlin, and was considered an authority in his subject. This led to a new engagement with the firm of Fraser Eaton & Co in Surabaya, for which my brother became an adviser, supervisor of a number of sugar factories, and laid the foundation of a handsome fortune by his patented fertilizing process.

With several interruptions due to trips to Europe, my brother spent about 18 years in Java and laid the foundation for laboratories in the sugar industry, trained students and also co-founded a sugar factory, which is still flourishing after about 10 years.

During his stay in Java, he had a special interest in the psyche of the natives, their demonic customs and manners, the old deep wisdom of Indian traditions in them, as well as the question of race, and could describe his observations for hours with captivating eloquence. Unfortunately, he lacked time and habit to make records about it, but he attached greater importance to conversations and exchange of thoughts



Illus. 86. see p. 483. a contemporary Armanen tomb.

about magic, mystical powers of fakirs and similar things, he spoke with a certain holy shyness and did not suffer superficial counter remarks of conceited enlightened people in his presence.

After a stay of 18 years, the effects of the tropics became noticeable in his health and he suddenly decided to break off all relations in Java and return to Germany. He took up residence in Berlin and in the first years still made great mountain tours and journeys, until a heart condition set in, which forced him to lead a quieter life.

During his time in Berlin, he worked with great fruitfulness on patents, of which a total of 35 patents were granted, which kept him busy until the end, with more or less success. Berlin, however, did not offer my brother enough satisfaction in time and so he decided to find peace in Hamburg with its Low German population and with his family there. It has been granted to him to see his son, in which the kind and race of his father seems to have been reincarnated, and it has been an inner joy to him in the last year to have passed on the torch of life, as he expressed it, and to have inherited his spirit.

All efforts for the elevation of the Germanic being had his full participation. Thus he supported the efforts of the Hammer Gemeinde by contributions to "Heimland" and when, through their works and the efforts of the Guido von List Society, the hope grew in him that our culture could perhaps still be saved and would not have to sink with ever greater speed into the swamp of the chaos of nations, then hope arose in him anew for his people. Again and again he came back to the importance of the single true Armanen blood, because from him, this only one, the salvation of the Germanic being could be born anew and this only one he found in you, honored master, and adored and loved with all the ardor of his fiery soul.

If, apart from this outline, you would like to know the exact dates of his studies, his stay in Java, his return and his life in Europe, I will have to find out myself from the rest of the family. We brothers have been apart for many years, since I was in South America, and my brother has made few records about his life.

His participation in the book by R. Burger is known to you, you have become acquainted with his manner and attitude yourself.

Our father, a pure Armanen head, is approaching 90 years of age and still participates in all processes of life, as far as his body allows it.

I hope to have given you herewith the desired data at hand and am available of course with pleasure further, if more details are wished.

I remain with the greatest respect

Your devoted

Hugo Winter**

The Barrow

*Shining from the evening light
Lying quietly in the forest valley
Swarmed by the bees of the heath,
Sits an old heroic monument*

*A giant sleeps inside -
There for a very long time
And summer threads spin
Over the simple tomb.*

*The blackthorn's bushes grasp
It on three sides!
Only one spot do
The green bushes leave free.*

*Many wild goats graze
All around amused in the reeds.
The shepherd sits in the grass
And blows an old song.*

*A song thought faded away
A thousand years ago,
As if many a heart had leapt
At its wafting sound,*

*For every heart on earth
Will understand this song:
The song of being and becoming,
Of withering and passing away*

Philipp Stauff.

CHAPTER TWENTY THREE

Vianiomina¹

S. L. V. S.

Because you, dear fellow traveler, after many a happy day of wandering, which has strengthened your heart and chest, are willing to return to the "artificial caves" of your urban dwelling, because you are descending from the rocky region of the Alps and are passing through a blissful hilly country, you will soon reach the shores of the great stone sea, whose rigid and yet again so full of life tides and waves surround so infinitely much of the beautiful that you would not be able to tire of being swayed by those waves, of letting its melodies sing and tell you of the early days to the present. Yes, I would like to be like that highly happy ancestor of the Brunnstädt family under the celebrated diadem

S. L. V. S.

I would like to fight victoriously for this sea of stone until my blessed dying hour, for that sea of stone, into which I now lead you at the end of our wanderings, that sea of stone is my beloved Vianiomina and

You Love and Win
is my salvation slogan for my singing and speaking.

(1) In countless magazines at home and abroad since 1881, such as "Heimat", Vossische Zeitung (Berlin 1890)". Laufes-Allgemeine Kunstchronik (Vienna, 1889, issues 9, 10, 11), "Alt-Wien" etc.

Once upon a time, the ancestor of the Brunnstädt family had been busy with noble hunting, when a cave opened up in the deep forest, inside which a merry little stream glistened, on which a Nixie woman sang. She wore a shining diadem like a crown, from which the enigmatic letters S. L. V. S. shone like magical moonlight. The hunter won the Vielholde as his spouse, and she became the progenitor of the family.

But there, where the well stood, the city Schleusingen was built. The one from Brunnstädt had probably read "Sius" and formed Schleusingen from it; however, this had happened in a misunderstanding, because the letters were to be understood in such a way: Sie Lieben Und Segen."

And if you do not spare the effort to climb our mighty St. Stephen's Tower and look out from above between the twelve mighty pinnacles, each of which seems to be a turret in itself, although seen from below they are hardly larger than a toothpick, when you are there in the dizzy heights above the maze of roofs, the swarm of ants in the streets, then your soul will cheer, because you will see the cheerful wreath of wine that a friendly god has wrapped around the fair Vianiomina, you will see the blond-gold harvest wreath that a benevolent goddess has added to the wreath of wine. Beyond, you perceive the mountains and valleys that we have wandered through. There the Hermannskogel with its Habsburgwarte rises from the course of the Zeizzoberge, and there the mighty Schneebergs Steinhaupt, at the foot of which lies the Helaklamm, in which the Helbrunnen murmurs its intoxicating songs. There stands the Untersberg, behind which the Wurmgarten stretches its sterile rocky cleft, and there the Brühl spreads out, and behind it the Helenental with all the sanatoriums winds up to Merkenstein. On that bare hill there rises the legendary border column of the holy Feme, the old crumbling spinner on the cross. -

And if you turn your eyes to the depths and look at the many towers and domes, you will see by the course of the streets, how in ever wider rings, like the growth of the tree, the city has expanded in the course of the millennia. In the millennia! For it always excites my laughing muscles,

when I hear quite seriously lectures, that Vienna was founded in the year 1158 by Duke Heinrich Jasomirgott! As if one could found a city like one might start, for instance, an "International Wechselreiter Bank!" Look down, dear friend, on the proud cathedral, the stone heart of Vienna, there on the dome of St. Peter's, there on the inconspicuous turret of St. Ruprecht's, and there on the dome of St. Peter's, and there on the dome of St. Peter's. Ruprecht and there, "where" "at the court" the palace of the papal nunciature stands, but formerly the little church of St. Pancratius stood; but remember these places well, of which you shall "hear miracles said", and then - well then you too will laugh more grandly, because of the opinion that Vienna is not older than 732 years, as you laughed no less, because of the assumption of a foundation at all.

Those four "holy sanctuaries", which existed as "holy chairs" of the Wuotan cult long before the Avar apostles Conuald and Gisalrich established Christianity in Vienna in the 8th century, give evidence of the existence of Vienna in far pre-Roman times, and moreover prove that already in those distant times Vienna must have been a - relatively - important settlement, since it had four temple sites, a rarely occurring number.

Two, at the most three, but mostly only one sanctuary were what existed in settlement places in Wuotanistic time; the occurrence of four places of worship, however, proves the importance of the old Vianiomina, which later the Roman - as it was his custom everywhere - renamed Vindobona. -

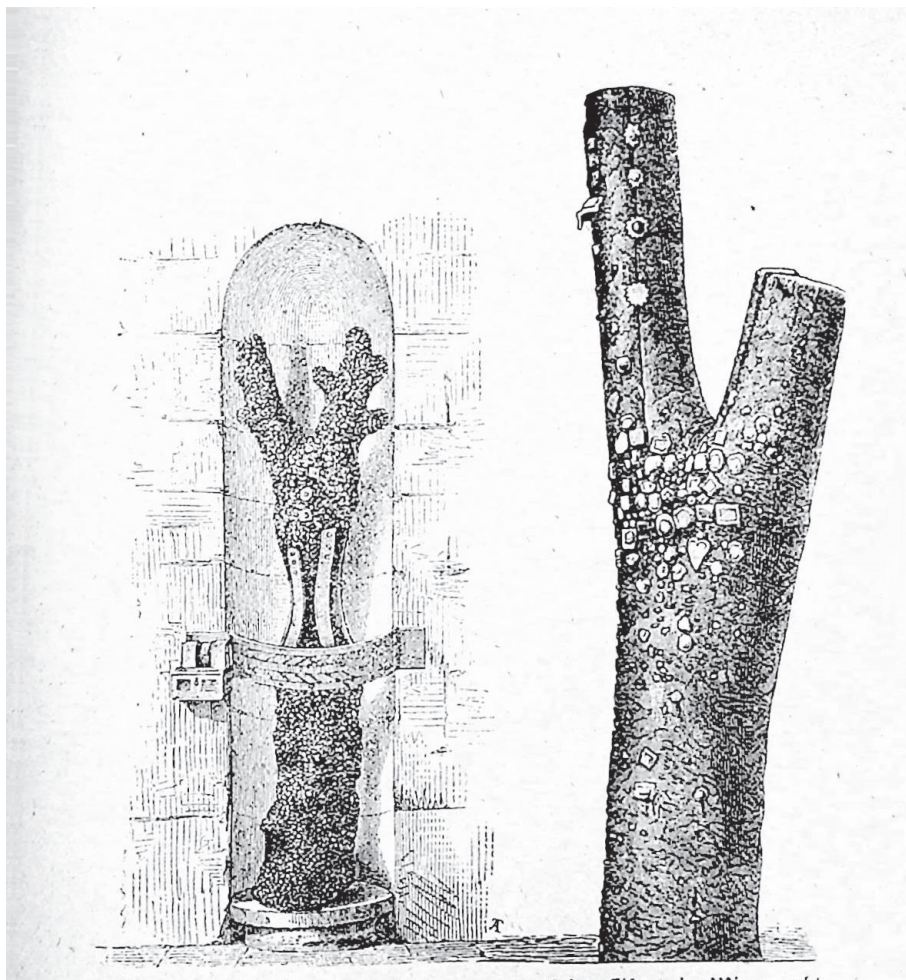
The good Vianiomina existed and flourished for an immense time, when its "first founder", Caesar Claudius, declared it a municipality between the years 41 and 54, and fortified it in the Roman way. Vienna did not share the fate of Carnunt, which was destroyed by the Quades in 375, but like many other municipalities, e.g. Fafiana, today's Mautern an der Donau, it survived the storms of the migration of peoples by placing itself under the protection of some Germanic army king, as is also proven of Fafiana. And the most important of those Germanic army kings, who sat in Vianiomina under crown, was no less than the Ostrogoth Dietrich

of Bern - the people know him still today legendarily as the "Banadietrich" (Bernerdietrich) - who as Theodoric the Great had become the second German king of Rome and the successor of Odovakar; he also moved from here along the Iron Road to Rome. Thus Vianiomina with its Roman fortifications came into the possession of the Babenbergs, and only in 1880 the last Roman tower fell victim to the redevelopment of Vienna - alas, alas! - to the victim. -

The Roman fortress buildings were a welcome base for the Germanic kings and dukes, who owned Vienna in turn; the Viennese of those distant days, however, only changed masters, but they themselves remained seated in their houses, which they have continued to inherit from generation to generation. Huns and Avars did not destroy Vienna for quite the same reasons.

The Song of the Nibelungs, based on old folk tradition, has King Etzel marry Thrimhilde in Vienna, just as it mentions the towns of Tulln, Traismauer, Pöchlarn, Hainburg and the market town of Melk. As here the popular tradition presents a relatively favorable picture of the rule of the Huns, so history offers the same picture of the rule of the Avars in the country; the Huns and Avars did not manage by far as badly as the Frankish falsifiers of history would have us believe; they were by far not as cruel as the "Great" Charles.

It is historically attested that the Avars spared the cities and their inhabitants and knew how to protect and use their advantages for themselves. The peasants had to provide them with crops, horses and cattle; the townsmen with weapons, clothes and jewelry; but otherwise they left citizens and peasants "undefeated", just as the Sachsenspiegel reports about the Saxons. It is also known that Christian missionaries could travel unhindered through the Avar kingdom; in fact, two of them, Conuald and Gisalrich, came to Vienna in 740 (i.e. 418 years before the "foundation!"), during the time of the Avar rule, and converted an underground Wuotan sanctuary into a Christian church, namely St. Ruprecht, and undoubtedly also the sanctuary to St. Stephen. - But more about that later. -



Illus. 87. See page 499. Left is the "Stock im Eisen" (staff in iron, or nagelbaum, nail tree) in Vienna, right is the "Stock im Eisen" in Waidhofen an der Ybbs.

However, Vienna possesses even older monuments as proof of its uninterrupted existence after the expulsion of the Romans. Under the Rugian rule the last Roman provincials left the country with the corpse of the last pillar of Romanism on the Danube, namely with the corpse of St. Severin. But not for long did the Rugians assert themselves as masters of the Danubian lands, for the more powerful Ostrogoths usurped the dominion. Jornandes explicitly mentions "Vianiomina" as one of their cities. The Ostrogoths ruled the country until 530, a period from which a curious monument has survived, namely a tomb discovered in 1662 during the construction of the Leopoldine wing of the Hofburg. It consisted of a sarcophagus that had been broken open earlier, containing human bones mixed with earth and jumbled together, but with a small, elongated round case of pure gold, closed at the top and bottom with lids. In the golden box there was a second one made of ore, in this one a third one made of silver and finally in this one a rolled up gold leaf with the inscription in Gothic language:

"Nasci o Kut, salida / is jaindre Dasvina / menida ab Satana / ubl
akranis manva / bi huam dindos knoba / Kabangona."

In the translation into our German, this corresponds to the following words: "Save O God! Thither sacrificed is Dasvina, whom the evil Satan threatened when she was ready to bear fruit; Thou before whom the people's knees are bent!"

Thus, this is the tomb of a Christian woman, namely the Gotin Dasvina, who died in the crib. This important monument, which probably dates back to the middle of the 5th century, is besides the only Ostrogothic one that has been saved to the history of literature.

From this it follows, on the one hand, that Vienna not only did not perish during the migration of peoples and remained continuously populated, that Margrave Leopold could not own and have a hunting lodge here, that the "Great" Charles could not introduce Christianity here²,

(2) According to an inscription stone on the Esterhazy Palace in Naglergasse, the hunting lodge of Margrave Leopold was supposed to have stood in the ruins of Roman Vienna in the place of this palace.

since this had demonstrably existed long before his invasion of the country.

It is not the intention of this study to elaborate on this; the statement of the fact may suffice. It is thus proven that Vienna not only existed in pre-Roman times, that it must have been very populous, that it remained uninterruptedly populated since its existence, that it was never a desolate, abandoned city, and finally, that it was already devoted to Christianity before Charles' arrival, thus at least an age of many thousand years must be assumed for the uninterrupted settlement of Vienna. How else could the ground layout, the property boundaries have been strictly preserved in the old lines, on which one can still precisely trace the growth of the city since primitive times, where the course of the Roman roads, their urban layout, the irregular streets of the old civil city completely correspond to the present street and alley network of Old Vienna. A ruined city would never have been repopulated, this is shown by Klagenfurt next to the ruins of Virunum on Zollfelde, Salzburg next to Juvavia, Altenburg, Petroneli and Hainburg next to Carnuntum and many other examples.

The ancient Germanic healing places of Vianiomina are now the following:

- A. The sacred grove, with the sanctuary of Frö, our present St. Stephen's Cathedral;
- B. The Hutberg of Hruoperaht, our St. Ruprecht's Church;
- C. The sanctuary of Donar, presently St. Peter's Church;
- D. The sanctuary of the wintry Wuotan (Uller), where later the Pankrazius Church rose, and perhaps a fifth place of worship;
- E. Dedicated to Freya or the female Three, known today as the church of "Maria-Stiegen" or "Maria am Gestade".

Let us now turn our attention to the most important sanctuary of the Germanic-Wuotanistic Vianiomina, which, Christianized as St. Stephen's Cathedral, still maintains its first rank in our good old Vienna and thus, as a place of worship, may claim the certainly venerable age of certainly

more than three millennia.

In order to understand how this could have happened, it is necessary to take a closer look at the way in which the converters began to turn the people away from Wuotanism and towards Christianity. First of all, we have to consider two periods of Christianization of our country, fundamentally different from each other: the peaceful, pre-Carolingian period and the period of fire and sword of Charles and his successors. The first period reaches back to the second century, where Christianity had already taken root under Marcus Aurelius' legions. Gradually the doctrine spread, especially Severin was active with spreading it, although he should not be considered the apostle of the Danubian Germans, since he was hostile to the Germans and friendly to the Romans, always protecting the latter against the steps of the German kings and working in their favor. After Severin, it was the Goths who, as zealous Christians, helped to spread the new faith more and more; even the Avars and Huns were nowhere an obstacle to the preachers of the Gospel. But the second period of "conversion", which was carried out by fire and sword according to Muhammad's example, began terribly with the Walloon Charles.

Charles' goal was by no means furthering Christianity, which was only a means to an end for him; he regarded it as an institution of the state, which he used and abused in a similar way as the modern state abuses the police. Therefore, he cared little for conviction, but much for formal acceptance through baptism, for the purely external ceremonial service, in order to better keep the converted in check through priestly supervision. Everyone could think and believe what he wanted, if he was only baptized, went to church, paid the tithe willingly and punctually and kept the prescribed exercises and fast days. Therefore, under Charles, we find the previously unknown fact, which can only be explained by the foregoing, that in one day thousands took baptism, but also - if they felt strong enough - just as quickly, just as many became "apostates" again. Baptism lost its sanctifying character in those sad days and sank under Charles to a simple ceremony of submission.



Fig. 88: An old tomb of an Armanen. The tomb of Otto Nitharts Fuchs, called "Bauernfeind", "lustiger Rat" of Duke Otto the Merry, at St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna.

But also in the first period of the Christianization of our people a weapon was used, but more in the sense of the customs than of a real assault. The example of the felling of the Donar oak by Boniface may explain this.

The Teutons were a warlike people and therefore their gods were also considered to be defensive heroic ideals. That a people accustomed to such proud gods could find little applause in a mild, suffering god of humility is too obvious to appear incomprehensible. That is why people were anxious to give even the sufferer hanging on the cross a belligerent martial glow. Even today the clergy, especially the monks, speak of "spiritual weapons", they speak of "battles with the adversary", the "Antichrist", of "nine legions of devils" and the "heavenly hosts". Yes, the "Heliand", an old Saxon poem of the 9th century, presents Jesus as a king of armies and describes his apostles and disciples like the followers of such a king.

This warlike Christian God, carried by the "Ecclesia militans", preceded by the host of the dear saints, the "Ecclesia triumphans" in cloudy heights, actually stormed the old Wuotan castles, which were surrounded with ramparts and moats like fortresses³, and proceeded - actually and symbolically - exactly like a storming army king warring against a castle to be conquered. If the castle of the gods was conquered and taken, which understandably could not happen without sword swinging and split skulls, then the symbol (simulacrum) of the defeated Aesir enthroned in it was treated like a captured enemy king. The victorious Christian church, out of clever calculation, did not in any way deny the existence of the old sun-god, nor did it kill him, but it showed his powerlessness to the apparently powerless, but nevertheless strong crucified one. The now humiliated Aesir⁴ was then soon degraded to a demon, a devil.

In order to make the "pagan church", now consecrated to the crucifixion, more sympathetic to the people, each chapel was dedicated to

(3) See "German mythological monuments in the vicinity of Vienna". "Eburodunum", "Schallaburg" and others.

a saint whose legend showed similarities with the myth of the suppressed pagan god. And around this legendary figure, in the course of time, the pagan myth together with its belief in miracles grew, so that soon double figures arose in cult and custom, as we see in more detail with the saints Leonard, Christopher and Corona, where church belief and popular belief are virtually opposed to each other.

Thus, St. Stephen stood in for Frey, who in folk belief as well as in fairy tales is called the "Horse (Pferde) Steffen", just as the people call our St. Stephen the "Old Steffel".

The existent Odinic symbols then were made to bear all ignominy of a captured king in order to show visually the powerlessness of the defeated Odinic cult quite clearly. If there was a sacred weapon of the gods, it was broken. It seems almost as if the so-called "holy lance" of the imperial jewels of the former "Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation", which at present is kept in the Imperial and Royal Treasury of the Vienna Hofburg, had been such an old weapon of the gods, since it appears to have been broken several times and soldered with silver. The fact that it is assigned to St. Mauritius makes this assumption even more probable, since this saint often took Wuotan's place. However, if such a symbol was of any other shape, it was thrown in front of the ramparts, toppled there, or placed next to the entrance to the Christian church and heavily weighed down with chains. If the emblem was a tree, then the tree was knocked down (Donar's oak of Boniface), and its wood used for the sign on the new church building, while the stump had to carry a shrine (Hietzing, Maria-Drei-Eichen, and many, many others); or it was dug up and placed upside down, with the roots on top, placed tauntingly back in its old place. Thus was born the Viennese landmark, the "stick-in-iron".

This strange landmark of the Odinic Vaniomina, still stands today not far from its old position at the "Stock-im-Eisenplatze" with the roots upwards.

(4) Images of gods, as the Greeks and Romans were able to do, were foreign to the Germans; they had only symbols for their deities.

There was nothing more natural than that the land and all other property of the old gods' freeholds together with the conquered Götterbürg or Wuotan church would pass into the undisputed possession of the Christian church, and immediately formed its most well-founded revenue. This was also the case here, at the foundation of St. Stephen's Church, more than eleven hundred and fifty years ago. The time in which this took place is probably the year 740, when the two Avarene apostles stayed in Vianiomina, if it does not date back to even older times, but at most to the Ostrogothic rule.

The sacred grove, in which Frey's sacrificial horses were bred, surrounded the sanctuary, the boundaries of which can still be determined very well today, namely according to the boundaries of the ecclesiastical property around St. Stephen's Church. All the houses and farms around St. Stephen's Square, with the only exception of the western row of houses, have been owned by the clergy since ancient times, without the land registers being able to indicate the title of ownership. This is quite understandable; the property was owned many hundreds of years before the first land register was created.

But the exception of the western row of houses is only an apparent one, because the ecclesiastical property extends also to a row of houses in the west of the square, which, however, was demolished at the beginning of the 19th century. It ran parallel with the present western front of the square between it and the western front of the Cathedral, while the western row of houses existing today rose only after the 12th century on the area of the city wall that existed there. At that time, St. Stephen's Church was still located outside the city, on the "village green".

The next street names shed even more light on these strange facts. Today's Singerstrasse was still called "Heidenhainstrasse" in the Middle Ages, and "Grünangergasse" and the ancient "Blutgasse" stretch backwards.

The latter name, however, does not come from blood, but from "bluot", "blot", namely from "sacrifice". The old Gothi or Frey-sacrificer could not do without the "village green", just as little as today the knacker



Illus. 89. See page 502. St. Stephen's in Vienna.

can do without horses, and who became the Gothi's actual successor, and in former times in Vienna also held the position of the executioner and of course was a dishonest person.

This respect, however, stems from his former priesthood of Wuotan, which is why he was also considered a magician. This explains why Christianity made the Germans dislike horse meat, which had previously been their main food, because the horse, as an old sacrificial animal, had become a spooky animal and its carrion was given to the despised butcher.

Now, however, there was a further influx to the old Frey's-grove from the ancient Carinthian road, the "people's army road to Rome" and therefore today's "Stock-im-Eisen" was the primordial sacred border tree of the grove of gods, which stood and fell here with the Wuotan cult and still stands today as its monument, admonishing the German Viennese to remain German, mindful of their honorable position of the shield, to keep the watch at the eastern gate of Germania for the Germanic faithful.

At the entrance to the highly sacred Frey's-grove, however, the symbol of Frey, the proud Larch tree, was not only felled and overthrown, but also tied up like a criminal with a lock and a neck iron, both of which are also still preserved and visible, and only the chain seems to have been lost.

The folk legend, however, was right, which describes the "Stock-im-Eisen" as the last tree of the Viennese forest that once reached here; it knew that it had been a border tree, only it had confused the term forest with that of the grove.

Next to the sanctuary of the horse god, of course, the horse market was held, and therefore it cannot be a coincidence that the "Stock-im-Eisen-Platz" was not only called the horse market at the beginning of the last century, but it was just that.

Freys' sacrificers were the blacksmiths, the oldest of which was, so to speak, the great Gothi, whose dignity in Christian times was insulted with the terms "executioner" and "flayer" and separated from the blacksmith trade. Nevertheless, the dignity of the blacksmiths remained in the popular memory, which is still expressed today in the fact that the

blacksmith is considered an arch-magician, who knows more than just how to eat bread.

But also the blacksmiths themselves had kept a dark inkling of it in their guild tradition and every blacksmith who first in his life saw the old, holy, fallen trunk of the tree, hammered - at first secretly - then, when the meaning was forgotten, publicly, a nail into the trunk and so it happened that the time-honored landmark was preserved, which without this iron armor would have long since disintegrated into dust and mold. But the hammering of the nail into the trunk has another meaning; it was considered as an affirmation, so to speak, as a nailing down of some fact or promise or agreement. Even today, when the meaning has long been forgotten, people jokingly think that this word or that lie must be "nailed down". This custom also belonged to the many symbolic legal customs which have disappeared with German law. That naturally only sacred places - like here the fallen tree of the gods - could serve for such nailings, nobody will want to deny.

Another reminder of the cult of Wuotan are the catacombs, which belong to a system of a great "earthen stable" (Erdstall), that extends far and undermines the whole inner old city, but which was partly disturbed in its old state by the construction of St. Stephen's Church due to the laying of the foundations. The cellar vaults of St. Stephen's Cathedral are hidden more than five stories below each other in a completely unexplored extent, partly walled off, connected with many other passages, the course of which only folk legend knows exactly how to determine. These passages not only connected the four Odinic sanctuaries underground, they also led outside the city to the Danube area and had the inevitable well at the Lugegg, where even in the 18th century its half-buried opening was visible and bore the significant name: the "Marcus Curtius hole". The well-known "basilisk myth" originated from the same well and a house near it is still called "zum schmeckenden Wurm" (to the tasting worm). A myriad of other legends circulate in the vernacular about these passages, of which the "ghostly cat" reminds one of Freya, the "lady with the skull" of the Norn "Helia", the legend of "the maidens" of the

"Norns" or "holy councilors".

The Aesir, however, driven out of the sanctuary, according to the "cathedral legends", haunt the proud cathedral and these demonized Aesir were immortalized by the cathedral master builder three quarters of a millennium ago (around 1144) at the hall entablature of the giant gate as demonic grimaces, and are symbolically crushed under the force of the saint, in impotent rage - as adversaries, as blind threats. Unfortunately, it is impossible without pictorial decoration to describe and interpret these peculiar figures, it would be too prolix and yet difficult to understand, which is why only their general description will be attempted here.⁵

The hall entablature of the giant gate, which is named after these formations, bears on both sides seven, so altogether fourteen statues of saints (ten apostles, four evangelists), while above the gate the "Salvator mundi" is depicted floating down in the tympanum, carried by angels. Below these statues, symbolizing the "Ecclesia Triumphans", a lion appears in the Romanesque frieze on the right and on the left as the symbol of the Antichrist, who "prowls along roaring, watching whom he devours". Nevertheless, this lion is not the apocalyptic beast in the biblical sense, but in the Germanic-Christian-anti-pagan sense, because the figures visible behind both lions point directly to the Odinist Mythos - not to the pure, mythological form of the same, but to the counter-religion of the Donau-Germans of those distant days, whose counter-religion reached such sad fame in the witch trials several centuries later".

All kinds of conjuring spells we see there undertaken by the dwarfish "giant" figures to disturb the construction of the Christian church; all forces of nature, wind and weather, thunder and lightning, earthquake

(5) The detailed description of these figures and proper interpretation, which are the merit of the researches of the writer of these lines, can be found in "Lausers Allgemeiner Kunst-Chronik", Vienna, volume 1889, issues 9, 10 and 11 under the title: "Die deutsch-mythologischen Bildwerke am Riesentor der Stephanskirche zu Wien." - In 1850, Eduard Melly wrote a monograph entitled "The West Portal of St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna" (Vienna, Gerold, 1850), which attempts to interpret these images from the Old Testament, but unhappily. Otherwise, this monograph is exemplary and still unsurpassed today.

and flood, fire and cloudburst are united here as adversaries; with all of these the master builder fights a victorious battle, and at last we see him at the front of the portal, shouldering the iron axe - his weapon against the demons of nature - sinking to his knees in homage before the builder, as if to exclaim jubilantly: "Gloria in excelsis Deo! The cathedral is built, in defiance of all restraining spells, praise the Lord for all eternity!" The builder, Margrave Heinrich-Jasomirgott⁶, sits opposite the master builder and with a slight wave of his hand invites the people to enter the newly raised church.

Yes, the newly raised minster, because only a new building, not a church foundation was that building, which was consecrated in 1144 or 1147.

The first building, which is possibly before, but hardly after 740, was undoubtedly the old round tower of the sanctuary, which was possibly already a well-structured stone building. Following the circular shape of the old Wuotan churches⁷, the first Christian churches were built as round buildings and only in later times the church buildings designed on the rectangle, whereupon in the further course of development the multiform basic shape of the Gothic cathedral was formed. Undoubtedly, the old St. Stephen's Church was such a round building, which later had to give way to the larger and larger church, which gradually developed into our present St. Stephen's Cathedral.

The next most important sanctuary was that of Hruoperacht, our present Ruprecht's Church, although it lagged far, far behind St. Stephen's Church.

The two Avarene apostles Conuald and Gisalrich, already mentioned several times, consecrated in 740, as is expressly mentioned, a crypt, i.e. an underground church, which therefore had certainly been one of the chambers in an old Erdstall.

(6) It was not until 1158 that he was elevated to Duke of Austria.

(7) See: "Schallaburg".

According to the master plates of the Viennese stonemasons' guild, Francis of Eisleben is said to have built the above-ground church in 766 (i.e. 392 years before the foundation of Vienna); according to others, this would have happened only in 783 under Bishop Virgilius of Salzburg, who is said to have consecrated it to St. Ruprecht in honor of his predecessor.

The inscription inside this venerable church itself gives the year 740 as its year of origin.

These few dates refer to two foundations; 740 to that of the underground church buildings, 766 and 785 to that of the above-ground church buildings. If we assume that the construction was begun in 766, completed and consecrated in 783, these two dates would be reconcilable. The only interesting thing is how such a thing corresponds to Charles' Christianization, who only decided to move against Thassilo II in 788 and appeared for the first time in 791 in Vienna, which was founded only 367 years later. Here the usurper already met Ruprecht's Church, which already existed for fifty years, but also already pre-dated St. Stephen's Church and probably St. Peter's Church and Pankraz Church as well, although these two are still doubtful. The only strange thing is that the foundation of Ruprecht's Church as well as St. Peter's Church is attributed to him. Even more so. Who is not struck by the contradiction that in an existing Christian city there are at least two churches, while this city is said to lie in ruins, in a desolate, deserted land, which must first be settled and won over to the German land?!

That the subterranean church consecrated by the two Avaren apostles was not built into the earth by them first, but were already found existing, we have already emphasized. But also Jans der Enenkel, a Viennese who wrote and lived in Vienna between 1190 and 1250, testifies that St. Ruprecht was formerly a pagan temple. In the course of this book, we have seen too many hutbergs to have to say that that pagan temple was a sanctuary of Wuotan in a Wuotan mountain, as more than two hundred of them still exist in the country, because we could only pay visits to the smallest part of them.

From Donar's sanctuary grew St. Peter's Church, as everywhere the Apostle's Fortress was the successor of the old Donar; likewise from the sanctuary of the wintry Wuotan rose the Pancratius Church. Here again the triple number is found, because the people venerate the "three icemen" or the "three grumpy saints", whose names are St. Pankratius, St. Bonifacius and St. Servatius. They are the patrons of the spring frosts and the farmer waits with worry for their three nights, in which the last night frosts are to be expected.

Likewise, the church "Maria am Gestade" may also refer to Freya, since otherwise we would lack a female one in all healing places. After the legend knows to report also there from underground passages, after the local name "Stoß-im-Himmel" (push in the sky), which often occurs at sanatoriums, fails, after just this church reminds by its name of the water, so the assumption is not too daring to claim also its pre-foundation for a pre-Christian time.

In the wildly erupting struggle that the original German Vienna and its equally original German hinterland Lower Austria are forced to wage to defend and preserve their Germanic character against the insolence of the Czechs, it seems of particular importance to let ancient, pre-Christian emblems speak the decisive word, emblems whose importance and evidential power have not been recognized until now, but which are now being returned to their ancient purpose of being the shield and umbrella of Germanness.

At that time, coats of arms were primarily used on shields and helmets - the old protective shields - so that the terms coat of arms and shield coincided and the designation coat of arms or shield became synonymous with claim and protection; for the coat of arms affixed somewhere signified the claim to recognition of ownership for the lord of the coat of arms just as it signified the protection which the lord of the coat of arms granted to the person, community or thing which he covered with his coat of arms. Therefore, the coat of arms was mainly shown on the battle shield, the protective weapon, from which it also held the symbolically represented character of the heraldic lord before the eyes of

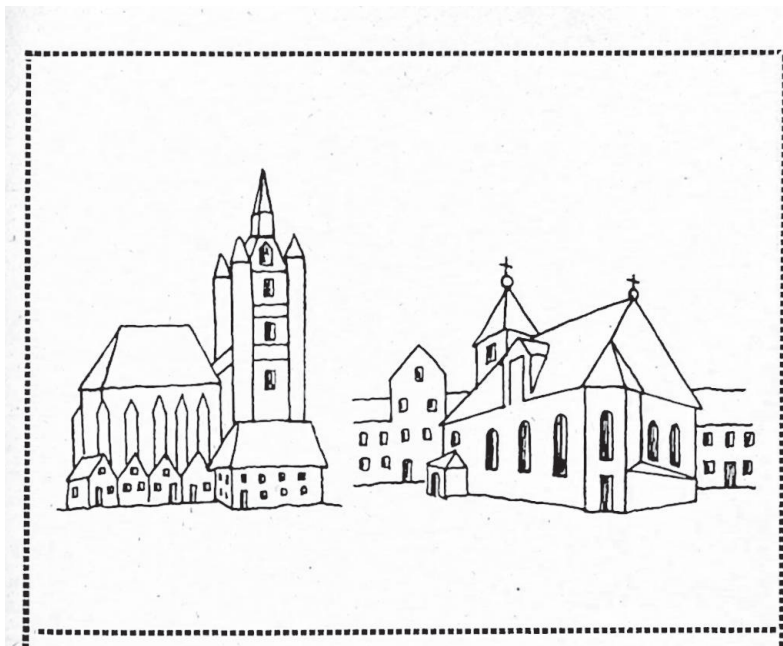
the opponent as a sign of protection. With the helmet ornament (also called cimier or helmet jewel), which was worn on the helmet (which "claimed" the lord of the coat of arms) and which was usually a supplement to the coat of arms image, the lord of the coat of arms clearly said that he "claimed" or affirmed what was "said" in the coat of arms.

If now the lord of the coat of arms asserted what the coat of arms said, then what the coat of arms said must have been said generally understandably, i.e. it must have been represented in such a way that everyone was able to read it, thus it must have been valid as sign language, as readable picture writing. Since now however the largest part of the old genuine coats of arms are still today in the use, then these old genuine coats of arms must be understandable and still today readable and solvable and also today still the same "assertion" as at the time of their emergence centuries ago, and in some cases even millennia ago. And this is indeed the case. Since the 14th, at the latest 15th century, the reading and solution key of the coats of arms, respectively the pictorial writing, which was used in the coats of arms, has been lost. I succeeded to find this reading and solution key again and to announce it in my book: "The picture writing of the Ario-German"⁸, to which fundamental work is referred herewith.

If we now first look at the coat of arms of Lower Austria, we find five golden eagles (2, 2, 1 placed) in the blue field, which reads as follows: In the Aryan original language: bla fem or are, which is High German: blue five gold Aare (eagle), and thus makes sense in German: "Watchfulness (brings to the) decision (of the) descendants sun right". But it can also be solved: "bla" = bewache, beachte; "fem" = jurisdiction; "geold (instead of or) are" = luminous solar right, thus: "Achte des Gerichtes des luminous Sonnenrechtes."

The divine essentialization of the solar right was called "arahari" and this was the original title of the German king as the chief Armanen and his pictorial sign or symbol was the eagle or aar, the sun. That is why the

(8) The pictorial writing of the Ario-Germanic with over 1000 drawings, plates etc.



*Illus. 90. see page 507. old
view of St. Peter's Church in
Vienna before the year 1717.*

*Illus. 91. see page 505. Old
view of Ruprecht's Church in
Vienna.*

tabletop of the ancient chair in Dortmund shows the eagle as a symbol; saying: arahari, namely: high or noble solar right.

It is now significant that all old, genuine coats of arms are readable and solvable in two directions, namely in a generally understandable (exoteric) and in a secret solution (esoteric) understandable only to the higher degrees of the Armanen. The generally understandable solution was here: "Pay attention to the luminous or shining solar laws!". The deeper solution of the secret language, however, says: "Vigilance brings to the decision of the descendants solar law." This arouses in today's fighting time reflection and admiration for the sharpness of vision of those Armanen, who far longer than a millennium ago bequeathed this warning in heraldic pictorial writing to their descendants. Admittedly, in spite of all looking into distant times, they did not think of our contemporary Komensky schools, Besedas and other beautiful things; after all, the Hun and Mongol invasions were far closer to them; but their sure eye of vision showed them the dangers and admonished to watchfulness under the protection of the arahari, the noble German solar law. - At the right time, the coat of arms of Lower Austria, which has been silent for almost six hundred years, has been loosened again. - Let us listen to what the coat of arms of Vienna has to tell us.

The old coat of arms of Vienna shows a silver cross in red running into the edge of the shield, which reads as follows: In the Aryan original language: ruoth wyd rod, i.e. High German: Recht Gesetz Ursprung "Right Lawful Origin".

It says therefore in the language of the people (exoteric) that this place is an original place, whose foundation is based on right and law, and that therefore also here right and law, namely the Ario-Germanic Rita⁹, is cherished and cultivated. In the secret language of the Armanen (esotericism), however, this coat of arms reads and solves itself as follows: In the Aryan original language: ruoth wyd kruzi (instead of rod), i. e.

(9) More about it in: "The Rita of the Ario-Germanic" by Guido List.

high German: *Recht Weistum Armanheil* "Right Wisdom Hail the Armanen".

So it says to the knowing: This means that the Ararita, the epitome of Wihinei (religion), Law and Science, this inseparable trinity, is the true Weistum (wisdom), the foundation of the state and community system, that foundation on which the origin, the existence and the further development of Vienna is based. Since the care and protection of the Ararita in far pre-Christian times seems to be undoubtedly proven here, the seat of an Armanen authority must also be found here, namely a Halgadome, to which the same coat of arms refers, and indeed this Halgadome is found in the "stafa"-halgodome, which we still call St. Stephen's Cathedral today, although it was not named and consecrated to St. Stephen, but to "All Saints". If we are now referred by this heraldic-pictorial evidence not only to pre-Christian, but also to pre-Roman times (understood in terms of local history), i.e. before the year 15 B.C., then we must now examine the name of Vienna for its interpretation, since this must be connected with the coat of arms of the stafa-Halgodome.

The area in which Vienna is situated and which today is flowed through by the Danube, was in ancient times a large lake; therefore still today the plains Marchfeld and Steinfeld are called the Viennese basin. There, where the small Carpathians and the Leithagebirge form the narrow river gate near Thebes and Deutsch-Altenburg, was in those primitive days the outflow of that inland lake in the form of a gigantic waterfall, similar to the Niagara Falls in North America.

When this mighty waterfall finally broke through the relatively narrow rock barrier, that lake found its end; it emptied and turned into a swamp many miles wide, from which the individual ground elevations had naturally become dry and arable earlier than the deeper grounds.

Through the former lake bottom, the runoff waters churned out a bed and thus the Danube riverbed was formed in that area. The upper lake, whose dry bottom is known today as the Tulln Basin, still existed and its outflow formed another mighty waterfall between the Leopoldsberg and Bisamberg, until it too collapsed, draining the Tulln Plain. Still at the time

of the existence of the large inland lake in the Viennese basin, Ario-Germanic natives, whose name "Azali" or "Azalen" has been handed down to us, grasped around its banks as far as far north, west, south and east. This name means: born from the sun, the primeval fire¹⁰, and thus designated them by name as aborigines, thus as: Ario-Germanic aborigines, as Germans. Their administrative area were the "Zeizzoberge" (from Zeizzo the Beautiful, the Procreator; Roman mons cetius, today Kahlengebirge) and in these the "Armanskoke", today the Hermannskogel, their Armanenburg (Halgadom), which on the highest elevation between the two inland lakes must have formed an excellent lookout with a magnificent view and was therefore of outstanding importance as the seat of the administration. From this "Armanskoke" - whose sanctification of many thousands of years is even today still unforgotten ("Agnesbründl") - as the administrative seat of the Armanen, only the drying lake bottom was populated and of course in the first place the heights of the same, which rose above the marshy bottom, were settled, the nearest of which was that small plateau, which still carries the oldest part of the city of Vienna and which is bordered by the following streets: Hoher Markt Wipplingerstrasse (steep bank against the Danube), Renngasse, Naglergasse, Graben, Rothgasse, Am Bergei and Seitenstettengasse. This plateau was taken possession of as newly won pasture land and was given the name "Vienna".¹¹ The original name of Vienna, in which the still dialectal form of the name "Wean" appears, was "Vian" by Jornandes, namely "Vianiomina", which is not the name of the place, but the name of the inhabitants, which means nothing more than "Viennese men" or as we call them today "Viennese".

(10) See: The Names of the Tribes of Germania and their Interpretation by Guido List.

(11) In the year 1000 A.D. Leif named the mainland he discovered on Labrador "Winland", which is not wine country, as it is wrongly interpreted, but "land of profit", namely the newly won land, just as the land won from the outgoing lake was called Vienna. Likewise the month name for October is correctly Winmond and not Weinmonat; because in this month the profit of the whole year is recovered, to which, however, also the wine belongs, whose name is derived also from Win, i.e. from profit.

Therefore in the later Middle Ages, the name for the city Vienna is correct, even if in unconscious linguistic feeling the name form "Wienn" is found and in France at the Rhone the city Vienne, has the same name, and is from the same cause originated, in almost the same sound.

The fact that the name word Winn, Wienn, Vian (Wean), which was preserved in the Gothic in the form Vianiomina, was corrupted by the Romans into Vindobona, is completely irrelevant here, just as the intentionally invented names in other languages, calculated to mislead, also have no characteristic value at all for Vienna. This should be noted here only quite incidentally. Suffice it to say that Vienna has been a settlement of the Ario-Germanic original population of the country since primeval times, i.e. since the time of the drying up of the inland lake in the Viennese basin, consequently originally German and has remained German until today, and that it can thus look back on a German existence of many thousands of years, but that it has also inherited and passed on the noble duty to protect this original property against any kind of foreign-racial and foreign-language presumption.

History bears witness to what an important bulwark in historical times the original German Vienna was for the German world of Central Europe and how in more than seventy battles in the Vienna Basin all the peoples of the old world carried home good German blows on this hallowed original German soil and left behind here quite a few and more of their shattered skulls after they had gone home without having achieved anything.¹²

And in these times of hardest fights for German kind and German being, in which the many thousand years old original German Vienna always heroically and victoriously held high the German banner, a strong coat of arms appears on the scene, which now for more than six hundred years is and will remain connected with the coat of arms of Vienna and

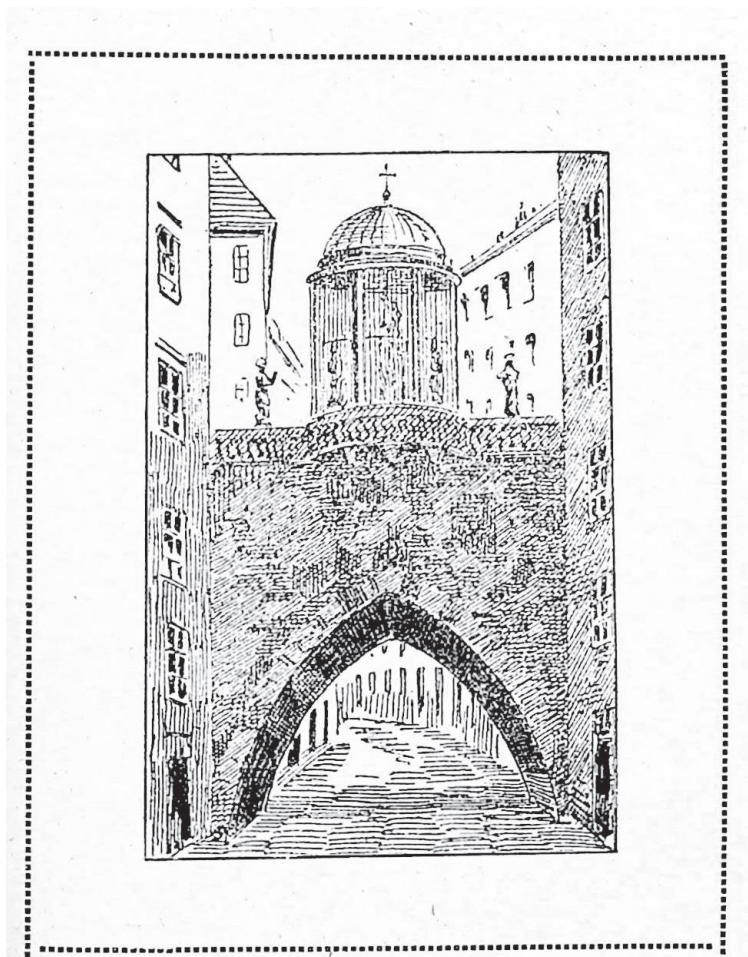
(12) Just look at the famous skull collection of Professor Hyrtl with its Mongolian, Tartar, Avar, Turk and other skulls from this point of view and you will recognize them as holy flame runes, which father Bragi wrote into the family tree of our noble Wianna.

Lower Austria to the holy trinity in loyalty, the original coat of arms of Habsburg.

Habsburg's coat of arms with the Zimir reads as follows: In Aryan Ursprache: geold ruoth lewo kereon; phawenuedel kereon, which is High German: gold red lion crowned; peacock stutz from crown, and resolves to the following solemn-early phrases: Luminous legal life everlasting (allezeit); Gottgezeuter nobility everlasting.

We see in this coat of arms the lion (life) as a sun-right-symbol in the human life representing the "High Ar" (arahari) and showing the same in its perfection - as the earthly justice in life; because: ruoth = right, lion = life, thus: "legal life". And this coat of arms was courageously held up by a man in 1273 against the turmoil in the German Empire after thirty years of interregnum, and that at a time in which the language of coats of arms was still understood and in which such a coat of arms slogan meant more than today a so-called "political program", at a time of unbelievable rottenness of the law; and from this it is probably explained that the entire German people had cheered that "arahari", who thus chivalrously held up his shield of right against injustice. And that chivalrous herald was Rudolf of Habsburg, the German king, the ancestor of nineteen German kings and emperors from the House of Habsburg, the last of whom still emphasized the Armanen maxim: "Justitia regnorum fundamentum". And this same family, which has been wearing the Austrian archduke's hat for more than six hundred years and the Austrian imperial crown for more than a century, and which embodies the old Habsburg traditions in its present head, Emperor Franz Josef I, the crowned sage, proclaims the ancient Armanen expansion through this sage in his motto "Viribus unitis" - AEIOU.

If we now read the mottoes of those three coats of arms one after the other: "Vigilance brings to the decision of the descendants the right of the sun, whose right wisdom is just Armanheil, which is always rooted in the luminous life of law and thereby confers divine nobility", then the way to salvation is already shown by this ancient sacred hereditary three of our time, as by a compass to the skipper in a stormy, foggy sea.



Illus. 92. see page 511. the Hohebrücke in Vienna in its old form before 1875.

Admittedly, in order to live up to this heraldic admonition, not only good will is required, but also vigorous action; hollow words and resounding cries for salvation alone will not do. But the descendants of those who have kept Vienna German to this day will stand on the ramparts again at the right hour, when some and more of the great lung-shouters of today will have evaporated, when it will have come to seriousness, because: "Right wisdom is Armanen victory!"

And so you look down to the church of "Our dear Lady on the shore", there you see its graceful hexagonal tower with the charming Gothic dome, but only at quite a distance from it the "shore". Well, this is only a coincidence, because in former times the Danube really flowed along the edge of the steep bank above which the magnificent building rises; half a century ago there was still a tower at the Passauerhof, in which the iron rings were still embedded for the mooring of the ships.

And if you continue to look up after midnight, dear friend and fellow traveler, you will see the broad mirror of the Danube in its new bed, and beyond it the wide expanses of water of the old riverbed with its wondrous, secluded meadows.

And if you should once feel the air to visit those healing places of wonderful primeval forest splendor, which is only possible by rowing a boat, it shall be my pleasure to accompany you there as well.

There your eyes will see primeval forest images that the most audacious imagination would never conjure up in front of your soul. Impenetrable undergrowth between hundred-year-old shrubs, tightly knotted tangles of climbing hops, wild grapevine and dulcamara, nettles and thistles, and other herbs will prevent you from entering; Thousands of all kinds of insects surround and buzz around you, crawl around and flutter around you, an immense mass of all representatives of the bird world caws and chirps around you, and if you look up into the highest of the primeval forest crowns, then it may well happen that you spy the nest of a sea eagle. Such splendor, however, is offered only by the islands, which are rarely or never entered and therefore accessible only by boat. There you can see them, they lie like floating green cumulus clouds on

the blue.

And this is the old Nibelungen road, and down there lies old Vienna, and southward there goes the road to the Teutonic grave Italia; and here the roads cross on the wide plain on which the Teuton so often swung his good fencing iron and blew the tally to his enemies.

And so we would have prospered until farewell. Great-favored one, farewell and keep me in friendly remembrance. Hoping I may well say, to a happy reunion!

*So young and old will rejoice,
Praise thee, my God, manifold,
Lord, I beseech thee, it is thine,
So let Vienna here be my joy!*

Guido von List

Conclusion

As I prepare to write this final word for the second edition of my "German Mythological Landscape Pictures", the uplifting sound of Easter bells floods into my workroom in solemn wave vibrations. I feel so solemn, I feel it, how the holy woman Ostara greets me and blesses my doings! - And I think back to how it was twenty-one years ago when I closed the manuscript for the first edition of the same "German Mythological Landscape Pictures". Also at that time the same tones, shaking my innermost self, flooded my mind as today; also at that time you greeted me, also at that time you consecrated and blessed my work, you honorable, you proud, you wonderfully mild woman Ostara!----

And in such a sacred hour I look further back and see how it all started, how it had come about.

The "German-Mythological Landscape Pictures" were not created as a closed whole, but they were not piecemeal either and they are not even today in the second edition, because they are a part of my ego, they are me myself, they are the basic germ of my feeling, searching, researching, finding, recognizing, and that is why this book has remained my favorite book, my little nestling, which I have been cherishing!

Almost still a child, I had tried to write down landscape descriptions based on images that had impressed themselves on my feelings during the numerous excursions that my parents had undertaken with us children. My father, a warm-hearted nature lover, a good landscape draftsman far beyond the mediocrity of dilettantism, and a good connoisseur of art, rejoiced at my loudly and joyfully expressed delight at the beauties of

nature as they reveal themselves in the landscape, and especially at how this sublime beauty was reflected in my child's soul. With great love and fine understanding he nurtured these dispositions in me without pedantic constraint, teaching me artistic vision with the painter's eye, recognizing the whole ladder of color tones, teaching me the principles of perspective as well as aerial perspective in an understandable way, and making me draw from nature and then finish those sketches at home; often even executing them in colors with the brush. As a result, my sketchbook was, and still is, quite rich and goes back to August of 1865, that is, to my then not yet completed fifteenth year of life. The first sheet of this sketchbook from August of the year 1863 "Merkenstein" I added to the supplements of this book, which bear the note: "From the sketchbook of the author". On the other hand, my first written outpourings of landscape descriptions have fallen victim to a well-deserved auto accident, although I still keep some manuscripts that go back to the year 1867, but which are probably safe from the printer's ink in the deepest dungeon of a heavily nailed box in the attic, safe in their older purpose as artificial fertilizer.

My first essay published in print was, of course, a description of nature, which appeared in the seventh volume of the yearbook of the "Austrian Alpine Association" (1871) and was entitled "New Year 1870 in the Alps".

Every day that my professional duties gave me free time, especially during my many and long journeys, was used for some kind of excursion, whereby the weather remained a completely secondary matter; whether sunshine, storm, rain, snow or hail, it was all the same to me, because nature always showed me a different picture of its beauty, the divinity in it always spoke to me in a different language. On foot, by wagon, on horseback or in a rowing boat, whether in a four-oared boat or in a canoe, I made my trips, and most of the time - alone. Even though I was not averse to the company of others and loved social activities and youthful, boyish fun, I felt that in company I had to deny my own self and did not find what I was looking for and what I only fully enjoyed when I was alone with myself, as far away as possible from the noisy, raging everyday

life and the common people. What revealed itself to me there, and how it revealed itself to me in such holy hours of being alone with myself, that I tried to show in the individual sections of this book. I was happy as seldom a mortal should be.

With the end of the year 1877 this happiness was gone for many decades. A hard, difficult time began for me. It had become an impossibility for me through decades to exercise my old wanderlust, but a powerful longing for the heights and expanses, for waves and woad, conjured up for me in spiritualized, internalized memory images, the natural life so richly enjoyed in my youth before my innermost self, and from this sunny memory nest - which had become for me a rejuvenating "youth nest" - I drew my "German Mythological Landscape Images".

These descriptions soon enjoyed great popularity, especially since I endeavored to shape them artistically and to enliven them spiritually by seeing "animate, enlivened, spiritualized nature" and trying to portray it as such. Thus it came about that each individual landscape picture was often and frequently revised and appeared in improved and deepened form with each new printing.

Then it came into my mind to collect these landscape descriptions in book form. My offer to the publishing house of Mr. Hans Lüstenöder in Berlin (now Frankfurt a. M.) was accepted and the book was published in the summer of 1891 under the title: "Deutsch - Mythologische Landschaftsbilder" (German - Mythological Landscape Pictures), the first edition of which was completely sold out within a few years.

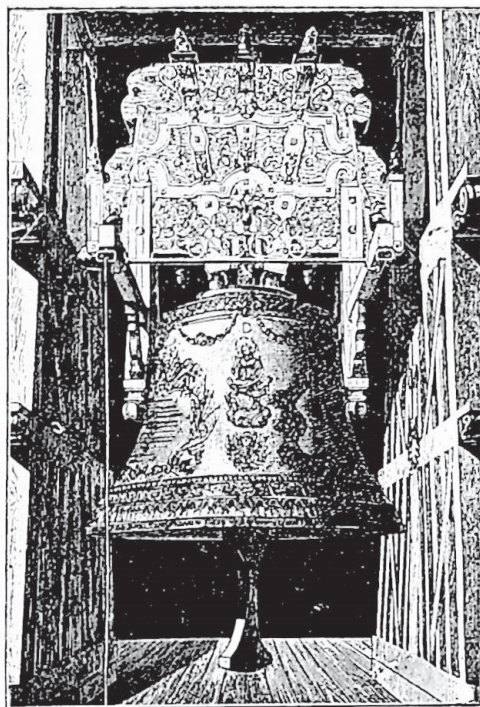
The presidium of the society bearing my name now sought, since my work for the planned volume of the G.-L.-B. No. 6 "Die Ursprache der Ario-Germanen und deren, Mysteriensprache" was still too far from completion, to present an older out-of-print work of mine to the members for the time being, in order to create time and space for me to complete the "Ursprache". The choice fell on my "German-Mythological Landscape Pictures", since the same were often and frequently requested and could not be procured even by antiquarians. The opinion was widespread - which I myself initially cherished - that an unchanged reprint

would suffice, which would not impose any further special work on me and would enable me to devote myself calmly to the completion of my "Ursprache".

I now read the book, which seemed to be a new work to me, because I had completely forgotten the inside and innermost of it. But how astonished I was when I read and saw that to all my research results, which I had put down in the Guido List library, the solid foundation was already laid there. In fact, I found almost nothing to change or improve, and on the whole the book has remained as it appeared twenty-one years ago. Some additions, such as those concerning the "Wagsteine", were inserted and some new sections, such as "Carnuntum", "Geiselberg", and "Rotenkreuz" were added.

But another question was considered this time, and that on the advice of my esteemed friend, Dr. Jörg Lanz v. Liebenfels, namely the matter of the picture decorations, because the book "literally cries out for pictures", as Dr. Jörg Lanz v. Liebenfels occasionally wrote to me. At the request of our Presidium, the aforementioned doctor was also kind enough not only to take over and direct the procurement of the pictorial decoration - which was often quite laborious and in many cases failed completely - but also to make available to me from his own rich stock a large number of pictures and even of clichés. Likewise, I have his intervention to thank for the fact that the Imperial and Royal Research Institute for the Graphic Arts (k. k. Versuchsanstalt für graphische Künste) provided me with some valuable examples and clichés, which significantly increased the value of the book. I would therefore like to take this opportunity to express my heartfelt, admiring thanks to the esteemed Doctor Jörg Lanz v. Liebenfels for his great self-sacrificing work and unerring promotion of this book. I would also like to express my heartfelt and admiring thanks to the esteemed management of the Imperial and Royal Research Institute for the Graphic Arts in Vienna.

I would also like to express my gratitude to the King Himself! Baurat Wilhelm Koehne in Berlin for his splendid photographs of Carnuntum, as well as to teacher A. Rerych in Traunstein, for his highly respectable



Illus. 93: The "Bummerin", the giant bell of St. Stephen in Vienna, cast from Turkish cannons captured in 1683.

artistic photographs of the "Wagsteine" near Traunstein (Lower Austria), as well as to senior teacher Franz Matzke there, for his willing and kind support in matters of the Wagsteine and other friendly information, and not less to Dr. Hermann Haaß in Traunstein (Bavaria), for the procurement of the picture of a Femstatt in Bavaria. No less I am indebted to the gentlemen Artur Ritter von Wallpach zu Schwanenfeld and David Egger-Brücklhofer in Spittal a. d. Drau with special thanks for the difficult procurement of pictorial elements, which I hereby gladly give back to the public. -

In addition, I feel obliged to express my sincere thanks to the excellently managed Oberösterreichische Buchdruckerei- und Verlagsgesellschaft in Linz, especially to its excellent director, Mr. Friedrich Gothmann, and to the exemplary technical staff, first and foremost to its efficient manager, Mr. Wilhelm Tirnstein, for the loving dedication with which the aforementioned gentlemen mastered this difficult work without complaint, since this book in particular, due to manifold obstacles, had to overcome almost desperate difficulties during printing, which - God knows! - which, God knows, could not have been overcome by any other printing house so smoothly and without difficulty. Once again, I would like to express my unreserved public gratitude to this true art institute, its exemplary management and its brave workforce.

I hereby present the second edition of this book as a jubilee volume of the Guido von List Society, with the old unchanged dedication, because this has also become historical and is also indelible from the second edition, to my highly wealthy friend of many years, Mr. Friedrich Wannieck in Munich, who in the meantime, as the main benefactor of the Guido von List Society, had become its honorary president and whose well-suited portrait adorns this book as a cover picture.

What the Guido von List Society in Vienna has become under the devoted, purposeful leadership of his son, my excellent friend Friedrich Oskar Wannieck on Seibetsberg, and what significance it will attain for the future development of Armanism and Germanicism, is the great merit

of my friend Friedrich Wannieck, Friedrich Wannieck first and foremost, and therefore I would like to express my enthusiastic thanks to him here, as well as my wish, expressed publicly on behalf of the entire membership of the Guido von List Society, that he may continue to enjoy the success of his work for many years to come, the foundation of which he had laid - probably unconsciously at the time - by accepting the dedication of the first edition of this book. And therefore this second edition is to be regarded as a jubilee edition and is hereby presented to the noble, incomparable one, with love and gratitude with a hearty "Alaf sal fena".

Vienna, Austria 1912.

Guido von List

Guido von List

President Mr. Friedrich Oskar Wannieck

Just before the end of the printing of the present work, I received the shocking news of the passing away of my unforgettable friend, Mr. Friedrich Oskar Wannieck, who died suddenly in Munich as a result of a cerebral stroke on July 6, 1912.

It is impossible for me to consecrate a worthy obituary to my departed friend here, in this short space of time - while the wheels of the press stand still, so to speak, in order to include my funeral message in this sentence. He was, after all, a warm, highly enthusiastic and energetic supporter of my findings - it was he, after all, from whose enthusiasm sprang the idea for the creation of the society bearing my name, the expansion and constant consolidation of which seemed to him - the irreplaceable man! - appeared to him as a life task!

All the members of our Society know with what persevering love and devotion he consecrated himself to the leadership of the Society, and they all know how, through his unexpected death, I was deprived of a friend and supporter who was attached to me and my work with tenderness and high esteem, who shared with me joys and sorrows in a genuinely fraternal way and whose dearest striving was to help my views, which were fully and completely his, to achieve a victorious breakthrough.

But all my followers also know that there is no death, they all know that our dead live, that there is a reunion, and that we do not only explain the dark place of the communion of the saints in our Great Free Ario-Germanic Spiritual Union, but also live it out! For me, for us, Fritz Wannieck is not dead, he lives in and with us, he works in and with us on our work as an Einherier Hari-Wuotan and he holds in that Great Free Ario-Germanic Spiritual Union, which is the soul of our society, just as faithfully to us as we to him. - Yes! Samir Aarahari! - So live and work on into the future, Einherier Fritz Wannieck, and when you return one day in the human body, then also in this again, lead your mission further towards the goal of Aarahari, because the dawn of the Gods is looming in Wafurlohi over the firns and you will be one of the first to walk over the Helgate, you bright, light son of the sun, you Einherier Fritz Wannieck!

Guido von List

A x W x A x i. e. A. B.

Guido von List

